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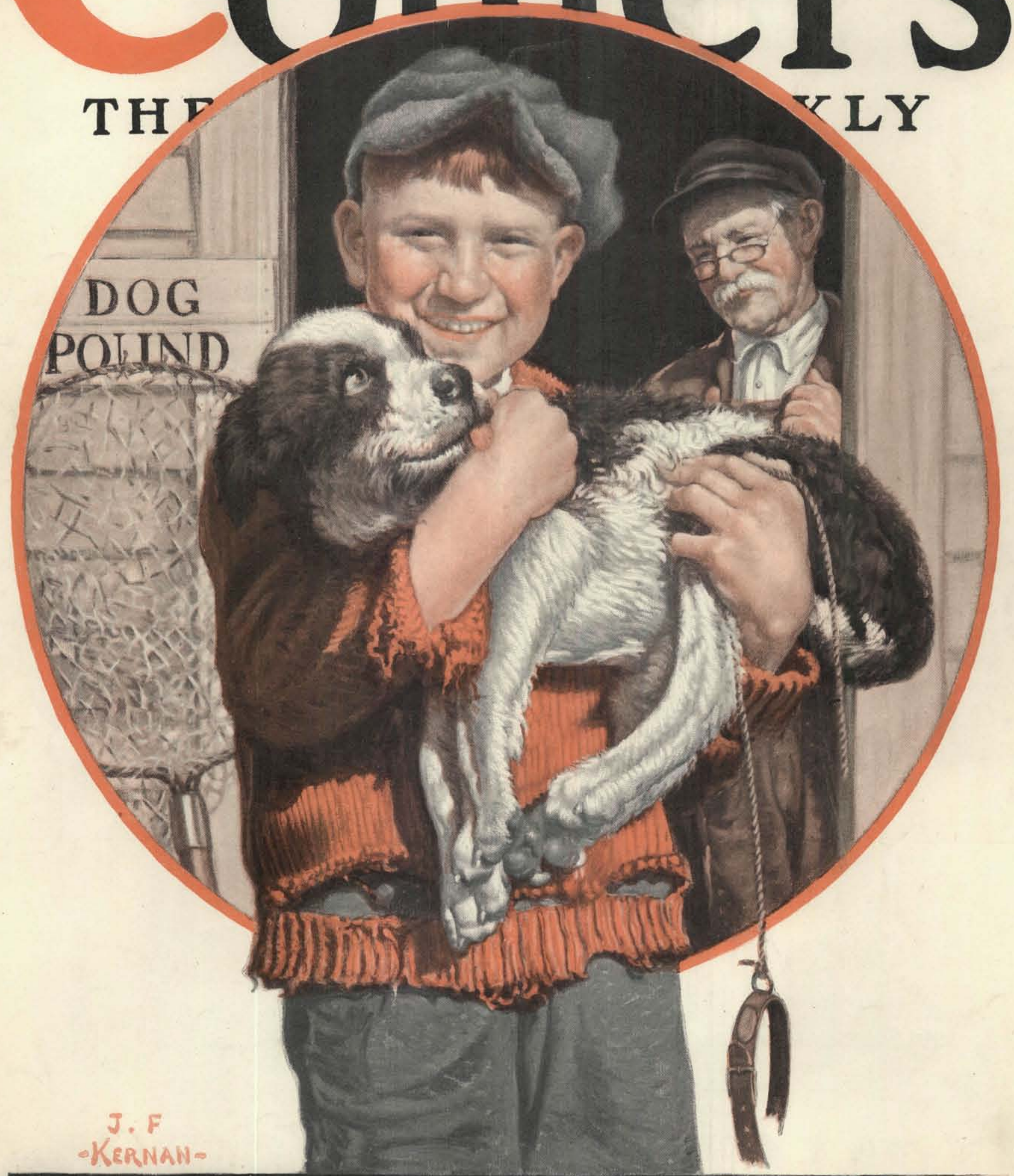
# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY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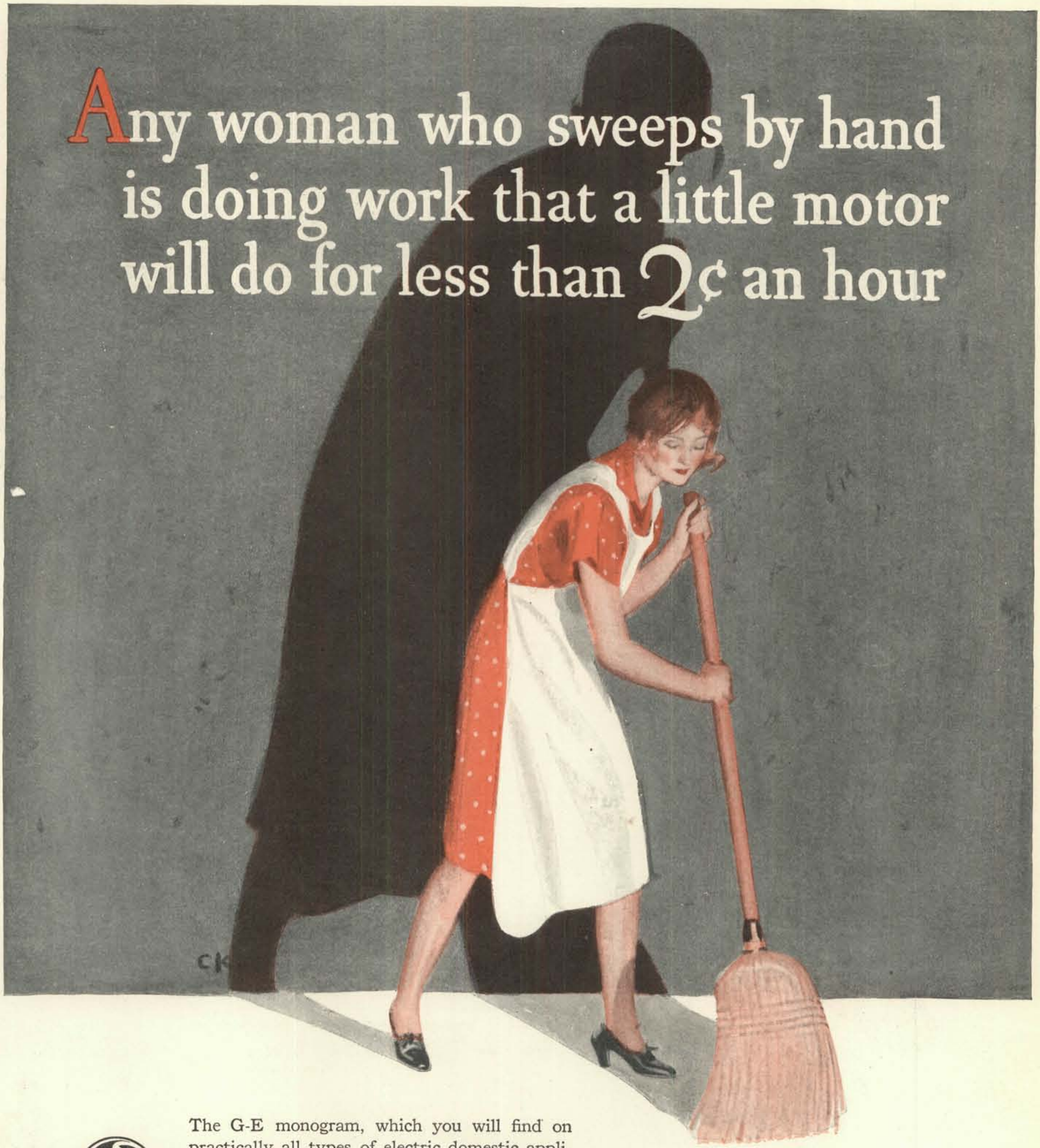
"Nobody's Fool" A Short Story by Pet

APRIL 14, 1928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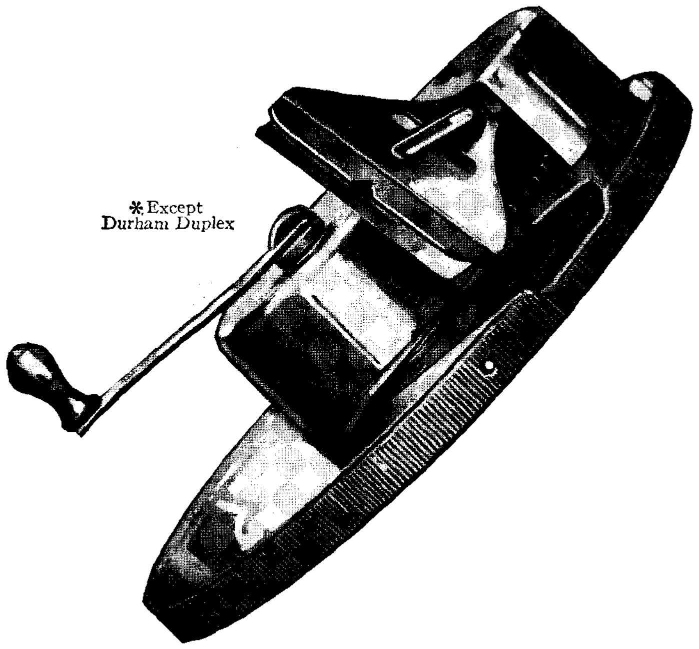

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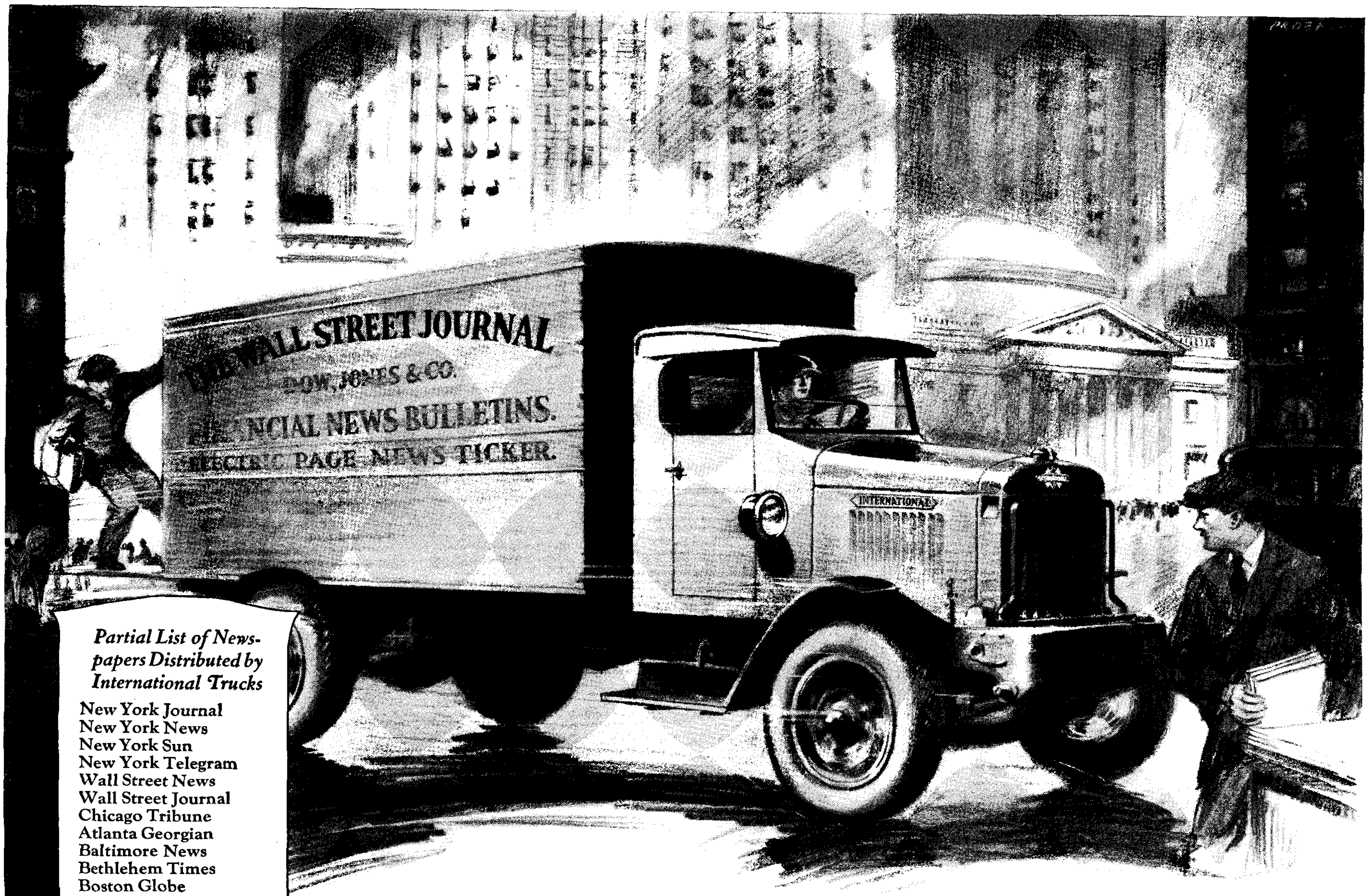
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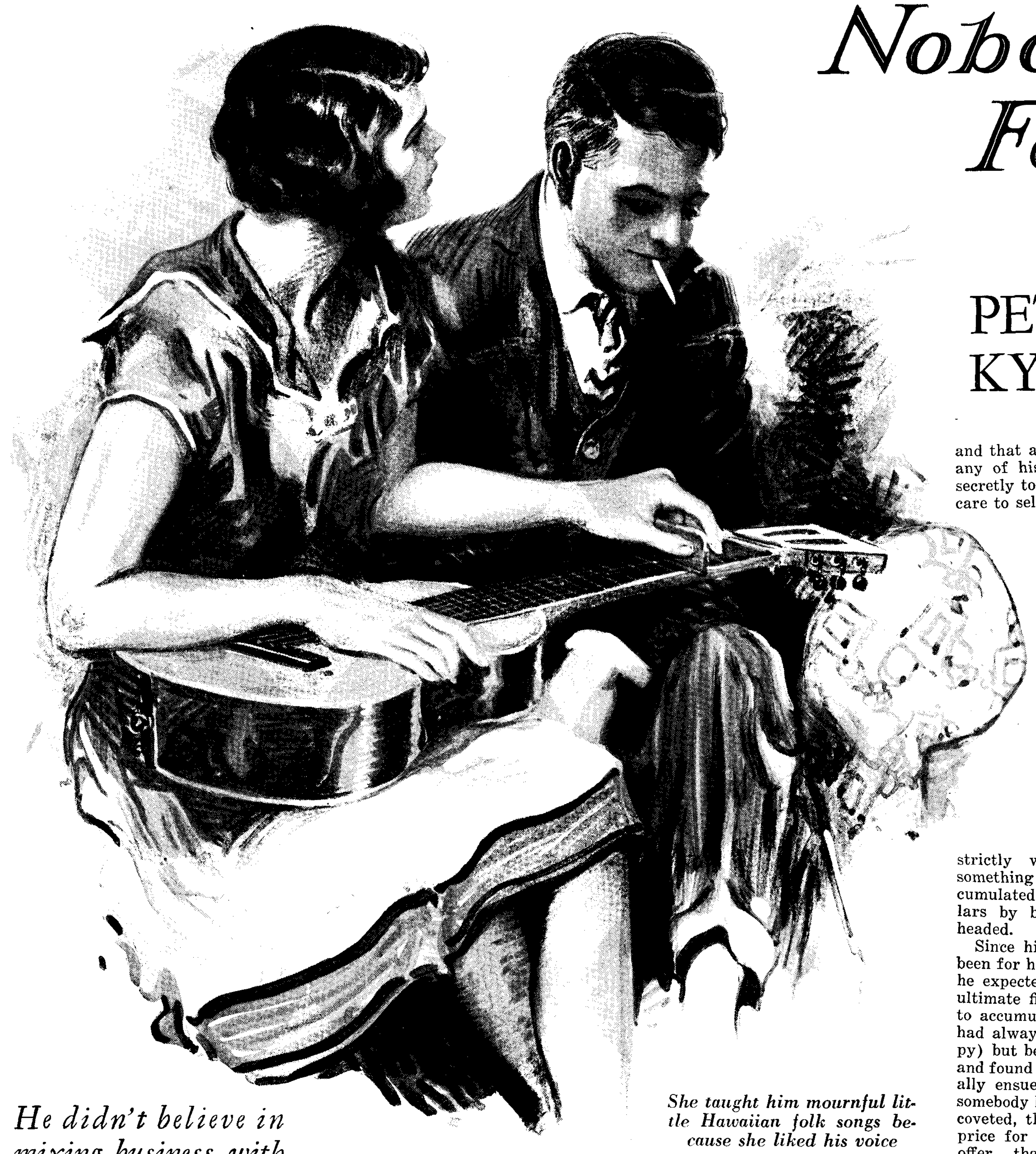
# *Nobody's Fool*

## *By* PETER B. KYNE



*She taught him mournful little Hawaiian folk songs because she liked his voice*

*He didn't believe in mixing business with sentiment but what can you do when your daughter falls in love?*

HENRY LADLEY was very much disturbed. Sentiment was being complicated with his business, and since this procedure was violently contrary to his code, the mental gymnastic resulting from the mixture threatened to set his reason tottering on its throne.

He occupied an uncomfortable position which, to a large extent, was of his own making. He, with others, had made a plan to do one of two things; to wit, purchase the Keller By-products Corporation at Dean Keller's price, provided young Keller would name a reasonable price, or ruin the Keller By-products Corporation and later purchase the corpse at say fifty cents on the dollar. Old Henry and his colleagues really were indifferent as to which course they pursued; that all depended upon Dean Keller's view of the situation. However, since a show of ethics is always desirable when one contemplates a raid, old Henry had, prior to loading his gun, sent a secret agent to Dean Keller to sound the latter out on the subject of selling control of his company.

Promptly young Mr. Keller had politely informed this agent that he did not care to sell his profitable business and become an idler and a waster; moreover, it was a business that had been established by his grandfather, and he desired to retain it in the family for sentimental reasons. Furthermore, it had always been a clean business, and in these brisk days of "get the money and take a chance" the loss of control might mean association of the honored name of Keller with unlawful deeds. He reminded his caller that the Keller By-products Corporation was engaged in the manufacture of industrial alcohol and that as yet he was not aware that any of his product had been diverted secretly to bootleggers. No, he did not care to sell at any price.

When this information was conveyed to Henry Ladley old Henry loaded his gun and waited calmly for Dean Keller to stick his head up over the horizon, when old Henry planned to shoot it off—both the gun and the Keller head!

Now, Henry Ladley, in the ordinary affairs of life, was neither brutal nor ruthless. Indeed, he preferred to be kind and generous whenever kindness and generosity did not interfere with his business, for to him business was a sacred thing, and almost anything done in its name, and of course strictly within the law, was—well, something to be done. He had not accumulated twenty-odd millions of dollars by being soft-hearted and soft-headed.

Since his fifteenth birthday life had been for him a never-ending battle, and he expected to keep on battling to the ultimate finish: not because he desired to accumulate more money (indeed, he had always had a flair for philanthropy) but because he desired more power and found a thrill in the battle that usually ensued before he acquired it. If somebody had something that old Henry coveted, the latter would offer a good price for it; if the owner refused the offer, then old Henry would start scheming to force him to sell. And, once his hands closed over the victim's throat, his hold would not relax until victory, as it were, perched on his standard.

HENRY LADLEY had but one worry—his daughter Jean. Once he had had two worries, but the other had died some three years before old Henry made up his mind to own the Keller By-products Corporation.

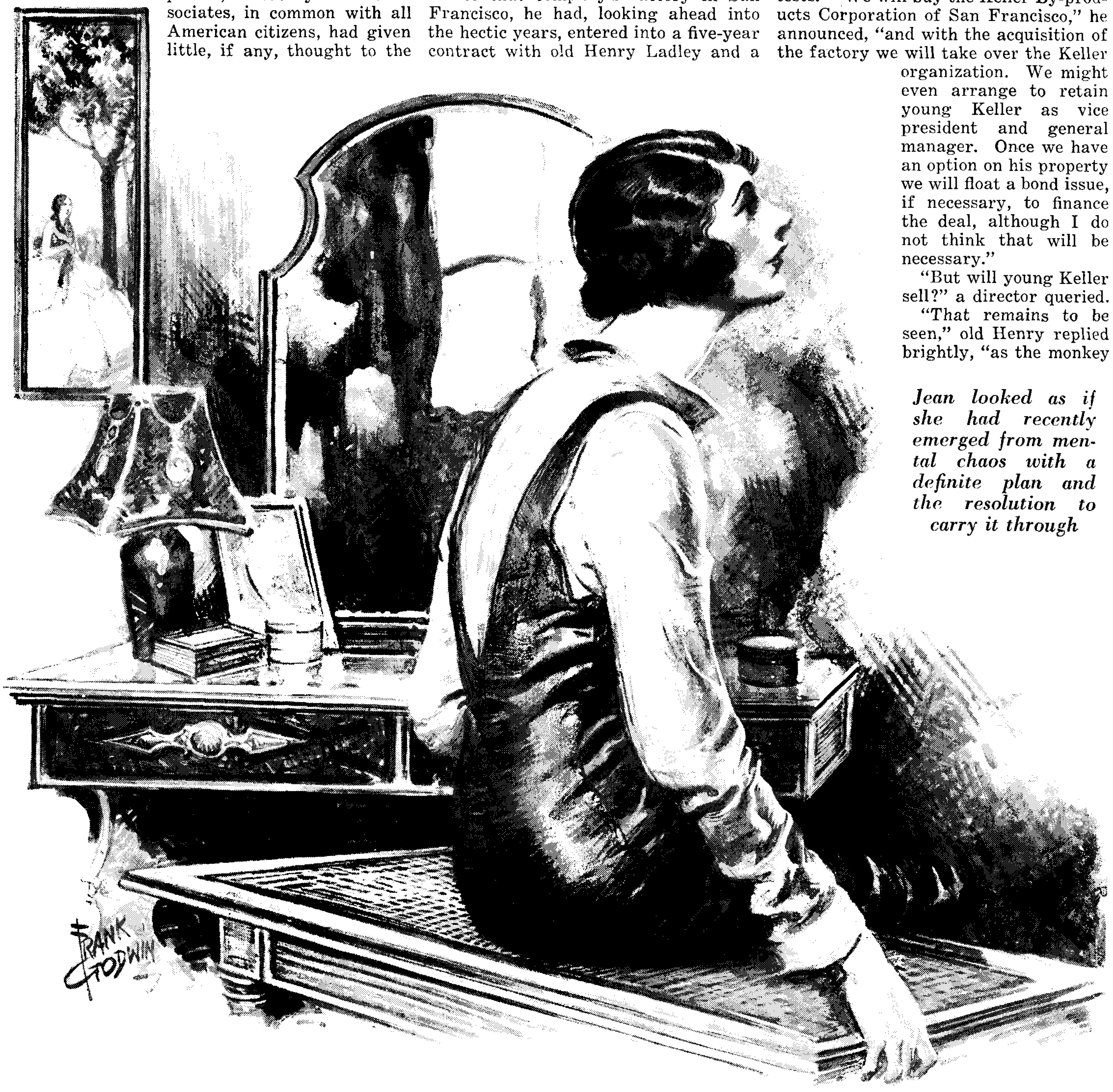
With the passing of his wife (who had an uncanny knack of peering into the innermost recesses of the Ladley soul and criticizing mercilessly what she saw there) old Henry had dreamed of a peaceful old age. Alas, that was not to be! Jean was her mother reincarnated. She had no respect for money

*Table of contents will be found on page 57*

or power and she despised all but the most ethical and honorable methods of accumulating both. Had she been a man she would have been a lamentable business failure!

She was now twenty-two years old and glorious to look upon, with the additional assets of high intelligence and courage. A score of eligible young gentlemen in her set had besought her to marry them, but without success, and this irked old Henry.

He feared she might become an old maid—what with her exacting demands in the matter of a husband—and thus deprive her father of the delights of grandparenthood. At his death she would be his sole heir, and a fortune such as he had to leave her clamored, nay shrieked, for masculine handling. He wanted Jean to marry some safe, sane, conservative and highly respectable business man of, say, thirty-five, and seemed to feel himself singularly competent to select a husband for her. So far he had failed in a dozen trials but was far from being discouraged.



*Jean looked as if she had recently emerged from mental chaos with a definite plan and the resolution to carry it through*

This is an age of business associations, allegedly for the greater good of industries in general. Old Henry was president of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, and he was a power in it, for in addition to his own vast plantations he was a heavy stockholder in many others. Each year the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association held a convention, at which he made the welcoming address to the members and then patiently listened to discussions of the labor problem, which contemplated combating the increasing demands of Japanese labor and the importation in greater numbers of Porto Ricans and Filipinos, a less sturdy race, without national cohesion and national aspirations, hence prone to work for lower wages.

The problem of keeping in check or eliminating the millions of rats which annually destroyed thousands of tons of cane was another problem attacked by the association Methods of accounting, freight rates to the mainland, irrigation, business ethics, credits and a thousand and one details connected with the successful growth of cane and the successful manufacture of raw sugar occupied the attention of the convention for three days. Then it closed its deliberations with a banquet and a ball.

There was nothing in the activities of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association that could possibly bring it to the attention of those watchful senators whose thoughts are never very far from the rights of the Common People and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. When prices of sugar and its by-products went up Henry Ladley could always prove that the rise was in obedience to the immutable law of supply and demand: crop failures on this island of the Hawaiian group, Java, Madura, Cuba or Porto Rico; a shortage of water for irrigation; the depredations of rats, or the failure of the beet-sugar crop in Europe, necessitating heavy exportations of pure sugar from the United States, with consequent shortage of local stocks.

A board of directors of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, meeting as friends at a dinner at old Henry's house at Waikiki Beach, could reach a prompt understanding of market conditions over the small black coffee and liqueurs, for they had long since learned that in union there is strength and that a house divided against itself must surely fall. And the sugar industry was their house.

Now, molasses is a by-product of the raw-sugar industry, and alcohol is a by-product of molasses. Up until the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America had been passed, old Henry and his associates, in common with all American citizens, had given little, if any, thought to the matter of industrial alcohol. Alcohol, in those degenerate days, was something the nurse rubbed one with when one was ill, a fuel for spirit lamps, a solvent for fats, oils, gums and resins and employed in the preparation of dyes, tinctures, varnishes and perfumes. Also it was to be found, in varying degree, in the wines, beers and liquors in old Henry's well-stocked cellar.

WITH the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, however, commercial alcohol—but why, in the language of a popular vaudevillian, bring that up? The press of the country has teemed with complaints from the government regarding the illegal disposal of "grain" alcohol to those faithful disciples of John Barleycorn who make their own gin and are thus enabled to boast of its purity.

Even those of us who know all about alcohol are not disposed to believe that there exist in the United States today people who do not know something about it!

Dean Keller's grandfather had been a manufacturer of commercial alcohol for a generation before prohibition had even been dreamed of. It was he who had built up the Keller By-products Corporation and it was Dean's father who, with a farseeing eye, had observed on the horizon the dark cloud of prohibition. So since all of his molasses was obtained from Hawaiian sugar plantations, and transported in the Keller By-products Corporation's own tank steamers to that company's factory in San Francisco, he had, looking ahead into the hectic years, entered into a five-year contract with old Henry Ladley and a dozen of his fellow planters who controlled the output of Hawaiian molasses. The price was reasonable and netted the planters a reasonable profit; it made a couple of million dollars for the Keller By-products Corporation which Dean Keller 2d had invested in a newer and larger plant and died, leaving his stock to his son, Keller 3d.

During the last two years of that contract old Henry had thought more and more of molasses and alcohol, until eventually he had arrived at this conclusion: The Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association was permitting a very profitable by-product to escape from it. What good reason, if any, existed why the members of the association should not manufacture their own alcohol from their own molasses?

When he had his plans in shape he gave a dinner to his fellow directors and talked the project up.

He met with the usual objections of the cautious—the capital necessary to erect a huge plant on the mainland and the problem of successful manufacture. They would have to build a complete organization after building the factory; they would have to build molasses tankers to transport the molasses to the mainland, since there was little skilled labor available in Hawaii and hence the factory might not be erected there. Of course they could raise the necessary capital, but at their age was it advisable to take in so much territory? Why not—

Old Henry cut short their logical protests. "We will buy the Keller By-products Corporation of San Francisco," he announced, "and with the acquisition of the factory we will take over the Keller organization. We might even arrange to retain young Keller as vice president and general manager. Once we have an option on his property we will float a bond issue, if necessary, to finance the deal, although I do not think that will be necessary."

"But will young Keller sell?" a director queried.

"That remains to be seen," old Henry replied brightly, "as the monkey remarked after locking the cat in a bureau drawer. Just now he declines to consider selling. However, our five-year contract with the Keller By-products Corporation expires next July, and young Keller has written me that he will be in Honolulu during our annual convention in February. Of course he's coming at this time in order to meet all of the planters in Honolulu; his object is to enter into a new contract. If we decline to enter into such contract or if, which seems more politic, we whoop the price of molasses on him to a prohibitive figure, it would seem likely that the young man may have something to think about. He may change his mind."

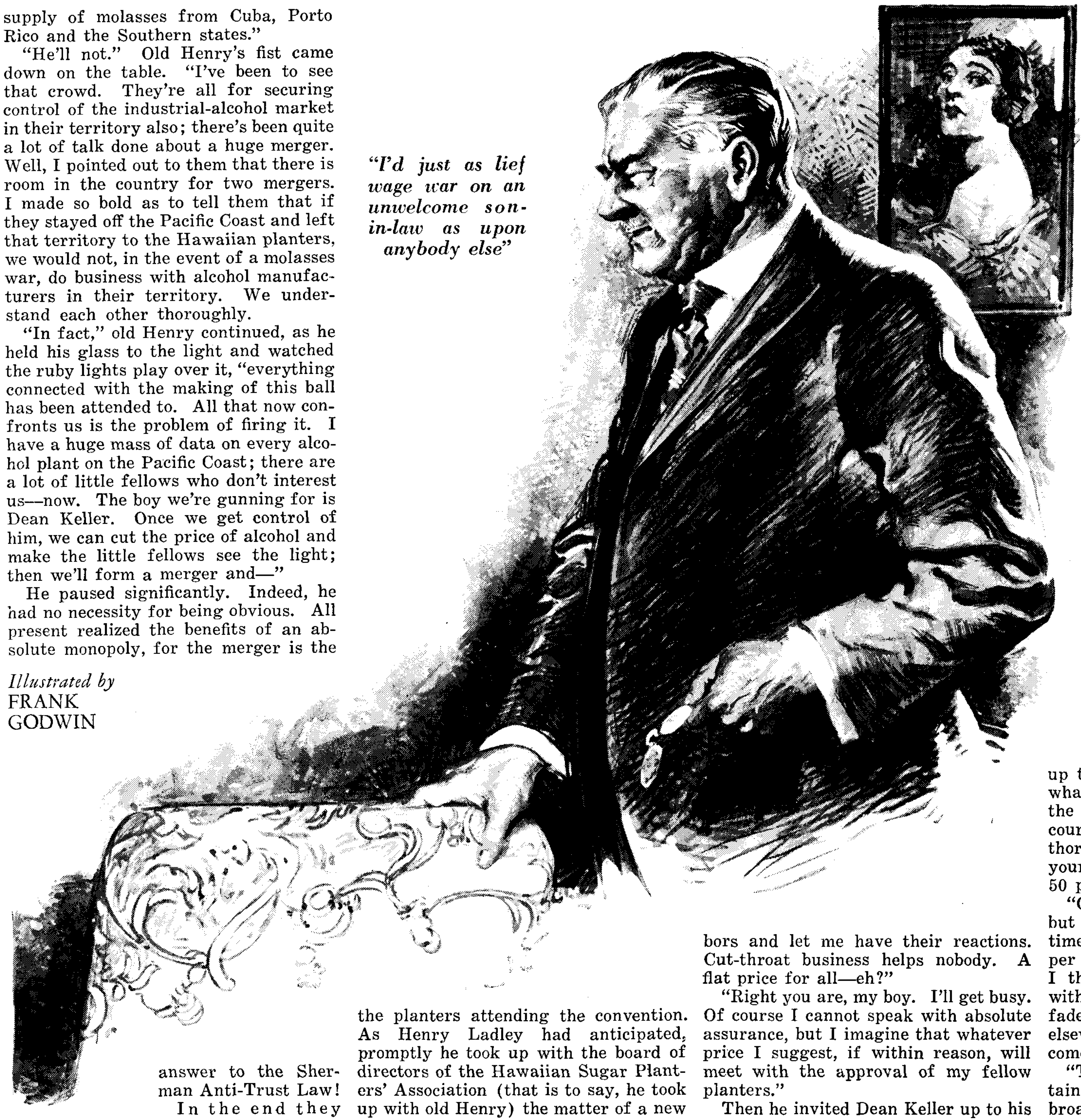
ANOTHER director nodded comprehension. "He has a huge plant, and it cannot be operated without molasses. He might prefer a sale to an indefinite shutdown. If he cannot serve his trade, he will lose it, of course."

"Dean Keller is nobody's fool," a third director warned them. "He will make arrangements to receive his supply of molasses from Cuba, Porto Rico and the Southern states."

"He'll not." Old Henry's fist came down on the table. "I've been to see that crowd. They're all for securing control of the industrial-alcohol market in their territory also; there's been quite a lot of talk done about a huge merger. Well, I pointed out to them that there is room in the country for two mergers. I made so bold as to tell them that if they stayed off the Pacific Coast and left that territory to the Hawaiian planters, we would not, in the event of a molasses war, do business with alcohol manufacturers in their territory. We understand each other thoroughly.

"In fact," old Henry continued, as he held his glass to the light and watched the ruby lights play over it, "everything connected with the making of this ball has been attended to. All that now confronts us is the problem of firing it. I have a huge mass of data on every alcohol plant on the Pacific Coast; there are a lot of little fellows who don't interest us—now. The boy we're gunning for is Dean Keller. Once we get control of him, we can cut the price of alcohol and make the little fellows see the light; then we'll form a merger and—"

He paused significantly. Indeed, he had no necessity for being obvious. All present realized the benefits of an absolute monopoly, for the merger is the answer to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law!



*"I'd just as lief wage war on an unwelcome son-in-law as upon anybody else"*

*Illustrated by*
FRANK
GODWIN

In the end they pledged themselves to old Henry's plan, for that board of directors of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association controlled absolutely the commodity young Dean Keller had to have or retire from business.

"We may be embarrassed for quite a while with a glut of molasses at our factories," Old Henry reminded them at parting, "so start building tanks to hold the excess now. In the long run we will be reimbursed, with interest, for the money expended on those tanks. Mark my words.

"Within six months young Keller will come to our agent with an offer to sell to us. He'll try to outgame us by importing molasses from Java and Madura, but a long haul like that, even with his own ships, will run up his overhead and he'll lose money. Then he'll start borrowing at the banks, and the banks will look into every detail of his business before accommodating him. The outlook will not appear promising to the banks, I assure you—and the loans will be refused.

"Gentlemen, when we're ready, we'll buy the Keller By-products Corporation, lock, stock and barrel, at our own price."

The board of directors by unanimous vote left the details of the deal up to old Henry.

IN FEBRUARY young Dean Keller had arrived in Honolulu, to fraternize with and renew acquaintance with the planters attending the convention. As Henry Ladley had anticipated, promptly he took up with the board of directors of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association (that is to say, he took up with old Henry) the matter of a new long-term contract.

Old Henry was most agreeable and appeared quite sympathetic to the idea; he promised to talk the matter over with his fellow planters and the directors of the association. Of course (he reminded Keller) he could not presume to speak with any authority for the others; the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association was not in any sense of the word a trust; it knew the law and kept within it—no dictation of prices on raw sugar or molasses. No, indeed, nothing like that! However, old Henry felt that while the planters would be agreeable to a renewal of the contract, Mr. Keller could scarcely hope to interest them at the old price. No, indeed. Ha, ha! Not with gin being quoted at sixty-five dollars a case.

Of course, old Henry realized the Keller By-products Corporation obeyed the law and saw to it that no alcohol was diverted from its factory to bootleggers, but—ha, ha!— He poked Dean Keller in the ribs—"Molasses has gone up, my boy. Gone up!"

"Yes, it has," Keller agreed. "I expect to pay more on the new contract. I realize it is but natural that you should want more. Live and let live is my policy. You are the leader in the sugar industry in these islands, Mr. Ladley, and no inconsiderable portion of our molasses has been furnished by your plantation. Suppose you take the matter up with your friends and neighbors and let me have their reactions. Cut-throat business helps nobody. A flat price for all—eh?"

"Right you are, my boy. I'll get busy. Of course I cannot speak with absolute assurance, but I imagine that whatever price I suggest, if within reason, will meet with the approval of my fellow planters."

Then he invited Dean Keller up to his home for dinner, and there the latter met Jean Ladley.

PROMPTLY Dean Keller lost interest in the renewal of his contract for molasses. He canceled his return steamer passage, and if he thought of business during the next month he never mentioned it. Seemingly too he forgot that Henry Ladley existed, unless by accident he met the old marauder when calling to take Jean to the country club, to luncheon at Haleiwa or to a dinner at the home of one of the reigning families. They swam together, and Jean gave him lessons on the steel guitar; she taught him mournful little Hawaiian folk songs because she liked his singing voice. He danced well and played better than average polo and, best of all, he was quite useless at small talk but a brilliant conversationalist when there was something worth while to discuss. He was well-read and well-bred, and even old Henry, who had had no experience in affairs of the heart since marrying Jean's mother, eventually realized that his daughter was head over heels in love with Dean Keller. Wherefore he commenced to suffer.

One day while he was seated on his lanai, watching the long skirmish lines of breakers rushing in across the bay to pile on Waikiki Beach, Dean Keller came in unexpectedly. "I'm going home tomorrow, Mr. Ladley," he announced. "What have you got to report on the subject of that molasses contract?"

"A renewal for one year at a price 100 per cent over that in the old contract, Mr. Keller. It seems rather high to me, but that is the best I have been able to induce my associates to consider. Indeed, some favored a price greater than that."

"It is much too high, Mr. Ladley. I could stand 50 per cent raise, but any price over that means to my company slow financial disintegration. At what price may I expect to contract with you for your molasses?"

"Son," old Henry almost moaned, "you have me in a tight pocket. I know the price quoted is too doggoned high, but—I never was a price cutter. I'd like mighty well to do business with you on a reasonable basis, but if I do my friends will accuse me of undermining a good market, and I'll not be popular. I'm afraid I'll have to stand with the majority, for a while at least. If we can move our molasses at the price they demand, of course our first duty to ourselves is to do so. If we cannot move it" (here old Henry bent upon his youthful victim a bright paternal smile), "why, I imagine you'll have us well licked and be in a position to dictate the price. You're the largest consumer we have and the loss of your trade must be considered."

"Yes, our company can handle up to 80 per cent of your output now, what with our increased facilities and the expansion of our trade. And, of course, I understand your position thoroughly. Would you care to state to your people that I offer an increase of 50 per cent over the old price?"

"Of course I'll do it for you, my boy, but really I think I will be wasting my time. They all seem very set on a 100 per cent increase. Personally, Keller, I think it's bad psychology to argue with them now. If I were you, I'd just fade out of the picture and do business elsewhere until the Hawaiian planters come to their senses."

"Thanks for your advice. I feel certain that at the proper time your broader vision in this matter will be apparent to your associates and that we shall then do business on a basis mutually profitable. I loathe wars."

"Rest assured I will, my boy," old Henry boomed heartily. "And you're going home—when?"

"Tomorrow." Dean Keller appeared a bit depressed. "I was going to delay my departure another week, but it would seem now that I should lose no time looking after my fences."

"I shall hope to have some comforting news for you before your supply on hand is exhausted," old Henry interrupted kindly. "Shall we be seeing you again before your sailing?"

"I think not, sir. With your permission I shall now make my adieu to Miss Jean." He rose and held out his hand.

WHEN Dean Keller had driven off, Henry rose and pussyfooted into his daughter's sitting-room. She was not there, but from the bedroom beyond he caught the sound of sobs. His daughter lay across her bed weeping.

"Hello," called old Henry, much concerned, "what's making you feel badly, honey? Anybody dead, or is somebody you like going away and never coming back?"

Jean nodded miserably. "You got pretty deeply interested in young Keller, didn't you, honey? Are you engaged to him, Jean?"

Again the violent shaking of the tousled head. (*Continued on page 45*)

# Gooda-By, John

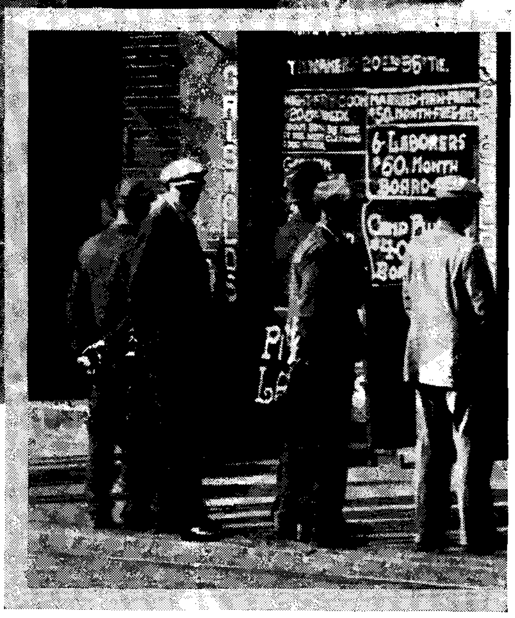
JOHN had a job. Common labor, they called it. He got 38 cents an hour for it, but he couldn't keep a family of five on that. So he asked the boss for more money. And that was the beginning of the end of John, the common laborer. His boss started to figure. He discovered that while common labor was the cheapest on the pay roll it was also the most expensive. John produced nothing. All he did was to move things around, and it was expensive to do the moving.

"The boss," said John, "he say, 'Hello, beega machine. Gooda-by, John.'"

So on with the story! What's to become of John?

### By JOHN T. FLYNN

Two road menders, old style, working hard but moving slowly



These laborers waiting in front of a St.

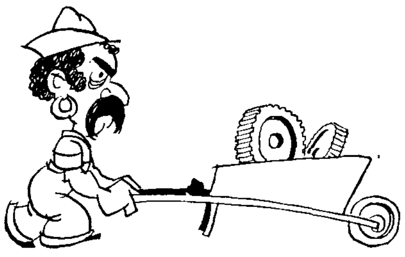
SOME time ago I visited a charity society in search of information. There were a number of people in the outer office seeking aid: weary, saddened, squalid creatures. But there was one man who caught my eye and interest. He was a big hulking Pole named Jan Kabiro—or we will call him that—strong, decent-looking, tidily though cheaply dressed. The secretary told me his story.

Big Jan was in dire need. But the interesting part of his case was this: most of those who appeal to this society are out of work or they are in ill health or have serious illness in their homes or have been overtaken by some sudden disaster—death, accident or perhaps crime. But Jan was not out of work. He was in excellent health. He had a wife and four children, but no sickness and all with excellent appetites. No unexpected disaster had visited his household. He was employed as a common laborer in a large mill. His wages were about 38 cents an hour—$17.12 for a 44-hour week, or, roughly, $2.88 a day for six days. And poor Jan—hard-working, thrifty, honest and willing to get along—was finding it impossible to do so on $17.12 a week plus $4 a week extra money made in his spare time at night. The problem of sheltering, feeding and clothing six people on that small sum had just got beyond him, and he had come shamefaced and in desperation to a charity office for help.

This statement of facts interested me. I volunteered to investigate his story for the charity society and report to it. I visited that mill the next morning. There I saw Jan in the yard along with at least a dozen other men loading huge metal ingots on a hand truck. Throughout that factory I saw many other men doing the same type of work. All were getting about the same money. The superintendent told me Jan had a good record, was prompt and steady, and had worked there for two years. I asked if there wasn't some way in which this man could earn more money.

"This mill," explained the superintendent, "makes a product which is sold to farmers. There is a good demand for our product. But you know how the farmers are. They are selling their crops for about what they got before the war. Badly as they want our goods, they refuse to buy unless we keep the prices at the lowest possible point. The price at which we must sell, therefore, does not permit us to pay these laborers any more. Indeed, it hardly justifies their present pay. We have handed out no dividends in several years. Now, then, what do you suggest? Is there anything we can do about it?"

No, I had to confess, there was nothing at the moment I could think to do about it. Of course it is always possible to sit around and cuss the "system" and denounce business for not paying a living wage. Seventeen dollars a week is not a living wage. Jan should have not less than $30 a week to support his family. All the experts agree about that. But that is practically twice as much as he is getting.



How, then, is Jan to get his living wage? The factory could raise the price of its product, which would produce more income if the farmer did not quit buying altogether—which is what he would do. And in the meantime an industrious workman must ask charity to eke out his living.

The man's problem haunted me, and the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that it was not wholly his problem but was in a larger sense the problem of those who have taken upon themselves at excellent remuneration that very important function called management.

Some time later I put the matter up to the executive head of a large copper-mining corporation in the West. Then he told me this interesting story:

## The Closed Door

"NEXT door to one of our buildings is a large material-supply concern. Among other things it handles iron pipe. In one corner of its yard it piles continually large quantities of iron elbows and straight joints. Daily I have seen men with wheelbarrows laboriously load them with these joints and elbows, push them slowly across that yard near the outer gate and dump them on the ground. Other men throw them to still others in a flat car, where they are piled by hand for shipment. I have watched them work and have timed them, and I have calculated that it costs that concern 7 cents to transport that wheelbarrowful of cast-iron joints across that yard. The man who carries on this perfectly useless piece of work gets $3.60 a day. But do you not see that the company that hires him cannot really afford to pay him that? Of course it isn't his fault. It's the fault of the man that hires him."

"But what are you going to do about it?" I asked. "If he is getting too much already, you can't raise his wages. Then what are you going to do?"

His answer is the solution and the only solution of the whole trouble.

"YOU HAVE GOT TO ABOLISH THE MAN WITH THE WHEELBARROW."

"Out in our plant," went on this man, a very able engineer, "after the war we were employing 568 men. Practically all of them were common laborers. We had the same problems as that material-supply house and his men with their wheelbarrows—the same problem as the mill that hires your underpaid man Jan. We have abolished about 225 of those men and have increased our output by 10 per cent. We thought at first that was good. But now we know we have only scratched the surface. We have plans afoot which provide for the elimination of all but 100 men. Most of these will be skilled workers who get paid decently."

It is perfectly apparent that what this man proposes is not to abolish the man with the wheelbarrow but to abolish the wheelbarrow. The man remains and must find work or the charity society will have to take over the whole of the job of caring for him. But, as a matter of fact, while the engineer is doing away with the wheelbarrows and the picks and shovels and other implements of primitive labor, other forces are doing away with the men who drove these simple machines.

The effect of it is that business, or at least the progressive and driving forces in business, have launched a war upon the pick and shovel and the institution of common labor. There is no use pretending that in doing this business is moved by angelic impulses. For centuries men have gone on using other men in the drudge work of the world, and they will continue to do it as long as it is profitable. But in the last few years it has become increasingly unprofitable, and so they have been casting about for cheaper and more efficient ways of getting this drudgery done. Common labor has become too expensive.

One reason for this is that the supply is diminishing. The European crop is kept out, and we do not raise it on our own soil in very large quantities. Once upon a time, under the old open-door immigration laws, an unlimited supply streamed across all our borders. We lived in an employer's heaven—two men for every job: one fellow at work in the plant and another fellow outside waiting to take his place if he quit. If a large industrialist wanted more men, he simply put in his application where it would do the most good, and the labor agent could shoot him one or two or a dozen day coaches loaded with laborers fresh off the ocean. Now when he wants that kind of power he has got to shop for it somewhere else. We don't bring it over in ships now; we build it in factories. We are using iron and steel and gas and electricity instead of bone and muscle.

*Louis agency must find jobs quickly*

Before the war it was nothing to get a million pairs of new hands a year. In 1913 1,197,892 came in. In 1914 there were 1,218,480. Then the tide was deflected, and the potential immigrants streamed into the trenches of Europe. When the war ended the stream started again, so that by 1921 we were once more approaching the million mark. But the law of 1925 quickly dammed that flood, so that in 1925 and 1926 our immigrants were down to around 300,000 a year. But this is not the whole story. Formerly the arrivals were mostly men. From 1900 to 1909, for instance, for every 1,000 women who entered there were 4,580 men. Now there are almost as many women as men. And of the men a very large share of them are not of the common-labor type.

### Cheap but Dear Labor

WHILE the immigration law has thus curtailed our imported supply of common laborers our schools have been eating into our home-grown crop. The sons of the immigrants of 1910 are filling our schools and colleges and libraries. They are going into business, the professions, the skilled trades. They are not willing to be hitched to wheelbarrows as their fathers were. There are a lot of men out of work, but they are not looking for that kind of work. A labor agency man said to me: "Once when they came looking for jobs it was just a case of pick and shovel. Now it's a case of pick and choose. They are as choosy as servant girls."

This reduced supply of common labor has made it more costly. In the woolen mills, for instance, hours of work for common labor have decreased 13 per cent, but wages have increased from 14.3 cents an hour before the war to 44.5 cents, which means they have trebled. In the steel mills laborers work 13 hours less, but they get paid all the way from two to two and a half times as much.

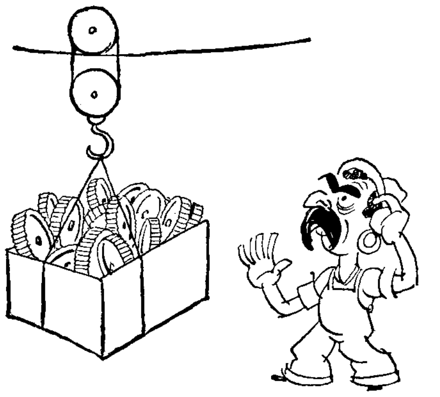
*This man with his air pick does ten times the work of the two with pick and hammer at one tenth the cost*

In the lumber industry wages have about doubled. In the building industry they have increased enormously.

In spite of these great boosts in the pay of the common laborer, he has not yet been raised to the level of a living wage. He is being paid altogether too little in spite of the fact that he is being paid too much. He is the poorest-paid and the most expensive form of worker. In a very large number of industries he is being paid more than he is worth as a worker, but very much less than he is worth as a man. He has been getting more than his share of what he produces, but not by any means his share of our prosperity, measured by American standards.

The average earnings of a railroad laborer during 1926 were $17 a week. In the lumber industry it was $17.77 and in some districts as low as $10.48 a week. In the soft-coal mines weekly earnings in all districts average $23.58 for outside laborers and $22.78 for inside laborers, though it is lower than this in certain districts. In the coal industry, however, it would be much better but for the idle time when the man is not employed. It is best in the automobile industry, where it runs as high as $30.26 and as low as $24.02. For a large group of industries the Department of Labor found that wages of common laborers in the best-paid plants average from $25 to $37 a week and in the lowest-paid plants from $10.48 to $24.02 a week.

Singularly enough, the best-paid laborers outside the building trades are those in the coal mines, upon whom, perhaps, more sympathy has been lavished than on any others, because they have been more successfully dramatized. But it must be conceded that most of the men in these groups are not receiving a living wage. This does not disturb a certain type of employer, but it does disturb a great many who, under our modern sensitiveness to human problems, do not like to have men working for them at this kind of wages.



After all, the common laborer is just a form of power. In certain lines he performs a type of work calling for some degree of skill as well as strength. But as a rule he furnishes little more than power. He is, after a fashion, in competition with the mule, the steam engine and the electric-power plant. But he is a very inadequate form of power. The first ox that was hitched to a primitive wooden plow was a protest against the inadequate power possibilities of the human slave. He is also the most expensive form of power. In the old days he was able to compete with the horse and mule only by underbidding them. Against the electric-power company and the gasoline engine he is helpless.

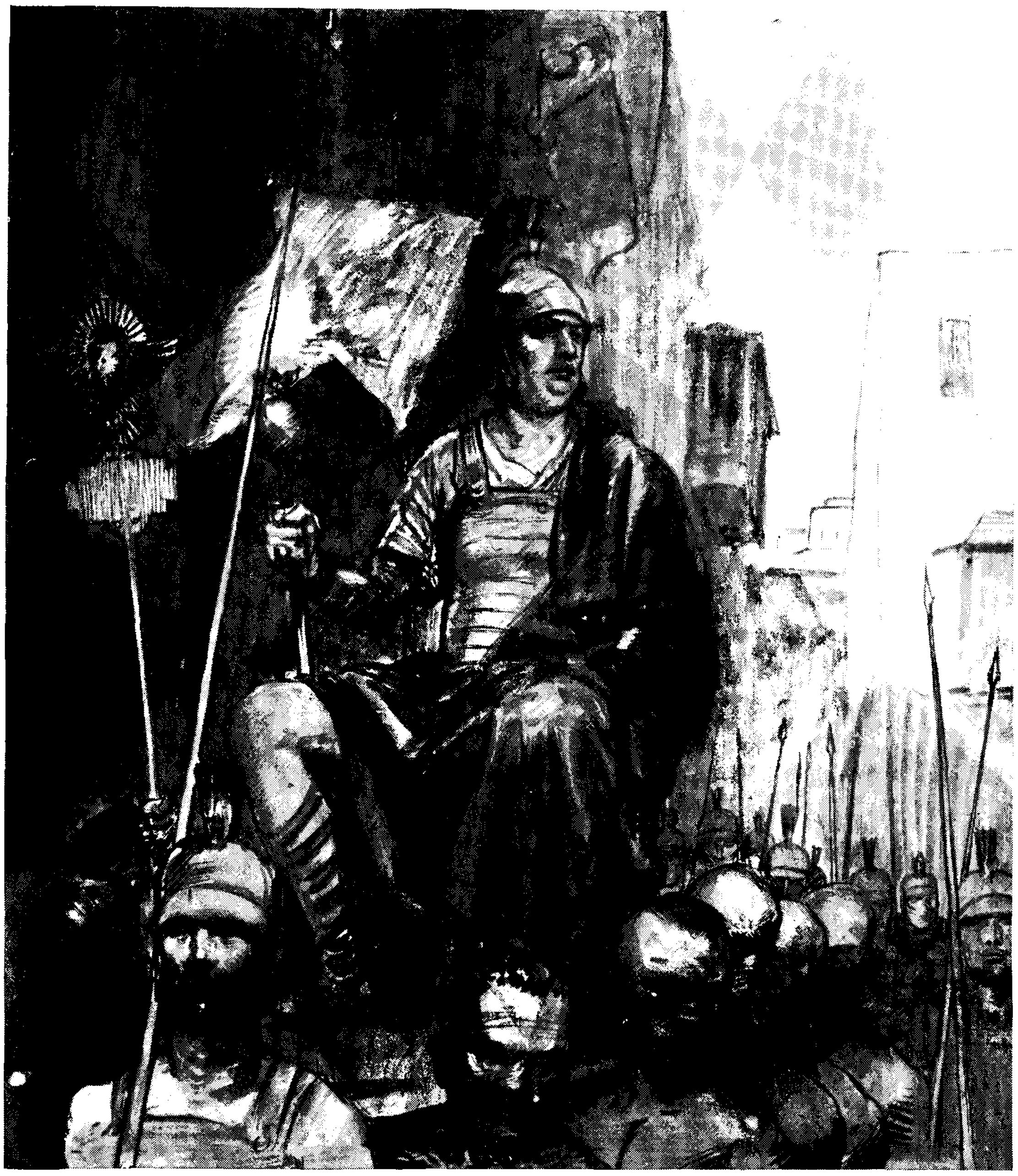
### 40 Huskies—31 Too Many

I AM sure most people do not realize how large a part of the pay roll of many large factories is consumed by common labor. There are many plants where out of every $100 paid to workers $85 of it goes to common laborers for just carrying things from one place to another around the plant.

People think of transportation as the problem of moving goods from one city to another or hauling them from a freight station to the factory warehouse. But this is only a part of our transportation problem, perhaps the smallest part. I once saw a factory in New England that used 30 tons of cotton a day. Transporting that cotton from the Southern gin to the New England mill was no great problem. But after it got to the mill that huge mass of 30 tons of cotton had to be moved around that mill a dozen times a day, from one process to another: 40 common laborers and a fleet of hand trucks did nothing else. Now the cotton is taken swiftly by automatic hoists to the top floor. All the machines are arranged in sequence. A great conveyer circles around and winds downward through all the floors to the shipping platform. As the cotton, assuming gradually the form of the finished product, emerges from one machine after another it is gathered by that traveling conveyer and borne on to the next machine, and so on until it appears at the exit. Nine men instead of 40 man that conveyer.

I have been told that in a great food-products plant at Saginaw 91 per cent of the pay roll went to pay common labor until (*Continued on page 55*)

*A stirring story of love and passion—that may have been true*



*"From the day I first saw her, leaning from a portico, she has owned me.*

# The Woman

THE fierce Judean sun, climbing over the Mount of Olives, beat down upon Jerusalem until even desert peoples left off their chaffering and fled the glare of the market places. Only in the palace of the Procurator, high and shining on the Hill of Sion, was there a touch of reviving coolness. Trees, planted by Herod the Great in contemptuous disregard of rabbinical laws, shaded the white walls, while through the darkened interior padded barefoot Cappadocians, bending under huge earthen jars. Some sprinkled the marble tiles with perfumed waters, while others sprayed a pervasive distillation of flowers against the reed curtains that chance winds might be purged of unpleasant odors gathered in the Lower City.

Not all this enforced dusk, these skilled ministrations, had power to win a sigh of relaxation from the tall Roman who paced an upper chamber, stained attire telling plainly of recent travel. His face blazed red from the sting of sun and wind, and blood caked the cracked lips, but passionate absorption in his own narrative made him unmindful even of the sweat that flooded his inflamed eyes. Higher and higher rose the harsh, excited voice, clanging through the scented hush like a hammer blow, but no sound nor movement came from the man who stood at the lattice, staring down into the courtyard with fixed and terrible intensity.

THE messenger, at last aware of this inattention, crossed the room with swift steps and laid a rough hand on the watcher's shoulder.

"Tell me what it is that I have been saying, Pontius?" he demanded.

"Forgive me, Marcellus Ennius," muttered the Procurator of Judea, his vague gaze that of one aroused from sleep.

"It is as I thought," cried the soldier furiously. "I ride from Cæsarea at full speed, braving the pains of your accursed desert, bringing news that concerns your life and fortune, and you do not even take the trouble to listen."

"There you are wrong." Pontius Pilate struck his forehead as if unable to fight longer against the impatience that possessed him. "It is with my whole soul that I listen. Nay, not to the tale of danger that you have brought, Marcellus, although I beg you to believe that my heart warms to this new proof of devotion. It is for a footstep that I wait; it is for the rustle of a sandal that my ears are strained. She that I love is on her way, returning after long absence, and the sound of her approach is more to me than the smile or anger of an emperor."

"Are you in your senses?" exclaimed Marcellus Ennius. "I tell you that the sword of Tiberius hangs over your head, and you stand there babbling of love like some schoolboy in the grip of his first desire. It is a mood in which I do not know you."

"I do not know myself," wearily answered the Procurator. "Our friendship is not a new thing, Marcellus, for it was arm-and-arm that we first left Rome to follow the eagles. There were long years that we marched, slept and fought side by side, brothers in all save blood. You knew me then as no man knew me. What was my conduct with women? You saw me with them in many lands. Tell me: is it not true that I ever held them to their proper place in the scheme of things? I challenge you to recall a moment of weakness. Whether it was the yellow-haired maidens of the German forests, slim Greeks with bosoms as firm as their own marble, or those sinuous creatures who thronged our camps in the Land of Ghosts, bodies bathed in flames, there was never a backward glance once I had reached for my sword and shield.

"It has not been so with this woman of Magdala. I have not been able to make it so," he cried, a vast melancholy in his voice. "From the day I first saw her, leaning from a portico as I rode through a filthy lane on my way to the Tower of Antonia, she has owned me. At the caress of her lips my will ran like water, and even as my mind called out to end such degrading slavery, my heart rejoiced at its bondage.

"You think me mad, Marcellus. I see it in your eyes. It has been my own thought many times, and yet"—his tone darkened with despair—"the gods refuse me succor. I have prayed before the altars of our own deities, and even those of other peoples have known my votive offerings. I have called in Persians who profess to be learned in the magic that exorcises demons and taken counsel with those Chaldeans who read the stars. All has availed me nothing. She obsesses me. Not gift nor oblation clears my mind or gives me back my strength.

"In the full light of day, while suppliants crowd the prætorium, tearing at my robes, I see the rounded ivory of her throat; at night she floats above my couch, so close that my blood leaps, so remote I fall back spent and sick from vain grasping.

"HEAR all of my shame, Marcellus," continued the Procurator swiftly, feverishly, staying interruption with raised hand. "I experience a certain relief in confession. She was a woman of the town, and yet when she came to me I swear to you that it was a joy as intense, a pride as great as though Diana had laid aside her spear and crept through the fragrant dark to lie by my side.

"I could not bear separation from her, and she traveled with me on all my journeys through Samaria, Idumea and this loathsome Judea. We pitched our tent at the foot of Mount Hermon, where the Jordan bursts from mighty rocks, and saw the moon roll like a silver ball above the palm trees of Jericho. From our villa in Capernaum, that I wrung from Herod Antipas, we plunged into the clear waters of the Galilean lake, and here in these walls she colored and sweetened the days until I almost ceased to hate these vile, impossible creatures that I am called upon to govern. Ah, if one had but the power to make time stand still! If we could but raise a hand of command and cry to the gods, 'Let this moment of happiness endure forever!'"

"Go on," exclaimed the soldier, moved to impatience by the Procurator's dreaming pause. "What happened?"

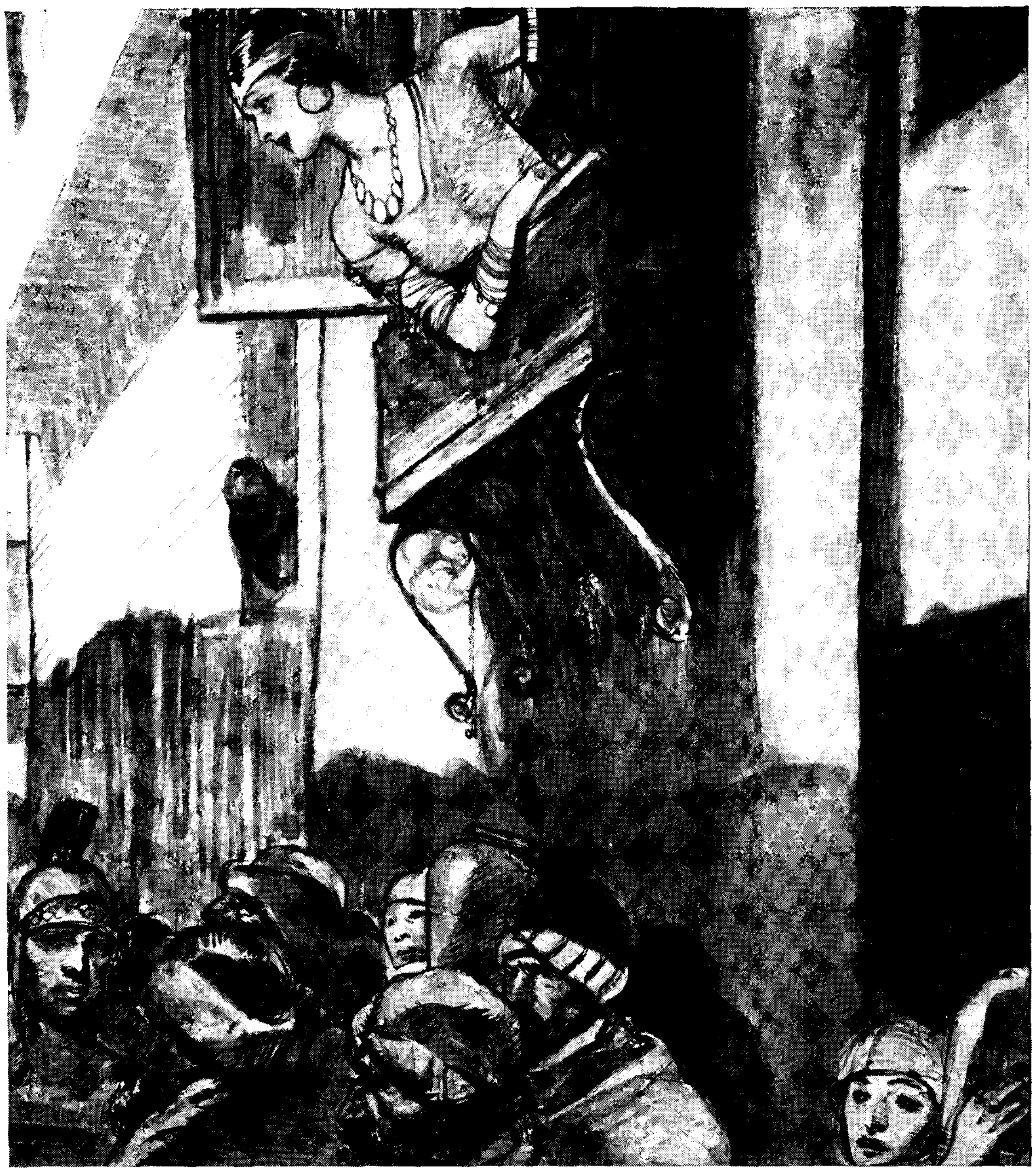
Even pity for Pilate's suffering could not keep a wondering contempt out of his tone, for the rough legionary was one who bought his women as he bought his wine, turning away from the couch as he turned away from an empty goblet.

"I do not know. I have never been able to understand. A day came when she went to visit her people in their mean village, and I gave her silver, bracelets and bright cloth with which to make gay the homecoming. On her return there was a change. An infinity of detachment lay mirrored in her eyes. It was as though a veil had fallen between us, and I tore at it with hands fiercer than any with which I ever gripped an enemy's throat. I could not rend it. When our lips locked, when my arms crushed her close, I had the sense of distance between us.

"ONE morning when I ascended the bema to pronounce judgment on some guilty wretch, she clung to me with something of the old passion, yet on my return I found her gone. I took this accursed land as if it were a carpet, shaking it until the towns fell apart; and the craftiest of my Greeks wound their sly, secret ways through markets and khans.

"Useless! All useless! She could not be found, and my life fell into stagnancies as dreadful as those of that horrible Dead Sea in the south. But it is a time of wretchedness that draws to its end, Marcellus. At last she is returning of her own free will. Only this morning the word came from her, and even now she walks from some corner of the city to fill the emptiness of my heart. Is it not plain why I have no ears for the news you bring?"

Overcome by the violence of his emotions, the Procurator leaned against the wall, and tears rolled down that contrasted strangely with his grim, war-hardened face. Putting his arms about him as about a child, Marcellus Ennius



At her caresses my will ran like water, and my heart rejoiced in its bondage"

# of Magdala

## By GEORGE CREEL

Illustrated by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

led the broken, tormented man to a marble bench and sat beside him.

"At first I thought that these Judeans had caught you in the web of their black arts," he said soothingly, "but now I see the truth. It is simply that your mind is sick, Pontius. You have been away from the living stream too long; that is the whole trouble. This backwater has condemned your thought to eddy in mean and petty circles, and your resolution is ill of its own inaction. It is a thing that happens often in Gaul and Britain and other outposts of the Empire—men reduced to childishness by continued contact with the unending dullness of their rustic environment.

"BUT my news will be your cure, friend of my heart, for it is a call to all those qualities that won you renown when we fought under Germanicus. Lay aside your sickly imaginings and heed me well, for never before have you stood in greater need of craft and courage.

"Sejanus is dead. Not a peaceful end, with senators thronging about his door, eager to have their grief seen and reported, but killed like a dog by the orders of Tiberius."

"Sejanus dead." Pilate echoed the words as if unable to believe them. "Mighty Sejanus, who thought to make himself lord of the Seven Hills."

"The wrath of the Emperor has not burned out by any means," continued Marcellus. "Those in office by favor of Sejanus are being hunted down like wild beasts, for Tiberius has awakened at last to the plots against his life. Rome will soon be swept clean of every man that lies under the slightest suspicion, and this done, Pontius, you may rest assured that his tiger eye will turn upon the provinces.

"Who, more than you, was dearer to Sejanus? If memory should fail him—and when did Tiberius ever forget a hate?—can you believe that the governor of Syria will not point you out? You were a fool to have quarreled with Lucius Vitellius."

"It was never a quarrel of my seeking," the Procurator answered sullenly. "From the very first he has hounded me with lies, intrigues and incessant persecutions."

"The cause does not matter," Marcellus interrupted impatiently. "Immediate action is a necessity. What have you in the way of private fortune? Gather your gold and jewels, give them to me, and I will leave for Rome at once. Perhaps some of those who hold the confidence of Tiberius can be bribed to use their influence in your behalf. Are your differences with Lucius Vitellius of such a nature that they cannot be compounded? Would it not be well to hurry to Antioch on such an errand?"

"To what end?" Pontius Pilate threw his arms wide in a gesture of weariness and disgust. "I am worn out with this everlasting struggle to keep place and power. I am sick to death of Vitellius and his plots; sick of his bestial son, that gluttonous Aulus who gorges and tickles his throat with a feather that he may vomit and gorge again. I hate the degenerate Tiberius, and hate myself that I have ever fawned upon him. Above all, Marcellus, I am filled with loathing of these accursed Judeans.

"What are the complaints that Vitellius has lodged against me with such evil regularity? That I have sought to uphold the honor and dignity of Rome against these creatures who are forever trying to drag the eagles down! I dared to bring banners into the city that carried the image of Cæsar; I would not believe the high priest's story that the Samaritans had defiled the Temple by secret deposit of dead men's bones; I have refused to lend myself to the hates and plots of the Sanhedrin. These are the crimes upon which Vitellius bases his charges of my cruel oppression of these Jews. He would have me bow down to their premeditated rages, and even when I proceed against actual rebellion with no more than staves or the flat of the sword, I am accused of blood lust and brutality.

"THEY have worn me, Marcellus, until my patience bleeds. Days and nights are made hideous by the incessant disputations in which they find their pleasure, for all of them abhor agreement. They fight over faiths like street dogs, and every new day sees a new teaching, a new prophet. Led by their priests, the factions roll against the palace gates like some gutter flood, each clamoring for me to arrest and execute the leaders of the others.

"I am ordered by the Emperor, and wisely, to respect their religion, but what is it and where is it? Samaritans, Idumeans, Judeans, all have their own, and each rooted in a fierce hate that leaves no room for tolerance. Their Messiahs pour forth in a ceaseless, monotonous stream, appealing to the superstitions of the masses by claiming to appear in fulfillment of some ancient prophecy contained in their book of sacred legends. They are first adored and then assailed, for it is not in the nature of these people to render a sustained allegiance.

"Look!" he cried crossing to the lattice. "Behold the crowd that now beats against the gates. Listen to their savage cries! As always, it is a life that they are demanding, this time the life of a poor carpenter who has been walking the countryside, claiming to be the son of their principal tribal deity. The priests have judged him, for his preaching has been against the hierarchy, and old Caiaphas rubs his hands in delight at thought of blood. Ah, I have him there, Marcellus. I have him there. Mine alone is the power of life and death, and were it my last act, the carpenter shall go free. Let the Sanhedrin scream their rage at me if they dare. By the gods, this time I will give them just cause to run to Vitellius with their whines."

"It is as I said," insisted Marcellus Ennius. "These petty years, the irritations of this provincial routine, have robbed you of all sense of proportion. What does this wretched carpenter really matter? Or these priests and their clamor? With your fortune and your life at stake, it is stupid to vex yourself with things so essentially trivial. Forget them, and turn bold face to the dangers that beset you."

FOR a brief space the Procurator paced the room, head bent, his hands clasping and unclasping. Once he halted with an effect of decision, and the hawk eyes blazed with something of their wonted fire, but at the end he shook his head as one compelled by forces over which he had no control.

"No," he said. "Think of me what you will, Marcellus, but longing fills my heart to the exclusion of all else. If this Mary of Magdala is not to be part and parcel of my life, then it is a worthless thing, and Tiberius and Lucius Vitellius may work their vengeance upon me as they will. If I am to have her love again, however, then come to me, my friend, and stand shoulder to shoulder as in the old days. My legions will hold true, even against the Emperor, and should fortune fail us here in Judea, there are other lands and fairer. Messengers from Parthia tell me that Artabanus totters on his throne, and I have the feeling that we might carve an empire with our swords."

Before Marcellus Ennius could answer the harsh challenge of the sentry came to them, quickly followed by the soft interrogations of a woman's voice. At once the Procurator shouted for her instant admission, and as he sprang to the door with outstretched arms the light of a great joy transfigured his entire being.

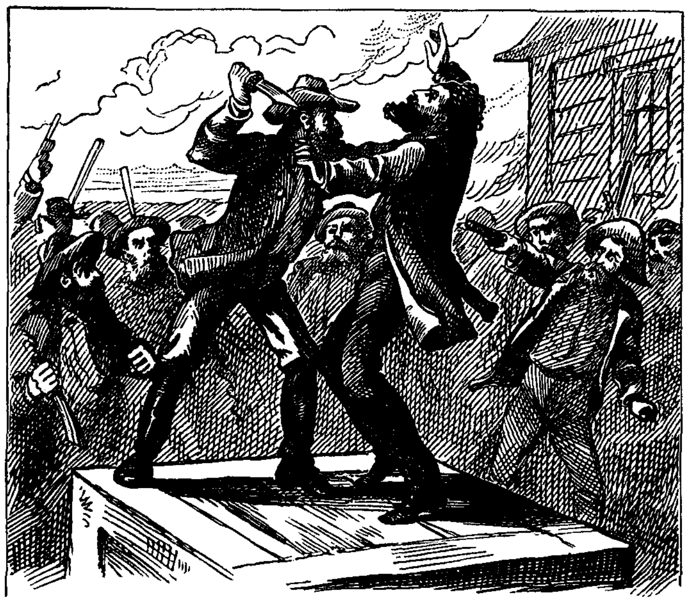
"Go, Marcellus," he whispered. "Go, and pray for me in this moment that decides my fate."

As the soldier entered the corridor a natural curiosity impelled a sidelong look, and amazement took possession of him. The woman of Pilate's madness was without beauty as far as his glance could determine, for while her long hair fell in a flood of red gold, the face was pale and worn and the eyes swollen as if from weeping. Shrugging his shoulders, the Roman turned away, and now, conscious of (Continued on page 54)

# The Prairie Prince

By

**BEGINNING the life story of "Buffalo Bill," the most romantic scout, dead shot and Indian fighter who ever rode the plains. Based on original documents and letters preserved by those who were closest to Colonel Cody. It is the first complete story of his career.**



*Billy cried out, but the pro-slaver was too quick*

NED BUNTLINE needed a hero. And America in 1869 was ripe for its own Robin Hood, or Roland, or Richard of the Lion Heart.

Buntline was well aware of this. Buntline was the most prodigious writer of the so-called dime novels. Through his penny awfuls and nickel dreadfuls, as the favorite literature of mid-Victorian boyhood was called by fogies, Buntline kept his finger on the pulse of public hero worship. For years the bloody foam of sea stories had dripped from his pen. Now his sensitiveness to such things warned Buntline that the old heroes and adventures of his imagination were palling on the boys in the woodsheds of New England, on the back porches of Eastern cities, on the snake fences of Dixie.

Young America wanted a hero of the sort closest to human hearts—a folk hero.

With the unerring instinct of his brand of genius, Buntline looked to the West.

The young Republic, as yet but three quarters of a century old, was experiencing its first real growing pains. Looking for room, it was becoming aware that within its borders lay a wide, almost unknown land of romance and epic.

## In Search of a Hero

TRUE, certain lights had flashed from the dark prairies before: Lewis and Clark, small Kit Carson's tall deeds, gold in California, the covered wagons' blood-stained ruts to Oregon. There had even grown up a rough balladry to commemorate these things. "Oh, Susannah!" was only one of many bold refrains on Eastern lips.

Still—Eastern minds had remained chiefly concerned at home, where great issues impended as the nineteenth century gathered speed from the halfway mark.

But now the Civil War, the last great social upheaval mainly east of the Mississippi, was a matter for the history books. The new-fangled telegraph had brought the frontier vividly close. Henceforth, for years, the national imagination was to be kindled by torches of prairie grass and sagebrush. Already the major prophets of the Republic were pointing out the new course in the tide of empire. Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man!" And the minor prophets of the nation, the boys, forecast this destiny even more clearly when their common dream became to "grow up an' go out West to shoot Injuns!"

And so Buntline went West to find a hero of flesh and blood who symbolized this new era. He headed for Fort McPherson at Cottonwood Springs, Nebraska, near present North Platte, about 95 miles from Fort Kearney, in the center of happy hunting grounds.

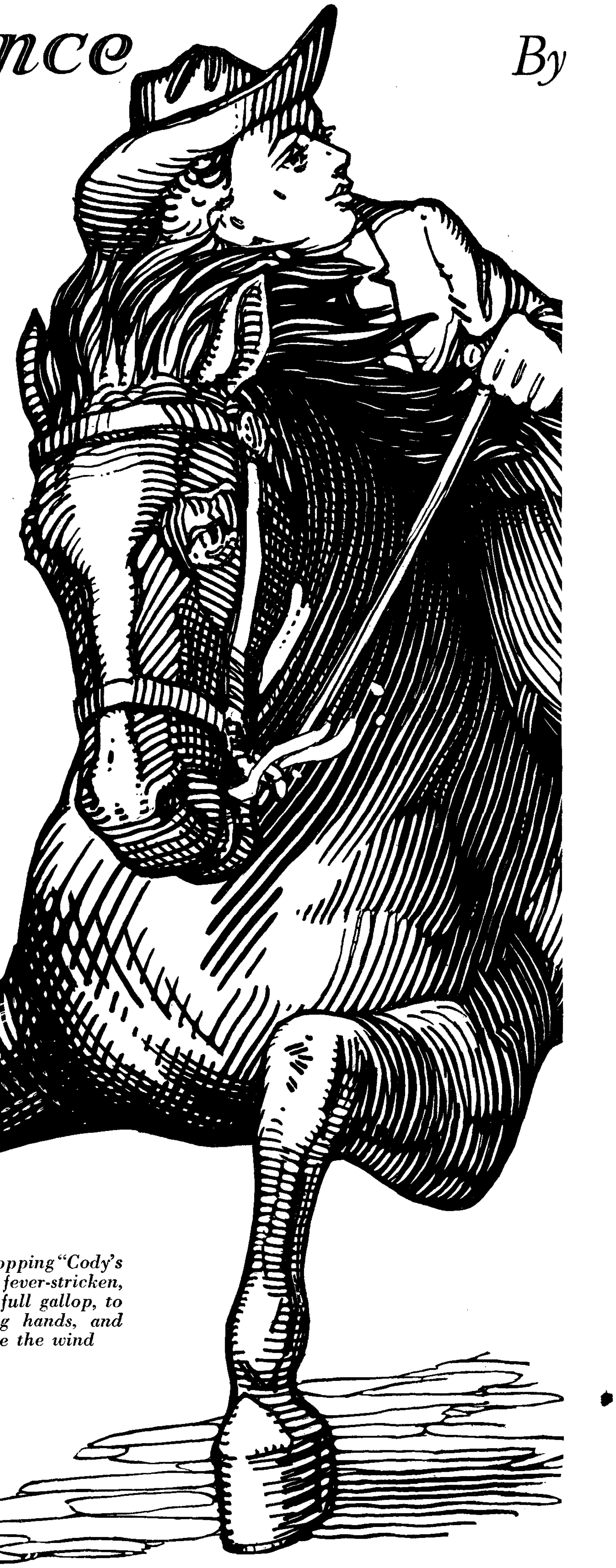
McPherson was the headquarters of a brawny and jovial crew. Here the men who were pushing America westward loafed and drank and yarned between spells of Indian warfare.

Buntline first approached Major Frank North—a real hero, if ever one drew breath. A crack shot, the intrepid leader of the celebrated Pawnee Scouts, Major North was an authentic and picturesque specimen of Indian fighter.

Buntline explained. It was his idea that boy readers would be more interested if they knew that their hero was no figment of the imagination but a real man, away out there on the prairies, living a life of danger and daring and—scalping! Therefore he proposed to take the name of some actual plainsman and make him the central character of a series of Western stories. He felt that Major North was just the man.

But North shook his head.

"You don't want me," he said. "The only man to fill your bill is over there!"



*There was no stopping "Cody's kid." Though fever-stricken, he swerved at full gallop, to avoid clutching hands, and went by like the wind*

Buntline went over to the wagon North had indicated. There was a figure under it, curled on a blanket in rough-and-ready sleep.

"Hi, there," said Buntline, poking with his stick, "wake up!"

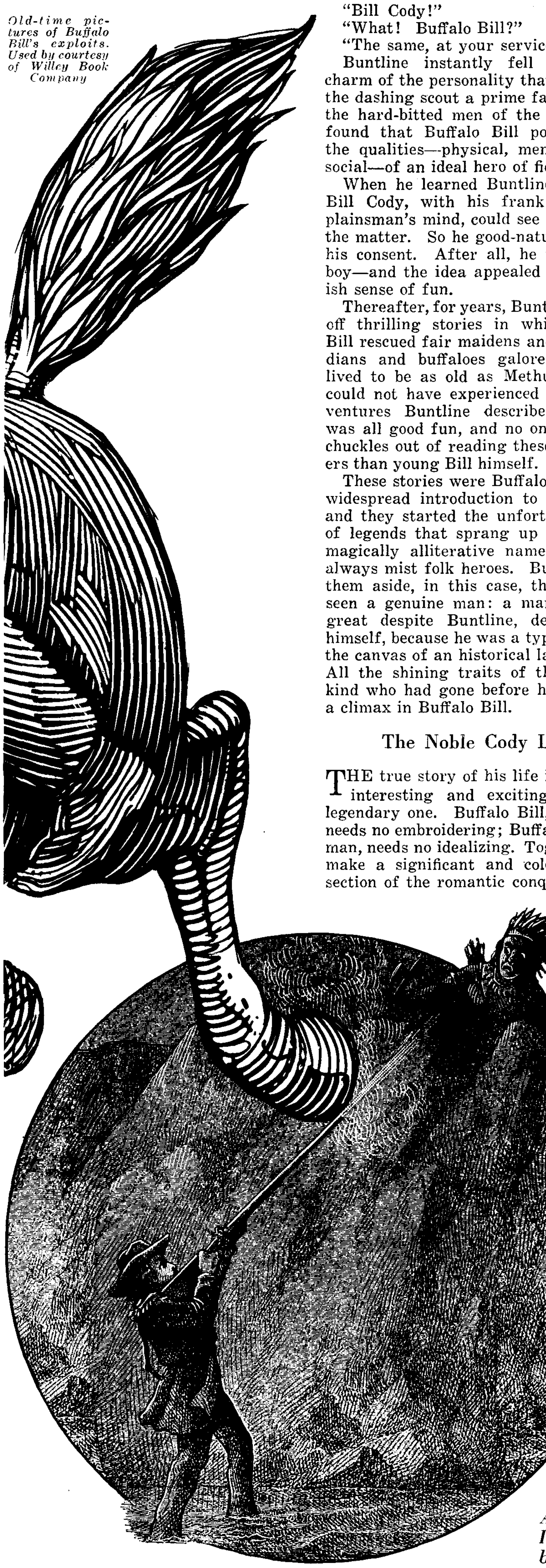
Whereupon there scrambled out a giant of twenty-four years, with the shoulders of a Hercules and the waist of a girl. Rich brown hair, worn long in the scout fashion, cascaded over his shoulders, while a luxuriant mustache adorned his lip and a trim goatee his chin.

Ned Buntline blinked. Never before had he laid eyes upon so handsome a figure of a man's man.

"What's your name, young man?"

## W. B. COURTNEY

*Old-time pictures of Buffalo Bill's exploits. Used by courtesy of Willey Book Company*



*And six feet of dead Indian came tumbling into the water*

"Bill Cody!"

"What! Buffalo Bill?"

"The same, at your service."

Buntline instantly fell under the charm of the personality that had made the dashing scout a prime favorite with the hard-bitted men of the West. He found that Buffalo Bill possessed all the qualities—physical, mental, moral, social—of an ideal hero of fiction.

When he learned Buntline's purpose Bill Cody, with his frank and open plainsman's mind, could see no harm in the matter. So he good-naturedly gave his consent. After all, he was still a boy—and the idea appealed to his boyish sense of fun.

Thereafter, for years, Buntline dashed off thrilling stories in which Buffalo Bill rescued fair maidens and killed Indians and buffaloes galore. Had he lived to be as old as Methuselah, Bill could not have experienced all the adventures Buntline described. But it was all good fun, and no one got more chuckles out of reading these hair-raisers than young Bill himself.

These stories were Buffalo Bill's first widespread introduction to the public, and they started the unfortunate flood of legends that sprang up around his magically alliterative name. Legends always mist folk heroes. But brushing them aside, in this case, there can be seen a genuine man: a man who was great despite Buntline, despite even himself, because he was a type figure on the canvas of an historical last chapter. All the shining traits of those of his kind who had gone before him reached a climax in Buffalo Bill.

### The Noble Cody Line

THE true story of his life is far more interesting and exciting than the legendary one. Buffalo Bill, the story, needs no embroidering; Buffalo Bill, the man, needs no idealizing. Together they make a significant and colorful cross section of the romantic conquest of the wild West. So let's go West. The plain and truthful annals of William Frederick Cody began with his birth on a rude farm, near the town of Le Claire, in Scott County, Iowa, on the twenty-sixth of February, 1846. A fine old family, that of Cody. The blue blood of ancient Spanish kings flowed in it. A heritage from the Conquistadores may have accounted for the fire in Billy's blood and the gracious and gallant manner that distinguished him from boyhood to old age. He was a courtier—several generations and one continent removed.

Billy early came to take pride in the crest of the Cody family, which bore a lion similar to that on the arms of Spanish royalty. His mother, however, American to the loving core of her, hoped—like other Yankee mothers—that some day her boy might be President. She had another son, older than Billy—Samuel. There were five daughters too. But Billy was the marked child; a fortune-teller had put the idea in Mary Ann's head before her marriage.

### "I'll Ride Him or Bust"

BILLY'S father was a man whose strength of character outran his aptitude for financial success. Isaac Cody failed as a farmer in the fertile bottomlands of Iowa, and turned to stage driving on the old line between Davenport and Chicago. He also became a justice of the peace and indulged a fondness for stump speaking.

The Mississippi, not the Rockies, then was still the Great Divide. But the westward push had lapped over the river, and it was in that fringe that Billy Cody was raised. He never knew closer contact with civilization until he was a grown man.

Billy grew tall and straight, like a cottonwood sapling. His Iowa years were notable for an uncommon love of guns, dogs—and horses. From the first Billy Cody was known to be "crazy over horses." From the first, too, scarlet threads of danger and excitement wove through the warp of his environment.

Young as he was, he habitually ventured upon the hurrying flood of the Mississippi in his little skiff; or, with his rifle and his dog, roamed the woods and played at scalping Indians. For his head was filled with the tales he heard of brave men and bloody deeds out on that vast wilderness that stretched from his very feet to the Rockies, two thousand miles away.

Then, too, real Indians were a familiar sight to him. True, they were peaceable—here. But it was not long since the smoke of settlers' cabins had risen to the Iowa sky; since war whoops resounded above the death cries of the whites.

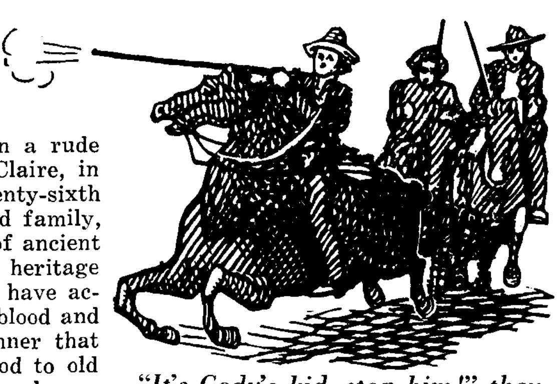
Grown-ups always told Billy that "the only good Indians are dead Indians!"

Tragedy, pathetic and sudden, closed the Iowa chapter of the Cody family's wanderings. While Billy looked on, powerless to help, his brother Samuel was killed by an unruly horse.

A change of scene was advised for the stunned mother. The restless spirit of Isaac Cody was willing. There was the lure of free and fertile land in Kansas.

Billy's heart beat high with excitement as the family set out. He was going west—into the mysterious sunset land, where, as every boy knew, the Indians were not fat and lazy, as in Iowa, but lean and savage and hard-riding. Billy looked well to his rifle and felt very big.

Thirty days of wayfaring with their carriage and three wagons brought the Codys to the Missouri River. It was in the autumn of 1853. Isaac left his wife and his five daughters with his well-to-do brother Elijah, who kept a store in the small settlement of Weston, Platte County, Missouri, on the east bank of the river and just above Leavenworth, where there was an important army post.



*"It's Cody's kid, stop him!" they yelled. And their guns blazed*

Taking Billy, who felt bigger than ever now that matters had got down to the dignity of an expedition of menfolk alone, Isaac ferried over the Missouri with a wagon load of gaudy knickknacks for trading with the Indians. A real Indian trader! Billy's blood raced.

Isaac and Billy ventured as far as the Kickapoo Agency. There a beautiful Indian pony caught the eye of the youthful fancier. He bargained for it, and got it—his first Indian trade on his own account. Then Indians, who thought they had put one over on the youngster, surlily informed him that the pony was savage, unbroken to bit and saddle, and would be a tartar to ride.

"I'll ride him or bust," said Billy.

He did not bust.

Indians and herders, struck with the boy, taught him to throw the lariat—the rope which was to become liquid poetry in his hands. Billy put his newly acquired knowledge to practical use at once with a daring that would have been worthy of a Sioux brave.

The army post at Leavenworth had lost many horses in a great stampede. They roamed far and wide over the Kansas sweeps. Billy was of a mind to capture some. It was a task calling for coolness and strength—this roping of cavalry horses half wild with their accidental freedom and reluctant to submit again to the authority of rope and quirt. But take them Billy did—and the amazed officers at Leavenworth paid him $10 a head.

### On the Dark and Bloody Ground

BILLY helped his father to stake a claim and build a cabin in the Salt Creek Valley and then fetch the family to it.

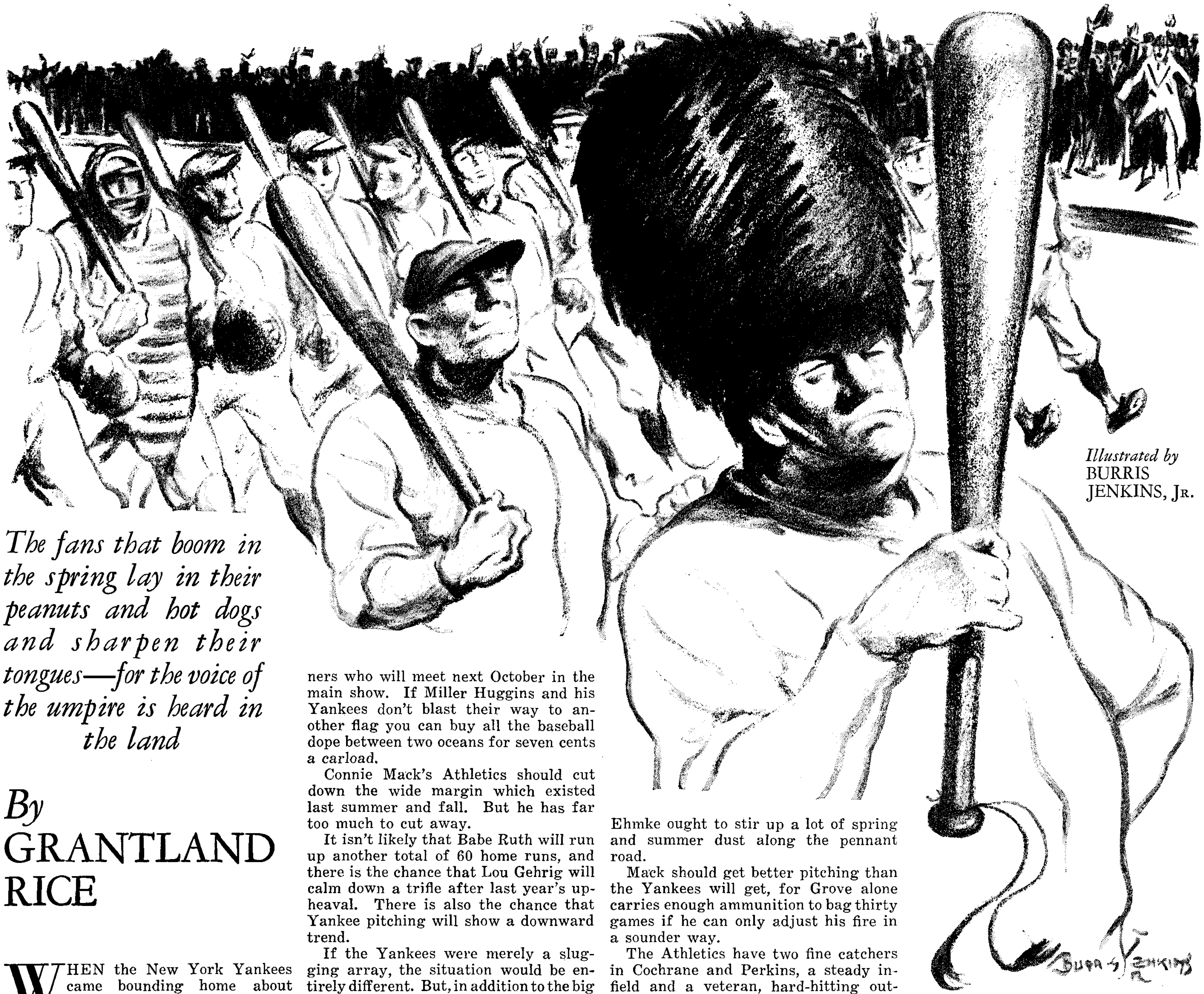
Never was a boy set down beside a more exciting and fortunate current.

The pageant of an empire was marching past his door: the Oregon-bound, the Mormons, outlaws and soldiers, the gold seekers, the stagecoaches and, lastly, the great freighting service that ran from St. Joseph all the way to the Pacific. Covered wagons—dozens, hundreds: snowy dream argosies, drifting over mystic horizons and stealing a boy's gypsy heart.

In the woods around were wild animals to be shot and trapped. It was Billy's task to stock the family's meat larder. Close at hand on the open plains thundered uncounted herds of that strange, shaggy beast, the buffalo. Always the buffaloes fascinated Billy.

And at the Kickapoo Agency only four miles away were many Indian boys with whom Billy played. They taught him how to use (*Continued on page 50*)

# Take me out to the Ball Game



*Illustrated by*
BURRIS
JENKINS, JR.

*Opening Day starts the annual chorus, the parades and the roars*

*The fans that boom in the spring lay in their peanuts and hot dogs and sharpen their tongues—for the voice of the umpire is heard in the land*

### By GRANTLAND RICE

WHEN the New York Yankees came bounding home about nineteen games in front last fall as Pittsburgh's fading Pirates barely stumbled across the wire, most of the wise ones gathered at world series headquarters said something like this:

"Next fall it will be different. The Yankees ought to win again, but the Giants should outstep the Pirates and give the Big Town another exclusive world series."

Since then the Giants sent Hornsby to Boston and the Pirates bolstered up their only shaky spot, the one at second base, by trading Hazen Cuyler to the Cubs for Adams, a first-class second-sacker. Those two episodes change the pennant landscape in the National League quite a bit.

New York's mauling Yankees, carrying those two home-run howitzers, Ruth and Gehrig, march to the front heavy favorites again in the American League pennant war. But the Giants, minus Hornsby, are no longer picked to win. If they beat the Pirates, the Cubs and the Cardinals, it will be something of a shock.

The arrival of April and Opening Day starts the annual chorus, most of which concerns the two pennant winners who will meet next October in the main show. If Miller Huggins and his Yankees don't blast their way to another flag you can buy all the baseball dope between two oceans for seven cents a carload.

Connie Mack's Athletics should cut down the wide margin which existed last summer and fall. But he has far too much to cut away.

It isn't likely that Babe Ruth will run up another total of 60 home runs, and there is the chance that Lou Gehrig will calm down a trifle after last year's upheaval. There is also the chance that Yankee pitching will show a downward trend.

If the Yankees were merely a slugging array, the situation would be entirely different. But, in addition to the big punch they carry up and down the line, they also have a smart dependable outfield, one of the best defensive infields in baseball, good catching and first-class pitching featured by Pennock, Moore, Hoyt and Pipgras, with stout reserve strength to help close any open gap.

The infield that carries Gehrig, Lazzeri, Koenig and Dugan has power, has youth. It is hard to beat.

### The Yanks, Unless—

WHEN you analyze this club it appears to be one of the great machines of all time. Yet even great machines are not invincible—upsets occur now and then. In 1909 Pittsburgh stopped the march of the all-conquering Chicago Cubs with Chance, Tinker, Evers, Brown and the others. And in 1912 the Boston Red Sox broke up the march of Connie Mack's great Athletic team with Collins, Baker, Barry, McInnis, Bender, Plank and Coombs on the pay roll.

If Connie Mack's Athletics are to win they must have better pitching than they showed a year ago. The stuff is there. But will it come out? It may. A cast headed by Grove, Rommel and Ehmke ought to stir up a lot of spring and summer dust along the pennant road.

Mack should get better pitching than the Yankees will get, for Grove alone carries enough ammunition to bag thirty games if he can only adjust his fire in a sounder way.

The Athletics have two fine catchers in Cochrane and Perkins, a steady infield and a veteran, hard-hitting outfield with more than its share of batting range. Last fall they finished up with a winning percentage that is usually good enough to bag a pennant. But there were the Yankees!

The American League battle ought to rest between these two, with Detroit and Washington next. But if the Athletics can't toss a lasso at the Yankees and hold them it is hardly possible any of the others will.

I look for the Athletics to cut away the big Yankee margin of 1927, but even with better pitching I don't believe they they can cut deep enough.

The Yankees can accumulate a lot of runs and still present a strong defensive front.

In the meanwhile the National League race is an entirely different sort of contest. Last September Pittsburgh, New York, St. Louis and Chicago all came tumbling in a bunch down the stretch, with Pittsburgh, the winner, barely staggering over the line.

New York's Giants, after a slow start, made a bold bid through the last month, almost catching Pittsburgh. But the Giants at that time had a man named Hornsby.

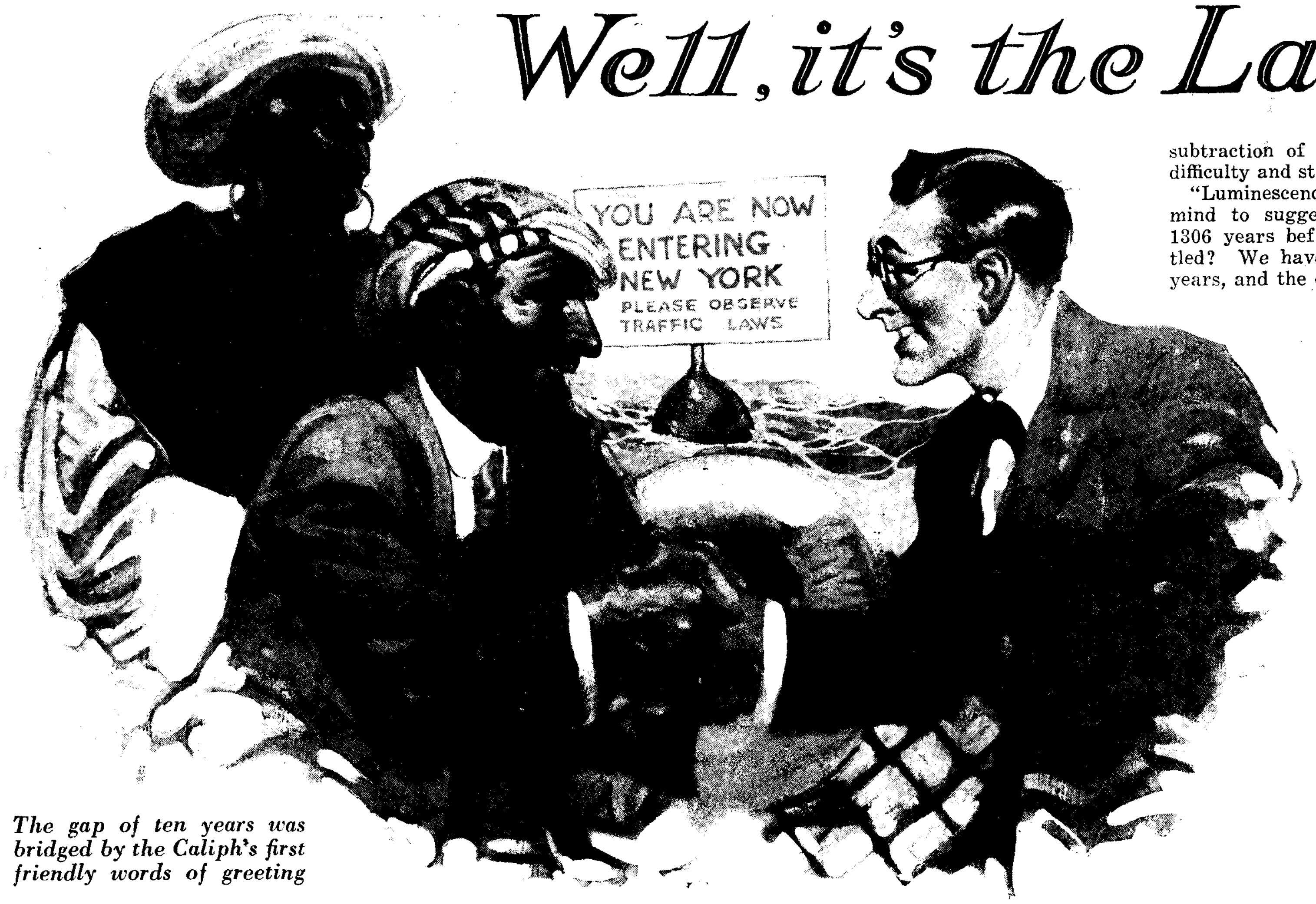
Pittsburgh had a star outfielder named Cuyler on the bench and an uncertain spot at second base. Now Cuyler is with the Cubs, and where the Giants have lost a great second baseman Pittsburgh has gained a good one in Adams of the Cubs. The shift of these two men may make a vital difference.

There should be at least four contenders in this race—the same four: Pittsburgh, New York, St. Louis and Chicago. And if that energetic Cub mandarin, Joseph McCarthy, had only a little more infield strength he would be the hardest of them all to catch.

The Cubs have a slashing outfield with Wilson, Cuyler and Stephenson; a star pitching staff, headed by Root; a great catcher in Hartnett, and as much pennant spirit as you can find in half a league, onward. But their infield is still a bit shy, and Adams is missing.

Of the four clubs mentioned, Pittsburgh still carries the greatest all-round strength. Donie Bush has a brilliant outfield in the two Waners and Barnhart; a strong infield, with Grantham and Harris at (*Continued on page 57*)

# Well, it's the Law



*The gap of ten years was bridged by the Caliph's first friendly words of greeting*

*It's a good idea to find out how other folks regard us. Here is the Caliph Harun, on his first visit to America, giving his views on—wouldn't you know it?—prohibition to one of the boys who used to call him "Cal" in Bagdad*

### By SINBAD

THE Editor crooked a finger at me. "You just have time to hop into the subway and make the revenue cutter," he said. "Some old friends of yours are coming in on the Berengaria.

"His Majesty the Caliph Harun the Fifty-ninth is traveling incog with a small suite," he said. "We just got the tip by wireless. You used to be great pals in Bagdad once upon a time."

"His Majesty used to call me Sinbad."

"All right," said the City Editor. "If you prefer a flying carpet to the revenue cutter, by all means use it. But get busy." . . .

So I was by the side of the Commander of the Faithful as the ship nosed her way past the Statue of Liberty. The gap of ten years was bridged by his first words of greeting. He called me Sinbad. He asked me to remember that I was, to him, not a reporter but a human being and a friend. His garb was mostly Londonese, but behind him, in full panoply of green turban, crimson mantle and scimitar, stood my old acquaintance Mesrour the Sword Bearer.

"Do you think, Sinbad," said the Caliph, "that at the hotel they will regard my good Mesrour as a trifle—exotic?"

"No, Majesty," I said, after reflection. "People will think he is something brought in by the interior decorator."

"That is reassuring," he said. "And now another question: How should one conduct himself in conversation among your people? I do not wish to impose my own ideas and I should grieve to give offense."

"Illustrious One," I said, "the problem of conversation with us has been definitely solved. The first ten minutes we talk about many things—the weather and the crime wave and the torn-up pavements and the new novels. Then someone mentions the Eighteenth Amendment and the evening is a huge success. On that subject we sometimes talk four at a time. But we shall be landing in half an hour. What are your impressions of the United States?"

"I will tell you," he said. "The newspapers came on board at Quarantine and I was reading them before you found me. The first impression I get of your country is one of—how shall I say it?—stagnation."

I wrote down what he said but could not conceal my mortification.

"With us in Asia," he went on, "everything is in ferment and in process of transformation."

"I know," I said. "The Changing East. The East changes not only from day to day but from author to author."

"With you," he said, "it is the same crime waves, torn-up pavements, subway crowds, discontented farmers, bank mergers, sex wars, football stadiums, automobile killings, prosperity. You don't seem to have moved forward at all."

I stood silent and unhappy, and he came to my rescue.

"One change, Sinbad, I do notice in reading your newspapers—this Eighteenth Amendment. And who is this Borah Pasha of whom there is so much talk?"

"Pride of the Euphrates," I said, "we have a thing called the Constitution which is the supreme law of the land. One might call it our civic Koran."

"Blessed be the name of the Prophet," he said. "I understand."

"To this Koran of ours we add from time to time a supplementary or modifying clause, a sort of additional sura to the Koran. It came to us, as many believe, by way of the Anti-Saloon League." He looked puzzled, and I hastened on, to avoid tedious explanations. "The Eighteenth Sura forbids throughout the land the manufacture, transportation and sale of beverage intoxicants."

"And how do you define an intoxicant?"

"After stupendous labors and thought on the part of our greatest Mullahs in the law," I said, "an intoxicant has been defined as a beverage which will intoxicate you if you drink enough of it to make it intoxicating."

"Among us too the lawyers have a language," he said. "But I think I understand. Have you forgotten, Sinbad, that our Koran too prohibits the use—"

## Wine, Water and Wind Bags

"MAJESTY," I shouted in my excitement, "that is just what we call it: prohibition. But when I was in Bagdad I never noticed it."

"The explanation is simple," he said. "For us prohibition was enacted about the year 622 of your Christian era. We have had time to decide just how much it is good for a man to drink under prohibition."

On my memorandum pad I made the subtraction of 622 from 1928 without difficulty and stood aghast at the result.

"Luminescence," I cried, "is it in your mind to suggest that we must wait 1306 years before the question is settled? We have had it for only eight years, and the country is pretty nearly ready for the insane asylum."

"Naturally," he said, "I cannot speak on the special conditions that may obtain among you. But this Borah Pasha—"

"He is a member of our Sacred Upper Council," I said. "He is everywhere regarded as a pasha of high courage and independent if somewhat spontaneous judgment. But this time he has gone too far."

"He insists on the enforcement of the supreme law of the land," said the Caliph softly.

"Even so, Illustrious," I said. "And more. When someone rose up the other day and said, 'Go to, thou Borah Pasha, why should the Eighteenth Sura be enforced, seeing that the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Suras are never enforced?' Borah Pasha said, 'Enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Suras by all means. Enforce everything.'"

"Well, why not?" said the Caliph.

"Majesty, from the beginning of our national history it has been a cardinal principle with us that legislation without nullification is tyranny."

"And what say those who are opposed to the Eighteenth Sura?" he said.

"They say many things, Gracious One," I told him. "But chiefly they say the Eighteenth Sura is a peculiarly obnoxious example of our greatest American vice. This consists in everybody trying to do good to everybody else even if the beneficiary chokes."

"I think I can see how it is. You know, I am not altogether ignorant of the workings of your democracy. Since you were with us I have been reading books that express a great admiration and hope for your democracy."

I hated to tell him that he was hopelessly behind the times and that all the wise books were now concerned with the breakdown of democracy.

"Do you know, Sinbad, why your people are always engaged in saving each other, to the intense discomfort of everybody concerned? Because you democrats think each other worth saving. Aristocrats refrain from interference with the personal liberty of the common folk because they don't think about the common folk. Among you everybody insists on being his brother's keeper even if both of you break a blood vessel in the course of action. But you do regard him as a brother. It is hard on a man when you try to make him over like yourself, but you do pay him the compliment of assuming that the material is there. What do you say, then—is the Eighteenth Sura a success?" I said nothing.

"But you began by admitting it is."

"Your Majesty," I cried, "when?"

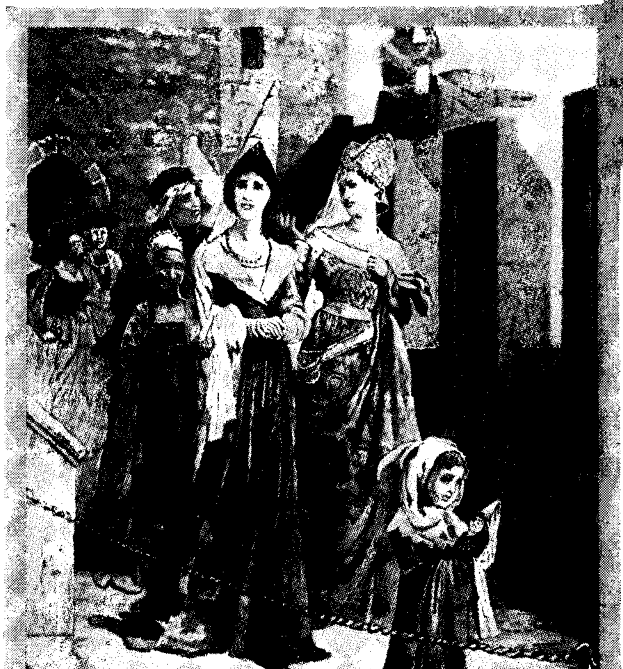
"When you pointed out how much the Eighteenth Sura has done for conversation in your country," he said.

# Choose your Period

*The far-away fields look greenest. . . . Heigh-ho, you can't really tell. When would you like to live?*

Brown Bros.

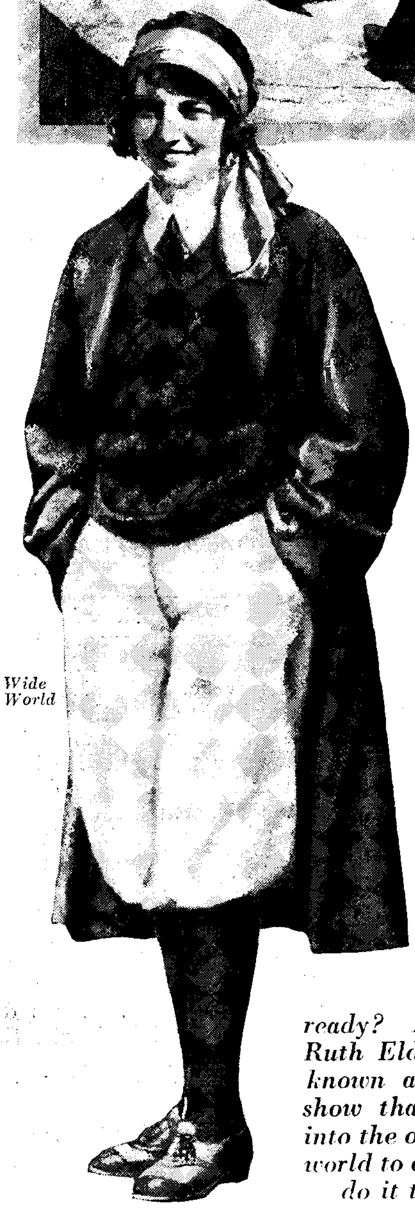
*It really isn't the date that's so important, after all. Down the years, regardless of costumes, suffrage, labor laws, and other what nots of the hour, there were women who distinguished themselves. Look at the brisk, crowded days of Molly Pitcher and Betsy Ross*



*But perhaps the brave time of the crusades appeals to you most. When a lady couldn't go a-walking on her own ramparts unattended*

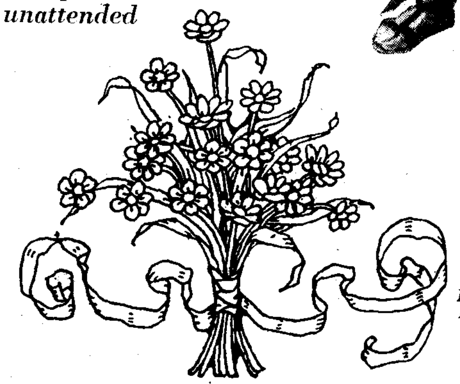
Estelle Taylor—Paramount

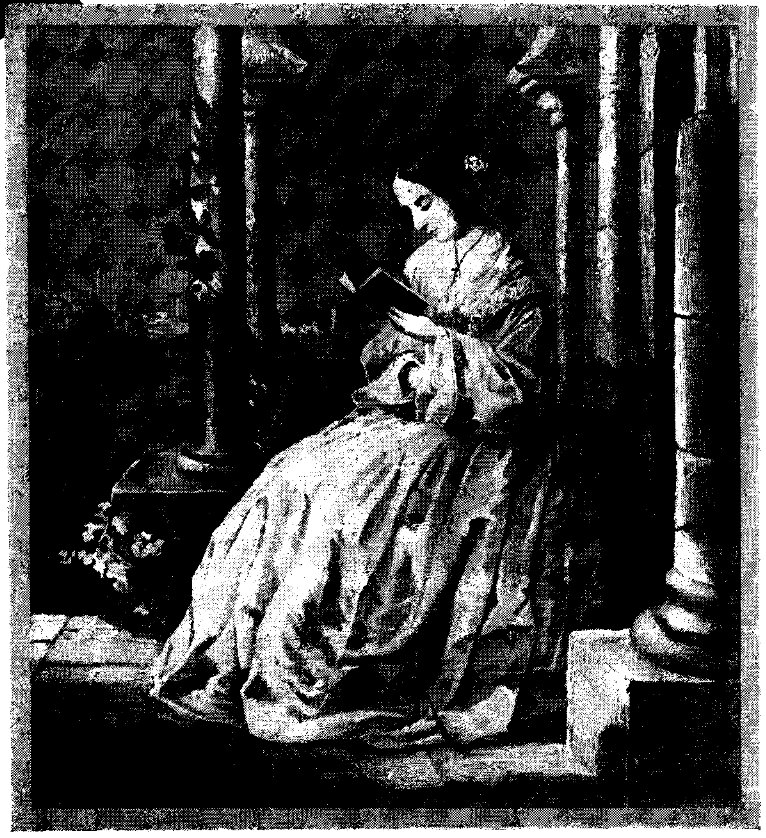
*Life in Bible times was strenuous. You had to be either pretty good or pretty gosh-darned terrible. And if you were good they gave you all the work while if you were terrible they gave you dirty looks—and rocks*



Wide World

*Well, well, here we are right down to today—or is it yesterday already? Anyway, here's Ruth Elder, the not unknown aviatrix, just to show that you can fall into the ocean and set the world to cheering—if you do it the right way*





Brown Bros.

*In the eighteen hundreds conditions in hospitals of war and peace offered rare opportunities to women. But you had to be ahead of your time to take them. Florence Nightingale dropped society to throw herself into her career as a nurse—a career warmly remembered*

Warner Bros.

*Mme. Pompadour would have been a slick one in any day, in any language. Still, there were some things about the French courts that contributed a lot. Louis XV, for instance. A girl had a chance in politics in those days and she didn't need a vote, either*

Met. Museum of Art

*At least choosing a hat wasn't a thing to be dismissed lightly in 1520 B. C. Not that times have changed in that respect*

*In 1492 the chances of a girl's getting into the headlines were not many. No Black Bottom contests and what-all. Still, you could always pawn your jewels. Look at Isabella (below)*

Frances Starr —De Mirjian

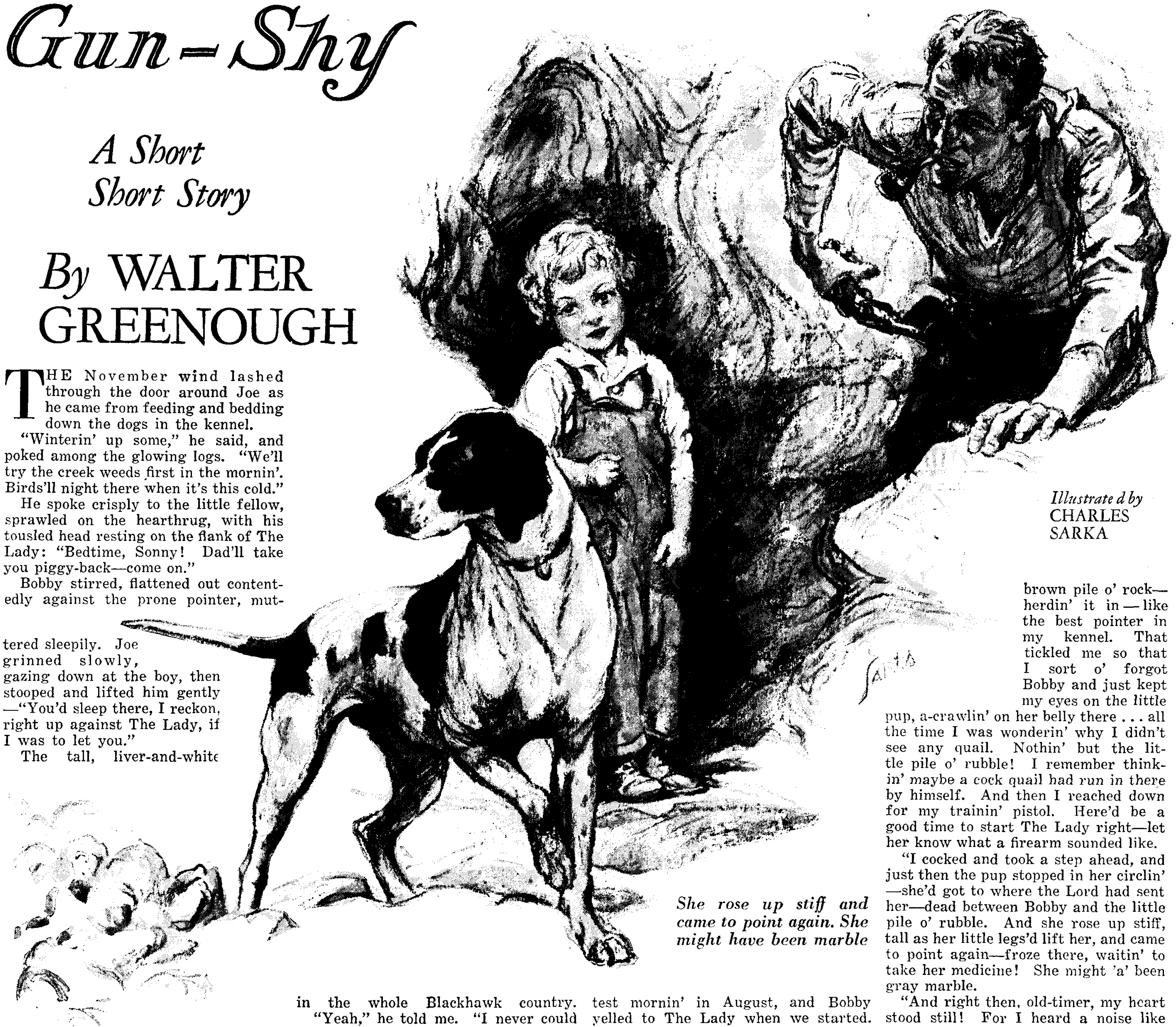
*The only moral Helen points is that if you want to go gay in Troy, B. C., you mustn't mind publicity (below)*

Maria Corda— First National

# Gun-Shy

## *A Short Short Story*

### *By* WALTER GREENOUGH



*Illustrated by* CHARLES SARKA

*She rose up stiff and came to point again. She might have been marble*

THE November wind lashed through the door around Joe as he came from feeding and bedding down the dogs in the kennel.

"Winterin' up some," he said, and poked among the glowing logs. "We'll try the creek weeds first in the mornin'. Birds'll night there when it's this cold."

He spoke crisply to the little fellow, sprawled on the hearthrug, with his tousled head resting on the flank of The Lady: "Bedtime, Sonny! Dad'll take you piggy-back—come on."

Bobby stirred, flattened out contentedly against the prone pointer, muttered sleepily. Joe grinned slowly, gazing down at the boy, then stooped and lifted him gently—"You'd sleep there, I reckon, right up against The Lady, if I was to let you."

The tall, liver-and-white pointer arose then too and limped across the cabin floor, following Joe and his sleepy burden. I heard Joe murmuring caressingly to her as he tucked Bobby into bed. Then he came back before the fire and broke up two biscuits in a little milk, The Lady calmly watching him. Carefully he spread a paper under the pan, then leaned back in his chair against the cabin wall. A quick gulping of the food and The Lady limped to his side, solemnly raised a white foreleg to his khaki-covered knee. Joe bent down and whispered to her, some private message that was not for stranger ears. She went back to her rug, her right shoulder sinking pitifully as she stepped.

"You see," said Joe, "she's Bobby's dog."

"The way she holds her head makes me think of old Break o' Dawn," I said.

"Yeah—" said Joe. "He sired her—and she's out o' Lorna Doone."

"I ought to kneel to her," I said reverently. "No wonder you swept the Lawrence field trials—"

"Not with her," Joe said tersely. "I don't hunt her. She tires quick, and she's gun-shy!"

"A pup of yours gun-shy?" I jeered unbelievingly, for Joe is the best trainer in the whole Blackhawk country.

"Yeah," he told me. "I never could break her of it. She got a wrong idea in her head. . . ." He tamped full his corncob and lighted it.

"She was eight months old that August, and there was more workmanship to her huntin' than any pup I've ever tried to break. Pointed a fryin' chicken and held it dead still within two months after she was weaned. Bobby couldn't throw his ball far enough that spring for her not to find it and fetch it back. At seven months she was holdin' birds in the wheat-stubble as tight as a patch on your pants, and when she circled a cluckin' hen quail and a covey o' half-grown chicks of her own accord one mornin' and rounded 'em back to a brush pile, I knew I had a thousand-dollar pup within another year. She herded them birds like old Break o' Dawn himself. If I'd had the trainin' pistol, I'd 'a' fired over her. She'd 'a' stood it fine that day.

"That was the summer that—Bobby's mother wasn't here. We'd lost her in April. And I was tryin' hard to learn to do for Bobby. I took him along, sometimes on my back, when I was breakin' the pups. And I was always promisin' I'd take him up to the crown o' Weedpatch some day. You can see plumb to Lawrence, thirty miles, from the rocks up there. We picked the hottest mornin' in August, and Bobby yelled to The Lady when we started. He was crazy about her. He'd named her after his mother, the Lady Mary.

"Well, the little kid's legs got tired, and I toted him 'most way. About noon I set him down up there on the crown, and he started playin' around in the rocks with The Lady. It's a tough climb up that grade. I guess I dozed off against a bowlder there where the top path drops beneath the Big Bluff overhang. Something woke me up all at once, and I re'lized I was alone. So I stepped down round the corner of the Bluff just in time to see The Lady freeze down into the fanciest point you ever saw in a three-day trial!

"IT WAS darkish there under the Bluff, but I saw she had something nailed square in the path. It looked like a little heap o' rubble, and it was a good two rod from any bird cover! Four feet beyond was my Bobby, rigid like in his little blue overalls. His back was up against the rock, and his head was kind o' twisted toward the rubble pile, as if he was helpin' The Lady with her point. And—his little fists were doubled up. . . .

"It was awful quiet there in the shadows—hard for me to get my eyes open. But I kind o' came to when I saw that little pup start circlin' that little brown pile o' rock—herdin' it in—like the best pointer in my kennel. That tickled me so that I sort o' forgot Bobby and just kept my eyes on the little pup, a-crawlin' on her belly there . . . all the time I was wonderin' why I didn't see any quail. Nothin' but the little pile o' rubble! I remember thinkin' maybe a cock quail had run in there by himself. And then I reached down for my trainin' pistol. Here'd be a good time to start The Lady right—let her know what a firearm sounded like.

"I cocked and took a step ahead, and just then the pup stopped in her circlin'—she'd got to where the Lord had sent her—dead between Bobby and the little pile o' rubble. And she rose up stiff, tall as her little legs'd lift her, and came to point again—froze there, waitin' to take her medicine! She might 'a' been gray marble.

"And right then, old-timer, my heart stood still! For I heard a noise like the shakin' of a clump o' dry bean pods, and a little musky sort o' smell come to me. . . .

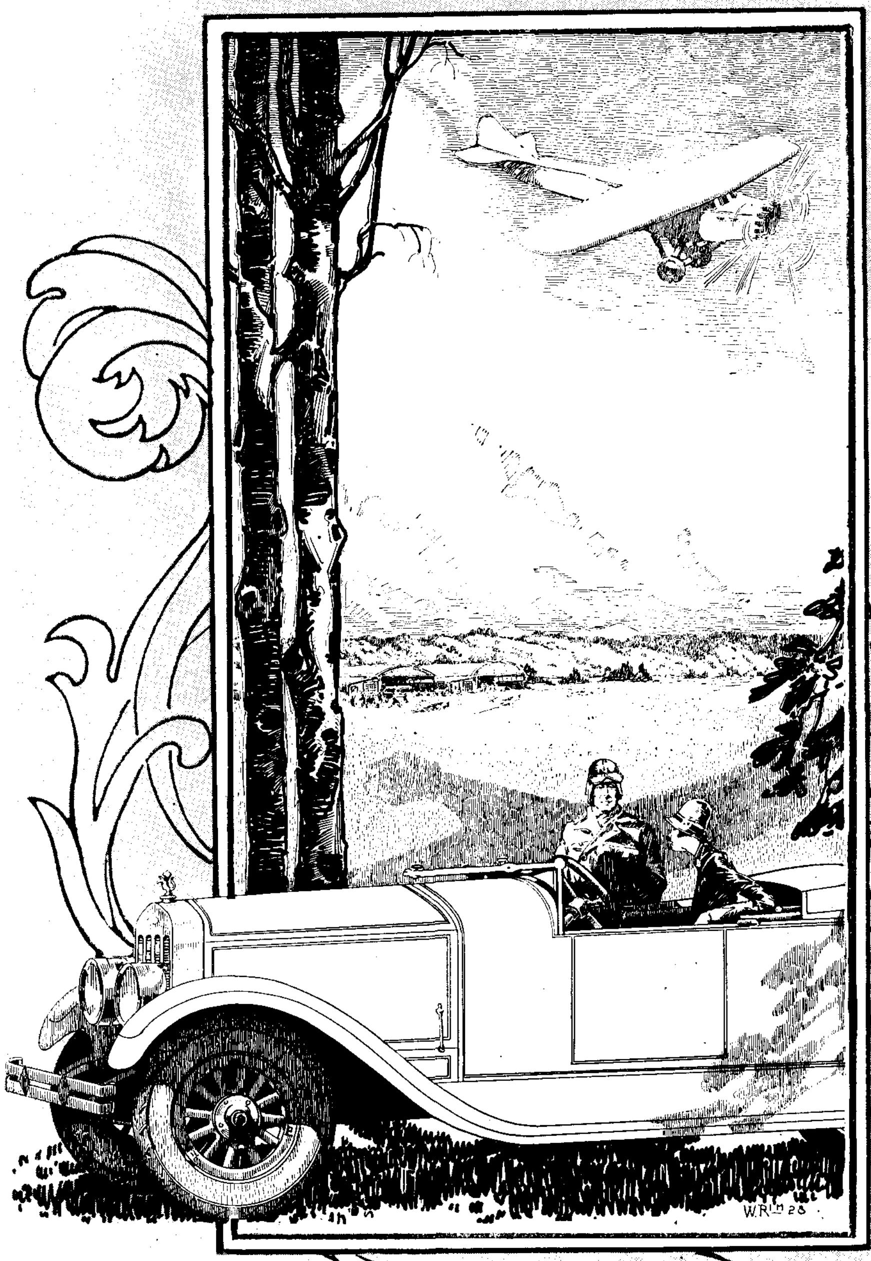
"I don't think I aimed at all when I shot! You can't hit a rattler strung out in his jump, anyhow. . . . I had to kill him with my boot heel, while he was tryin' to coil again, after he'd sunk his fangs in The Lady's quiverin' shoulder—maybe a foot in front o' Bobby's starin' eyes!

"When I turned Bobby had both arms huggin' The Lady and she was shiverin' as if somebody had beat her with a strap. I made Bobby turn his back, and I gouged out all the meat I could at the top o' the pup's shoulder with my knife. I had to do it with my knee on her little head—and I reckon it hurt me more'n it did The Lady.

"I've tried a good many times since then to tell The Lady that my pistol bullet didn't hit her. But she can't understand, somehow. She's all right in the stubble until somebody shoots at a bird. Then she comes to heel right off—gun-shy. She got the wrong idea."

"I've always wanted a pup from Break o' Dawn, Joe," I said, trying to smile at him, "and I guess I could rake up a thousand bucks. . . ."

"I don't need *that* thousand," Joe said gravely.



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# Innocents Aboard

*Babe flashes his nest eggs on Christy Walsh and says if Lou doesn't save too he'll take a sock on the chin*

**GET on the train with Babe Ruth, the seasoned traveler, and Lou Gehrig, the sight-seer, and go barnstorming—the tour is personally conducted by their manager, with a laugh at every mile post.**

By
JOHN B. KENNEDY

*Lenz & Janssen Co.*

*Wide World*

*Lou Gehrig, who isn't bothered very much by a strange bat or by loose change*

THE king slept. He was en route from Los Angeles, where he had smacked two home runs at an exhibition game, to Sacramento where— But wait.

The locomotive engineer, scornful of the prerogative of baseball royalty, jolted the train to a sudden stop. Lou Gehrig shot out of the upper berth.

"Lord!" he exclaimed. "That engineer bet on the Pirates!"

The King awoke, blinked across the aisle of the drawing-room. He pressed against the half screen a buttony nose made familiar by a million newspaper reproductions. Anybody strolling by the water tank outside would have recognized the face at the window as that of the one and only Babe Ruth. But nobody was strolling at 4:30 A. M.

"Where are we?" the King demanded. "Mexico?"

As nobody answered, and Mr. Gehrig clambered back into bed, the Sultan of Swat grunted in disgust, pulled the blankets about his head and slumbered on. He awoke again to noise of splashing from the washroom. Gehrig and Christy Walsh were shaving.

The King grunted, pressed a button, and, when no immediate response came, placed a royal big toe against the buzzer and held it there until the porter rapped at the door. Then he ordered breakfast—what may be termed a super-snack. Bill, $5.

As His Majesty splashed and snorted through the process of shaving and sponge bathing, passers-by paused to wonder if a sea lion was among the passengers.

Before the train rolled into Sacramento, King Ruth the First emerged, glowing.

"Where's the trunks?" he demanded.

In the rush of leaving Los Angeles the trunks had been checked straight through to San Francisco. Ruth made no comment. He sat deep in thought until the train began to decant passengers. Then he arose, adjusted his belt and addressed the tour manager, Christy Walsh.

"Forgot the trunks, eh?" he rumbled. "You know I can't hit with these rubber clubs they have in the minors. If I don't bust one over the fence today your back's just as good as broken."

Arrived at the ball park, after a strenuous morning with legions of admirers, the Sultan of Swat and his Crown Prince took command of their teams—The Bustin' Babes and The Larrupin' Lous. Both stars pitched in a game which was air-tight until Gehrig smacked two home runs in the last three innings and brought fifteen thousand fans to their feet. Ruth went homeless.

## Jinxed by a Strange Bat

WHEN Walsh came to the dressing-room there was an uproar.

"Didn't I tell you I couldn't hit homers with a strange bat?" Ruth shouted.

Walsh had a perfect comeback. "Strange bats didn't bother Gehrig."

At the hotel were hordes milling about the lobbies. A glad shout greeted the home-run heroes. They grasped hands all around, then struggled to an elevator and finally reached the royal suite. There Ruth ordered a meal that required two waiters and three trays. Nobody uttered a word during the repast. Jangling telephones were ignored. It's an elementary zoölogical rule to let feeding male mammals go undisturbed.

Then Ruth sat in a thronelike armchair, while Gehrig observed the proceedings from a divan. Local celebrities and local nobodies came in.

"You guys," a visitor would say, "gave those Pirates a terrible beating in the world series."

"Yeh," Ruth would respond.

"Four straight games—a terrible beating."

"Yeh," Ruth would respond.

"How does it feel to hit a home run, Babe?"

"Ask the pitchers."

And so, or quite similarly, the interviews dragged on for hours and hours. At times, when some particularly inquisitive visitor parked himself for a long catechism, Gehrig would arise from the divan and make stropping motions with his right hand on his left sleeve. At which signal Ruth would yawn, and if the visitor couldn't take that hint Gehrig would go to the bedroom, have the telephone ring insistently, and, if that failed, slap the fire alarm.

The stropping signal is a device by which the Home-Run King agrees with the Crown Prince that a visitor is what Ruth calls a "barber"—a conversationalist who has no difficulty in getting and keeping his second wind.

This night Gehrig stropped his right sleeve until it shone. Which didn't get the two swatters to bed before midnight. And this day and night can be taken as a fair example of twenty-one days and nights spent by Gehrig and Ruth on an 8,000-mile home-run barnstorming tour in which they played twenty-one games in nine states from Rhode Island to California, before a total attendance of 220,000 with a gross ticket sale at $200,000.

It will be recalled that Babe Ruth took a fling at barnstorming by-products once in defiance of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. This brought him a severe slap on the wrist, and he had ample time to reflect, during the seven weeks' suspension without pay, that a game is more comfortable played according to rules, both on and off the diamond.

So that when next the fans in the provinces roared for a glimpse of Ruth in action, he prayed baseball's Poo-Bah for permission to travel, and got it. Walsh arranged a tour of the Coast, and Babe happily laid corner stones and busted fences, dropping off in Hollywood to perpetrate a movie that was not among the world's best.

## Great Rivals but Close Friends

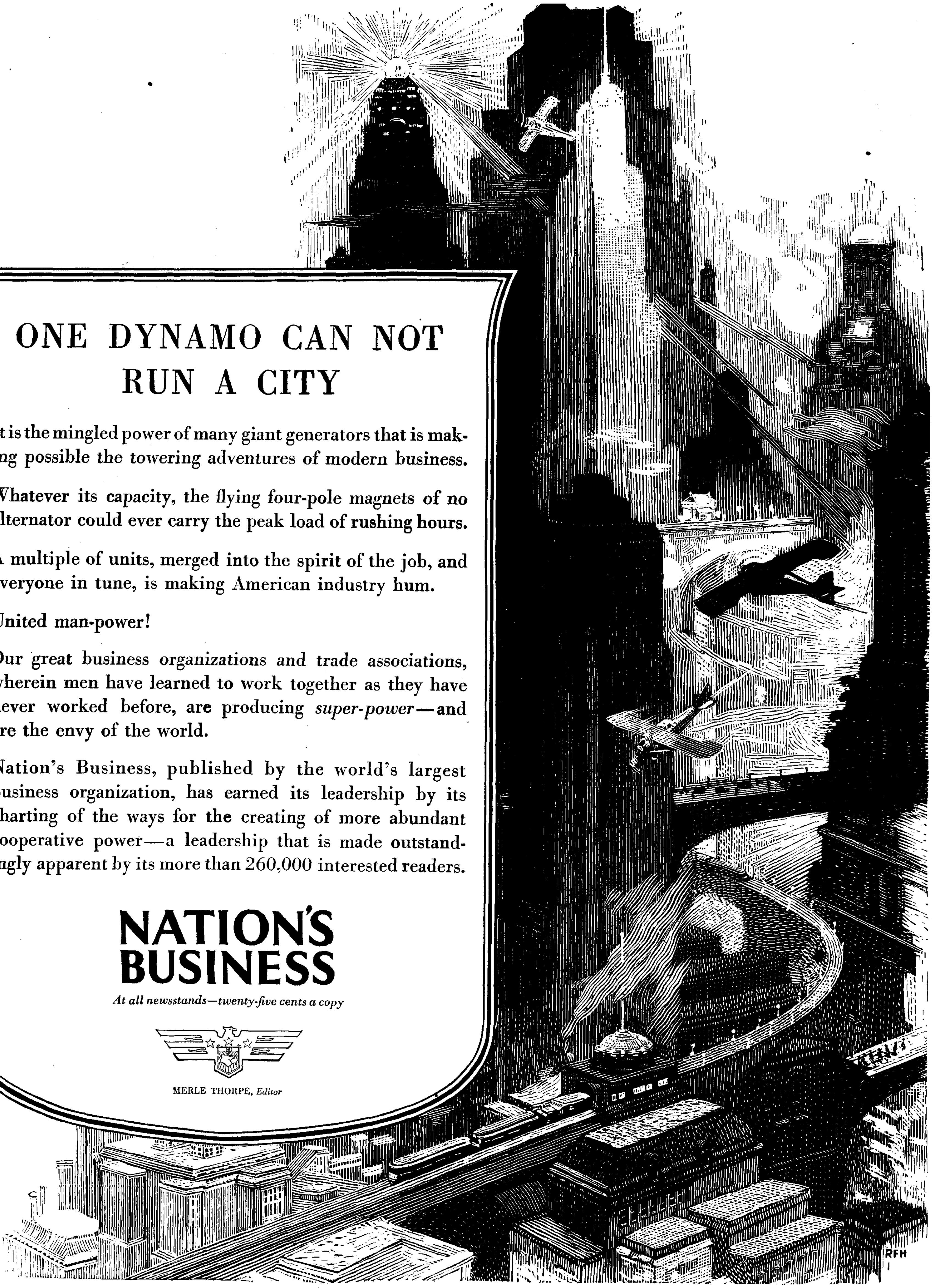
HE CONCLUDED that baseball lovers in the hinterland, who get their Ruth eleven months of the year by headlines, had seen him swat and been satisfied. But close competition is the mother of net profits. Gehrig raced ahead of Ruth for home-run honors, dropped behind, gained the lead and finally lost out by a bat's length. Then the two of them assisted at the internment of the Pittsburgh Nationals in the last world series. So again there was public clamor, and the tinkle of dollars rang loud in the land.

Another post-season tour was planned. It turned out to be a baseball event, a triumphal parade of the twin heroes of the national game and, withal, a touching revelation of the fact that great rivals can be great friends.

Ruth himself made this manifest in Chicago, where, before a banquet board of newspaper writers and such celebrated football coaches as Knute Rockne, Tad Jones and Pop Warner, he gave public utterance to his inmost feelings regarding the blithe and boyish Gehrig.

"It's a pleasure and inspiration," he boomed when they stuck a microphone before him, "to have a fellow like Gehrig as a runner-up in the home-run race. Lou's a great first baseman." (Loud applause.)

(*Continued on page 43*)



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*At all newsstands—twenty-five cents a copy*

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

# Free, White and Female By

## The Story Thus Far:

TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) face a difficult problem when the daughter, Martha, vows that she is going to the big city to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of long standing, live near. And when the Bundys go into real estate, the Blades try to ruin their game.

In New York Martha sees a good deal of Mortimer Blade and a Richard Lame, who turns out to be Mortimer's brother. Their mother and father are separated and the father has done the mother out of an inheritance.

Martha gets mixed up in the murder of a movie magnate when she goes to his apartment with Mortimer, who is bent on harming her. Though innocent she lives in fear of some terrible outcome, refusing to go back to her family. Richard, who loves her, protects her. His father and brother try to drive him out of the country.

Mortimer gets Mr. Tajima to impersonate the movie magnate's Japanese servant and blackmail Martha, afterward going to Martha's family.

Mortimer then pretends to come to Martha's rescue. Whereupon Martha disappears.

THE Fates spin and spread diverse threads; each may appear distinct from all the others and individual, but all may work together in furtherance of the plans of the Dark Sisters.

So it was that several men, each fancying it to be for some reasoned purpose of his own, moved toward a common center, there to encounter and to bring about that climax toward which, all unknowing, they had been laboring.

The place was Miss Patty's speakeasy. Those who moved toward it were: first in importance, Mortimer Blade; then Richard Lame; then the Bundys—father and four sons.

Mr. Bundy was following the lead of an idea, and he delighted in being mysterious. Damon and Pythias had taken a room in Martha's hotel as a point of departure in their search for their sister; Theron and Gelon occupied an apartment in the hotel which was Mortimer Blade's New York home, feeling certain that young man would return thither and become visible again. But Mr. Bundy was in and out. He said little but carried an air of importance which was highly irritating to his sons.

"Pa," said Gelon, "looks as if he'd eaten the canary."

"He looks," said Theron, "as if he'd eaten a turkey gobbler, neck, feet and wings."

"You boys," said Mr. Bundy from the door through which he was just departing, "are all right for lifting weights." With which barbed arrow left quivering, he descended in the elevator and took the subway downtown to an appointment with the son of an old crony who was district attorney. He was shown promptly into the office of that official.

"Your pa says," Mr. Bundy began, "that you can separate business from pleasure."

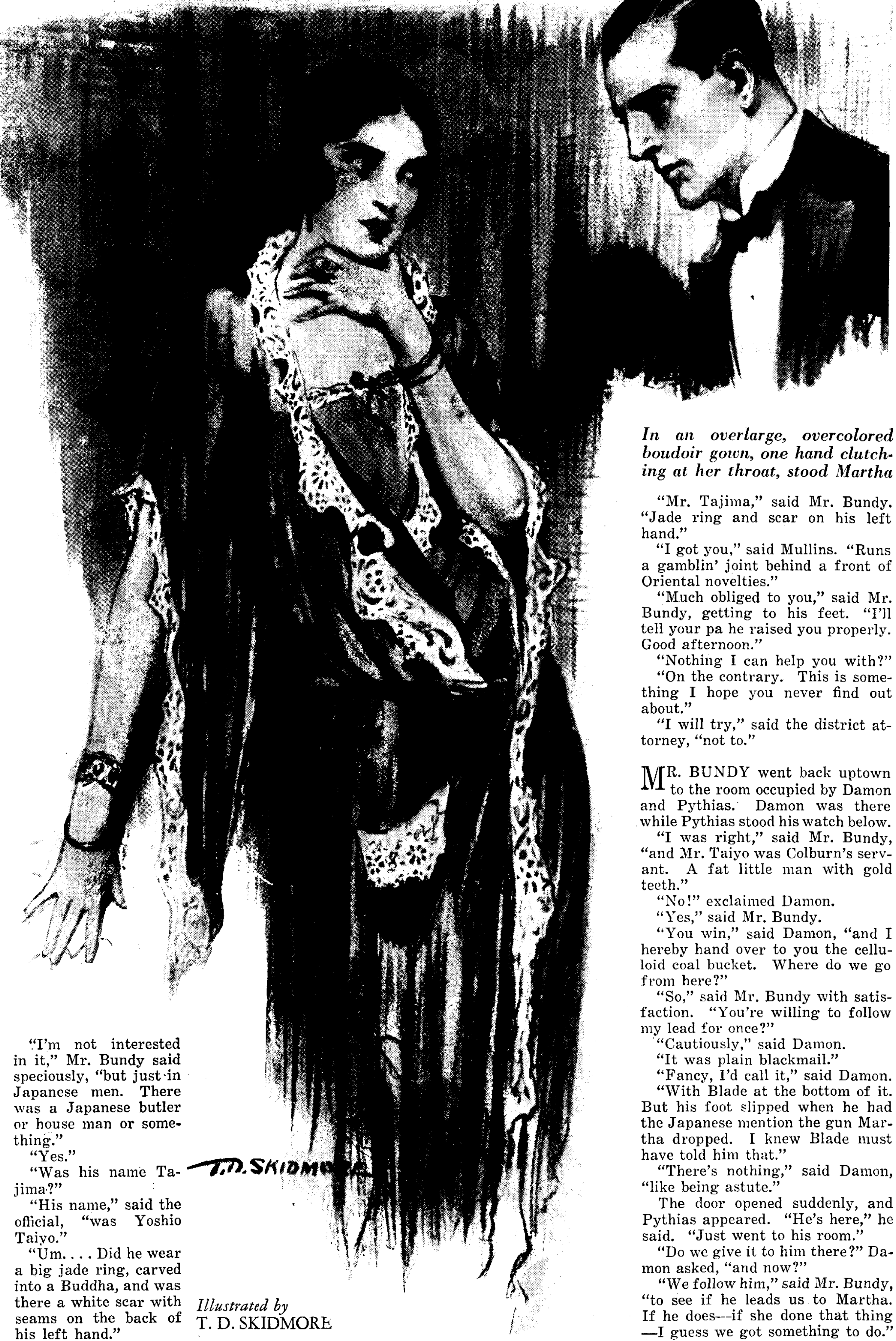
"That," said the district attorney, "sounds like a not unusual request for me to do something illegal."

"NO," said Mr. Bundy. "I just want some information from somebody who won't ask why I want it and will forget I ever asked for it."

"I doubt," said the district attorney, "if a gentleman by the name of Bundy would ask anything essentially improper. Fire ahead."

"You remember the Colburn case," Mr. Bundy said somewhat tactlessly.

"Vaguely," said the younger man grimly. "I have only a dozen newspapers jogging my memory every dull day."



*In an overlarge, overcolored boudoir gown, one hand clutching at her throat, stood Martha*

*Illustrated by*
T. D. SKIDMORE

"I'm not interested in it," Mr. Bundy said speciously, "but just in Japanese men. There was a Japanese butler or house man or something."

"Yes."

"Was his name Tajima?"

"His name," said the official, "was Yoshio Taiyo."

"Um. . . . Did he wear a big jade ring, carved into a Buddha, and was there a white scar with seams on the back of his left hand."

"He was," said the district attorney, "a corpulent little man with two gold teeth."

"Ah," said Mr. Bundy. "Then who, can you tell me, is Mr. Tajima?"

"I can't tell you," said the lawyer, "but possibly one of my men can." He pressed a button. "Send in Mullins," he directed. In a moment there appeared a youngish man with large feet and freckles. "Mr. Mullins rather specializes in Japanese. What was the name of the man you're interested in?"

"Mr. Tajima," said Mr. Bundy. "Jade ring and scar on his left hand."

"I got you," said Mullins. "Runs a gamblin' joint behind a front of Oriental novelties."

"Much obliged to you," said Mr. Bundy, getting to his feet. "I'll tell your pa he raised you properly. Good afternoon."

"Nothing I can help you with?"

"On the contrary. This is something I hope you never find out about."

"I will try," said the district attorney, "not to."

MR. BUNDY went back uptown to the room occupied by Damon and Pythias. Damon was there while Pythias stood his watch below.

"I was right," said Mr. Bundy, "and Mr. Taiyo was Colburn's servant. A fat little man with gold teeth."

"No!" exclaimed Damon.

"Yes," said Mr. Bundy.

"You win," said Damon, "and I hereby hand over to you the celluloid coal bucket. Where do we go from here?"

"So," said Mr. Bundy with satisfaction. "You're willing to follow my lead for once?"

"Cautiously," said Damon.

"It was plain blackmail."

"Fancy, I'd call it," said Damon.

"With Blade at the bottom of it. But his foot slipped when he had the Japanese mention the gun Martha dropped. I knew Blade must have told him that."

"There's nothing," said Damon, "like being astute."

The door opened suddenly, and Pythias appeared. "He's here," he said. "Just went to his room."

"Do we give it to him there?" Damon asked, "and now?"

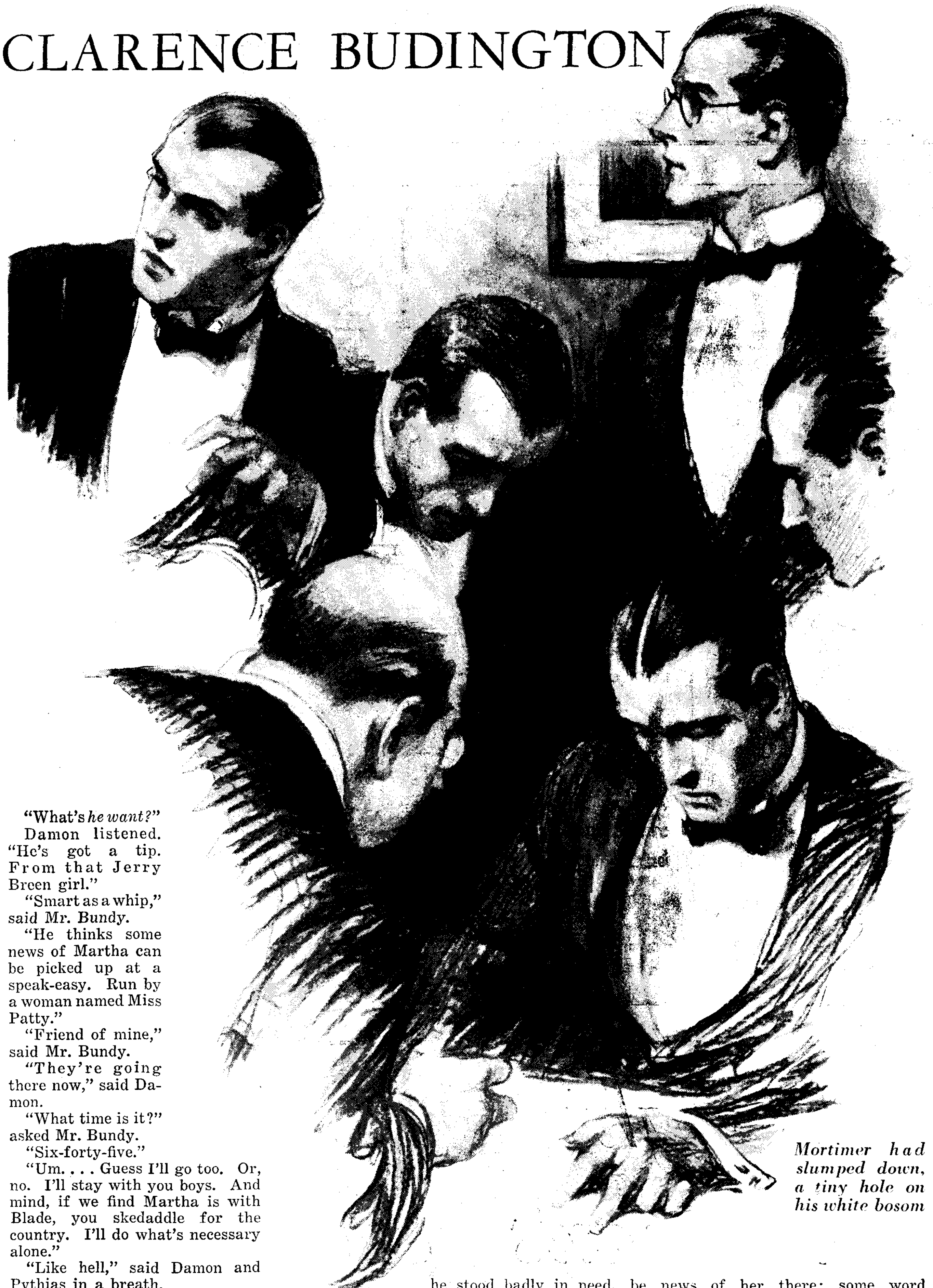
"We follow him," said Mr. Bundy, "to see if he leads us to Martha. If he does—if she done that thing—I guess we got something to do."

"Well," said Damon, "it's been three generations since the last one."

Mr. Bundy was about to make some reply to this allusion to the last Bundy woman to suffer at the hands of a Blade when the telephone sounded.

"It's Gelon," said Damon.

# CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



*Mortimer had slumped down, a tiny hole on his white bosom*

"What's *he want?*"

Damon listened. "He's got a tip. From that Jerry Breen girl."

"Smart as a whip," said Mr. Bundy.

"He thinks some news of Martha can be picked up at a speak-easy. Run by a woman named Miss Patty."

"Friend of mine," said Mr. Bundy.

"They're going there now," said Damon.

"What time is it?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"Six-forty-five."

"Um. . . . Guess I'll go too. Or, no. I'll stay with you boys. And mind, if we find Martha is with Blade, you skedaddle for the country. I'll do what's necessary alone."

"Like hell," said Damon and Pythias in a breath.

"Anyhow," said the old gentleman with exasperation, "the two young uns'll be out of it."

It was true that Mortimer Blade had returned to his rooms; unease of mind had brought him there, for the disappearance of Martha Bundy was a contingency for which his plans had not prepared. Her availability was essential. It was bad enough if she had taken flight and were in concealment, but if she had returned to her family, that would be worse. His plan had been promising, both as a means of erasing the memory of the thrashing he had taken at the hands of a Bundy twin and financially. It struck at Martha, spelled financial ruin for the Bundys if they met the demand for $25,000, and put into his pocket a sum of money of which he stood badly in need. So it seemed to him necessary that she be found. Logically the place to take up the hunt was at the spot where she was known to be. Which was Miss Patty's.

Therefore there already moved toward that illicit place of refreshment himself, Theron and Gelon—and in pursuit of him, Mr. Bundy and the senior twins. Only Richard Lame, the one other human being essential to the climax, was unaccounted for.

BUT Richard Lame also pointed toward Miss Patty's, his reason for going being somewhat similar to Mortimer Blade's. He knew it was a place Martha was fond of; knew she held Tom and Molly in high regard. There might be news of her there; some word dropped, some betrayal of her plans. It was a possibility he discussed with Jerry Breen, who, in her turn, confided it to Theron and Gelon.

Of the seven men Mortimer Blade was first to arrive; he walked scowling past Jimmy, who scowled in return, and mounted the stairs where Katie awaited to take his hat and stick. Even then he could pause for a moment by the wayside with the child—and when he chose to please he possessed undoubted charm. Katie's eyes lighted as he spoke to her, and she blushed. Mortimer smiled down at her, and then, venturing more than he had ventured before, lifted her lovely face and kissed her upon the lips. . . . Then he passed on.

Jimmy stood in the door with set teeth. "You little fool," he said harshly. Then: "Miss Patty, did you see him? Did you? . . . He kissed her."

"I saw him," said Miss Patty, and she nodded her head and smiled. "Don't worry, Jimmy. It will be all right."

Blade sat at a table, and when Tom approached he said curtly, "I'll order presently. Now I want to speak to Miss Patty."

"I'll tell her," said Tom.

Jimmy went down the stairs again to assume his post behind the panel in the outer door. Almost instantly the bell rang, and, through the little aperture, he saw the face of Richard Lame, white and troubled. Jimmy was too young to notice how Lame's eyes burned, or the thinness of his cheeks. He opened the door, and Lame, not stopping for his customary gracious word to the boy, mounted the stairs hurriedly. Jimmy stared after him, shaking his head.

EVEN while Katie was disposing of Richard's hat other feet trampled the stairs, and the five Bundys thrust into the room. They had met below. Now they eyed Richard Lame, not with hostility but with level, questioning glances. Lame wet his lips. "Have you any word of—her?" he asked.

"None," said Mr. Bundy. "Have you?"

"I am hunting for her—day and night," said Richard.

"Why?" asked Mr. Bundy simply.

"Because," said Richard harshly, "I love her."

"Um. . . ." said Mr. Bundy. "We seem to have something in common. Why are you here?"

"She used to come here. There may be some trace."

"Possibly," said Mr. Bundy. "Do you know Mortimer Blade is here?"

"I did not know."

"He is your brother," said Mr. Bundy gravely.

Richard nodded.

"Blood is thicker than water," said Mr. Bundy. "Now you are here—and he is here—you will have to stay."

Richard looked at him quickly. "You think he knows?"

"We mean to find out."

"And if—if she is with him?"

"Why, then," said Mr. Bundy, "we shall do what is necessary."

Richard clenched his fists. "If," he said with suppressed rage, "if Martha went away with my brother—if he is guilty of that—then it is my business, not yours."

Sympathy darkened Mr. Bundy's eyes. "Boys," he said, "I guess we better let Mr. Lame go. This will be unpleasant for him. . . . I never thought I'd be sorry for a Blade."

"Where is he?" demanded Richard. His eyes glowed somberly. "He'll tell *me* the truth."

Pythias moved forward to stand at one side of Richard. Damon took his place on the other side. "This ain't your show," he said.

"When," said Richard, "the moment comes, we'll see whose show it is."

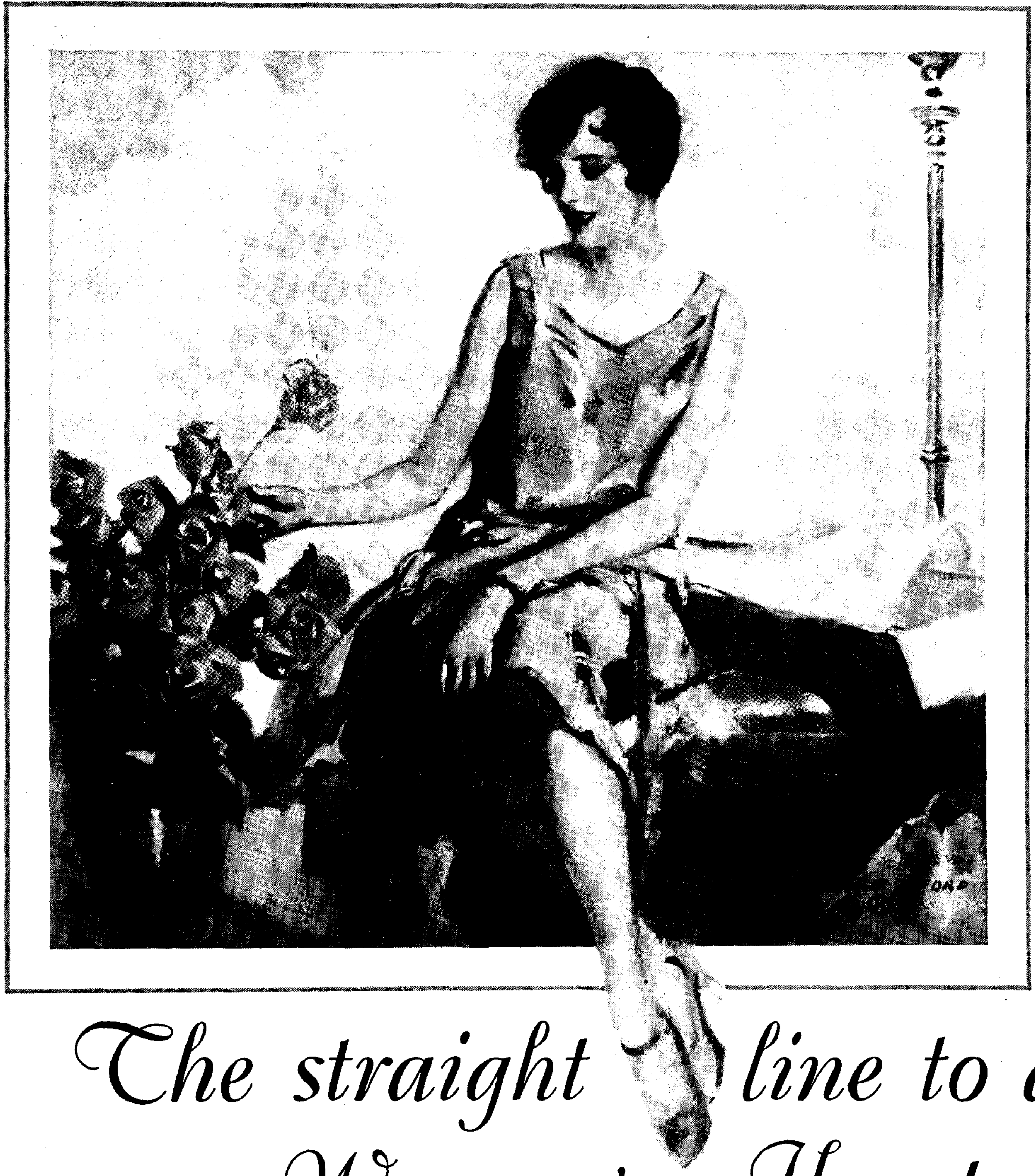
Mr. Bundy raised his eyebrows significantly: his four sons nodded. They had received their orders: Richard Lame was not to be allowed to intervene.

At that early hour there were no other patrons in the place, none to see, none to hear. Pythias turned to Jimmy, who stood big-eyed in the door.

"You're the outer guard of the lodge?"

"Yes, sir."

A ten-dollar (*Continued on page 36*)



# The straight line to a Woman's Heart

*Even an unwise man* knows that woman lives by her feelings . . . . and feelings are not things that are easily expressed in words.

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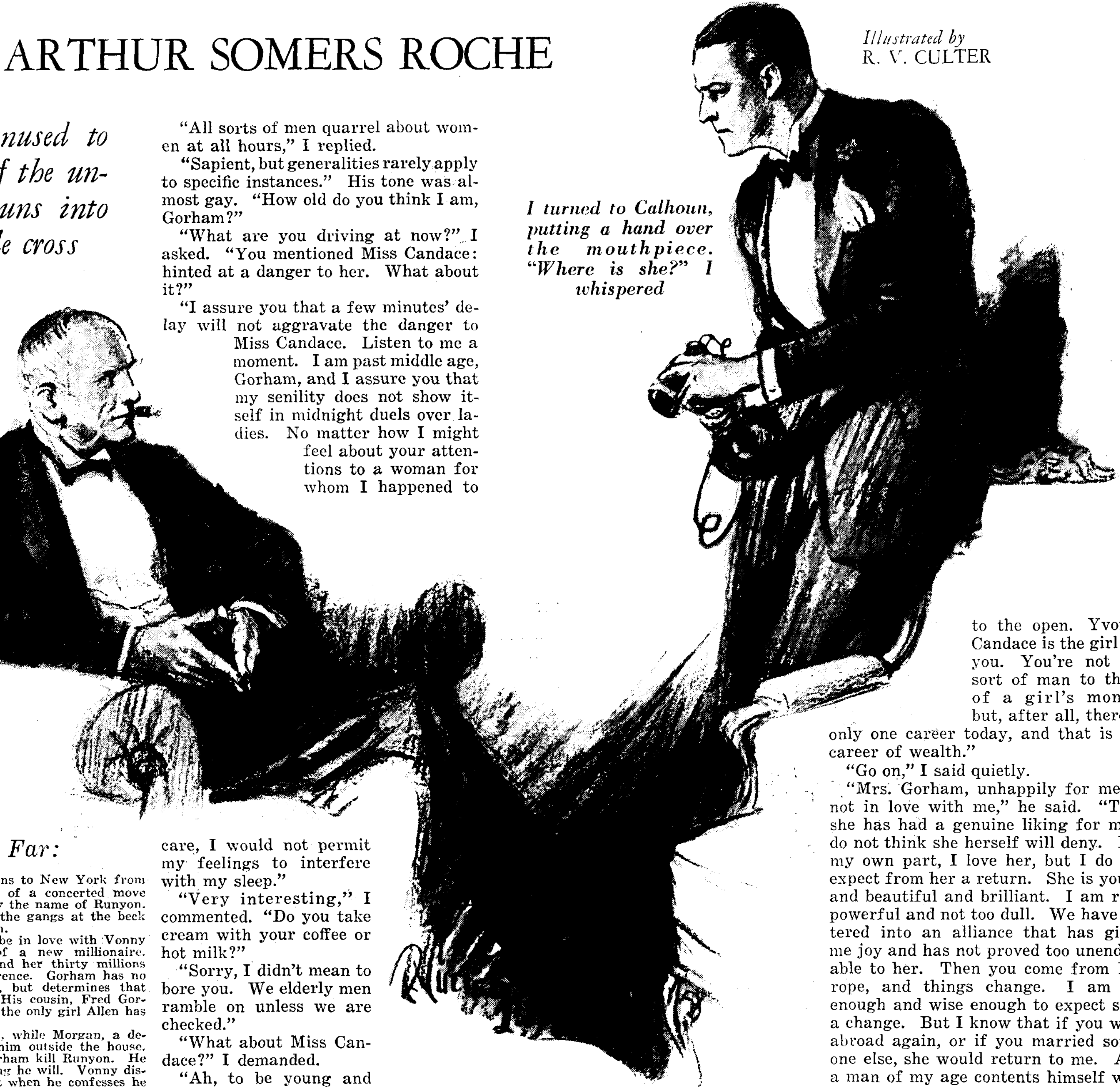
# The Woman Hunters

## By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrated by
R. V. CULTER

*Gorham, unused to the ways of the underworld, runs into the double cross*



*I turned to Calhoun, putting a hand over the mouthpiece. "Where is she?" I whispered*

### *The Story Thus Far:*

ALLEN GORHAM returns to New York from Europe in the middle of a concerted move against him by a rotter by the name of Runyon. his backer, Calhoun, and the gangs at the beck and call of these two men.

Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, the daughter of a new millionaire. Runyon is out for her and her thirty millions and will brook no interference. Gorham has no idea of marrying Vonny, but determines that Runyon will not either. His cousin, Fred Gorham, is married to Anita, the only girl Allen has ever loved.

He goes to see Calhoun, while Morgan, a detective friend, waits for him outside the house. Calhoun suggests that Gorham kill Runyon. He bluffs Calhoun into thinking he will. Vonny dismisses him with contempt when he confesses he has been making his living at cards. Later after he has reached home Anita bursts into his apartment and declares she is there to stay. He finally convinces her that she cannot and takes her home but not until he has discovered that she and Calhoun are friends and he suspects more.

Just before they leave his apartment Vonny calls him up, Anita answers and purposely makes it seem to Vonny that she and Allen are lovers.

Upon his return from taking Anita home Allen finds Calhoun waiting for him, come to ask him to leave his mistress, Anita Gorham, alone. Allen threatens to kill him for besmirching Anita's name and then Calhoun coolly makes a bargain: his life for Vonny Candace's.

THE waxlike skin of Calhoun's face relaxed in a smile; his blazing eyes, whose vitality denied all the other physical evidences of infirmity about him, seemed to twinkle as they met mine. Relaxed, calm, apparently faintly amused, he might have been a business man good-humoredly chiding the impetuosity of a youthful employee.

"Gorham, I don't know how much you know about me. Very little, I'd say, judging by your truculent attitude. Nevertheless you knew enough to seek me out earlier tonight and so you give me credit for a certain amount of influence in this city. Do I seem the sort of man who would call upon you at this hour to quarrel about a woman?"

"All sorts of men quarrel about women at all hours," I replied.

"Sapient, but generalities rarely apply to specific instances." His tone was almost gay. "How old do you think I am, Gorham?"

"What are you driving at now?" I asked. "You mentioned Miss Candace: hinted at a danger to her. What about it?"

"I assure you that a few minutes' delay will not aggravate the danger to Miss Candace. Listen to me a moment. I am past middle age, Gorham, and I assure you that my senility does not show itself in midnight duels over ladies. No matter how I might feel about your attentions to a woman for whom I happened to care, I would not permit my feelings to interfere with my sleep."

"Very interesting," I commented. "Do you take cream with your coffee or hot milk?"

"Sorry, I didn't mean to bore you. We elderly men ramble on unless we are checked."

"What about Miss Candace?" I demanded.

"Ah, to be young and single-minded!" he mocked. "We'll come to her presently. But, before that, may I be frank?"

I stared at this amazing man.

"Frank?" I ejaculated. "Do you think you've been roundabout?"

"About Mrs. Gorham, I mean," he said.

"I warned you—" I began.

He interrupted me. "Gorham, you're a young man. A thing that older men call foolishness, but which men of your age term chivalry, has wrecked more promising careers than the world has ever known about. Now, you're not in love with Mrs. Gorham. I know that, whether you do or not. And the lady is not in love with you." Again he raised his hand protestingly. "Wait just a minute, Gorham. I haven't been lying about Miss Candace. But before I tell you anything about her I'm going to finish what I have to say about Mrs. Gorham.

"You're not in love with Mrs. Gorham."

"You've said that before," I said.

"I'm repeating it so that the fact will impress itself upon you," he stated. "I'm prepared to believe that you have been in love with Mrs. Gorham, but that is over. You have a singularly frank face, Gorham. When I intimated that Mrs. Gorham and I were friends, even before I mentioned her name, your face showed that certain doubts about the lady had become crystallized. A man in love—your kind of man—has no doubts. Therefore, for the third time, I repeat that you do not love Mrs. Gorham.

"Now chivalry is a beautiful thing, but like most beautiful things, unfortunately, it has little practical value. You are a man of good family who threw away a promising career in obedience to an impulse. Half a dozen years later, opportunity to reëstablish yourself has come to you. You should have matured a trifle in the years between, Gorham. One does not make the same mistake twice.

"The thoroughly admirable gesture of the boy becomes silly play-acting when made by the man. Mind, if you were really in love with Mrs. Gorham, opposition to me might not be a stupidity. I confess to an admiration for the man who counts the world well lost and all the rest of it. But when a man is motivated by stubborn vanity it becomes a different matter. One feels only a pitying contempt for him.

"Gorham, get out of intrigue and into the open. Yvonne Candace is the girl for you. You're not the sort of man to think of a girl's money, but, after all, there is only one career today, and that is the career of wealth."

"Go on," I said quietly.

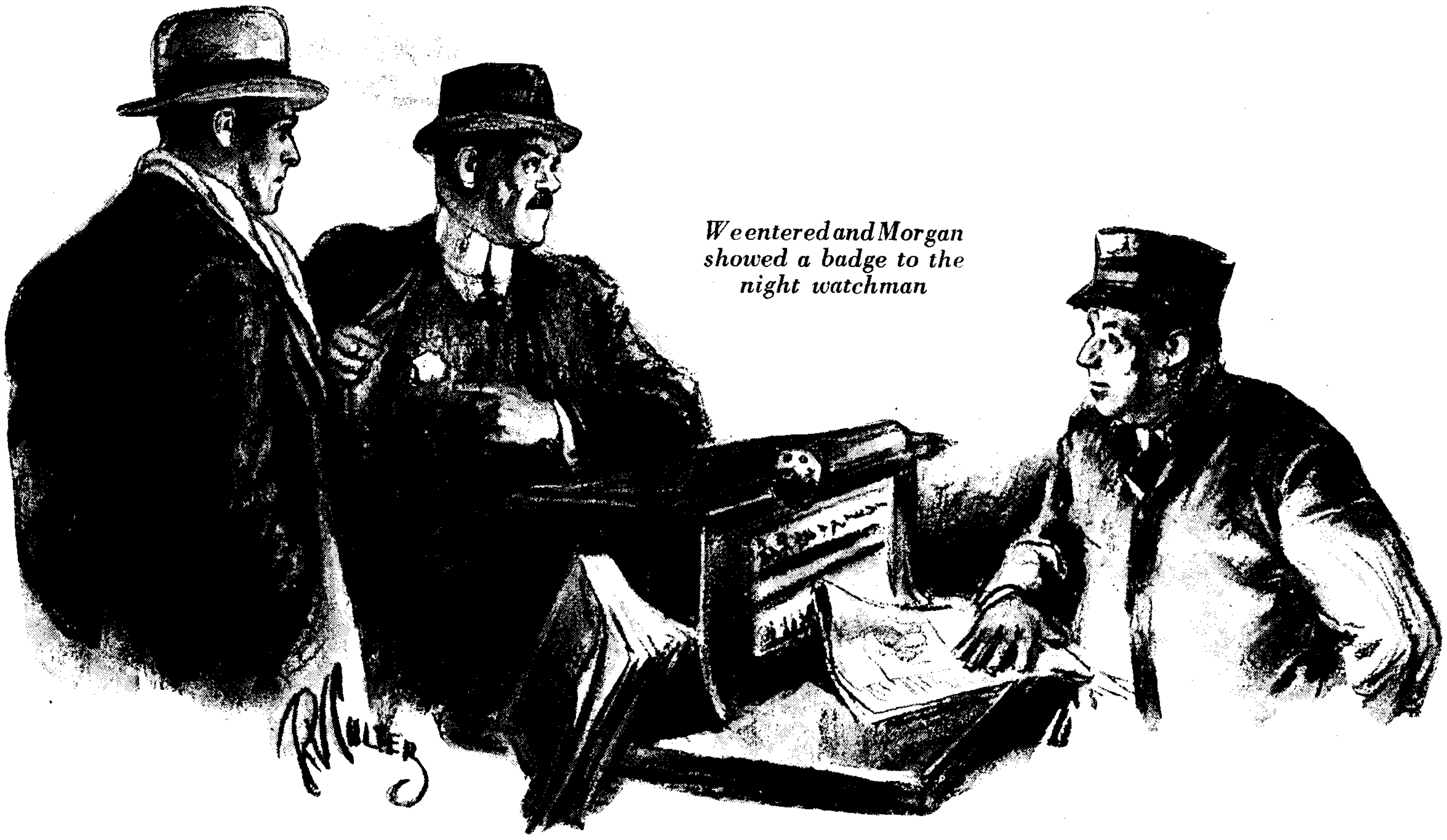
"Mrs. Gorham, unhappily for me, is not in love with me," he said. "That she has had a genuine liking for me I do not think she herself will deny. For my own part, I love her, but I do not expect from her a return. She is young and beautiful and brilliant. I am rich, powerful and not too dull. We have entered into an alliance that has given me joy and has not proved too unendurable to her. Then you come from Europe, and things change. I am old enough and wise enough to expect such a change. But I know that if you went abroad again, or if you married someone else, she would return to me. And a man of my age contents himself with crumbs."

"A moment ago you said that a man of your age didn't go out in the middle of the night because of a woman," I reminded him. "Yet before that you brought up the matter of Mrs. Gorham, and now you harp upon it again."

"NEVERTHELESS it is incidental. We came to an understanding tonight. At least I thought we did. The last fifteen minutes have made me a bit uncertain as to my ability to read the mind of a man like yourself. But, until an incautious word from Mrs. Gorham made me remember that you had once been engaged to her, my interest in you was solely because of Runyon. But old men are suspicious, as I trust you will be fortunate enough never to learn save by hearsay. Mrs. Gorham's manner made me curious as to her movements in the next few hours. When it was reported to me—"

"You had her followed?" I interjected.

"Men who hold women through money or power have no chivalry, Gorham," he replied. "So, knowing that Mrs. Gorham was at your house, I decided to come and see. Happily, she was no longer here. Had she been here, I



*We entered and Morgan showed a badge to the night watchman*

think that that violence for which you are so anxious might have come your way. Nevertheless, it is well to be twice armed. I'm not afraid of you, Gorham. For all your confidence, you might not find it so easy to put me out of the way. Just the same, before I left the house I was in possession of knowledge which I felt would cool any excitement toward me."

"Then you did come here in the middle of the night to quarrel over a woman," I said.

He shook his head. "I would have come because of that, but I didn't. For just before I left the house I received word from Runyon that Miss Candace had left her home to meet him and that they were to be married tonight."

"You expect me to believe that?" I jeered.

"I do expect you to," he responded quietly.

"LESS than an hour ago Miss Candace telephoned me here, from her home. It was then after midnight. You want me to believe that she has since left her home?"

"Why not call up and find out?"

I looked at him in sheer bewilderment.

"With whom did she leave?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Probably by herself, but she joined Kenneth Runyon. He telephoned me."

"And lied," I commented.

"Perhaps. Only Runyon knows that lying to me is dangerous, and this would be a singularly silly and unprofitable lie."

I rose from my chair, half turned toward the telephone and then wheeled back toward Calhoun. He smiled at me.

"You have a properly suspicious mind, Mr. Gorham. A man dealing in danger should always be on the lookout. Nevertheless, I do not intend to shoot you in the back. You may remove my gun from my pocket with your own hands, if you like."

Now I believed him. The thought which had made me turn toward him, and which he had correctly interpreted, was quieted now. I went to the telephone and asked for Vonny's number.

A servant who was obviously laboring under excitement answered, took my name, and told me that Miss Yvonne was not in. Before I could ask to speak to her father, Sam Candace was on the telephone.

"Blake,"—he evidently referred to the servant—"mentioned your name. I was just about to ring you up. Vonny phoned five minutes ago. She didn't speak to me, but told one of the servants to tell me not to worry; that she was all right. I thought she was sound asleep in bed until the servant gave me the message. Gorham, do you know where she is?"

"I don't, but I will soon," I told him.

"Did you know that she was out? Is that why you telephoned?"

"I'd just heard of it," I replied.

"Heard of it? Heard of what? What do you mean? Has she been hurt? Was there an accident? Why was she out? Where had she gone? Allen, is anything wrong with that girl of mine?"

The questions poured from him in a stream. In his staccato speech I could read all the anxiety of an adoring father.

"She'll be all right," I soothed him.

"What do you mean? How do you know she'll be all right? Where is she?" he cried.

I turned to Calhoun, putting a hand over the mouthpiece.

"Where is she?" I whispered.

He shook his head. "That's for you to know; not for her father," he replied in an undertone.

I spoke to Candace again: "I don't know, but I'm going to find out."

"How?" he demanded.

To leave him in agonizing uncertainty would have been too cruel. It was less cruel, or so it seemed to me in my excitement at the moment, to tell him what little I knew lest he should think that even worse had befallen her.

"She's eloped with Kenneth Runyon," I told him.

"What—" he gasped. "What on earth— Why, damn it, Allen, you're mad; she's in love with you."

Only the distress of the moment could have wrung such a statement from the loyal lips of Vonny's father. And, preposterous though it sounded, it was balm to hurts that I had told myself could never be assuaged.

"She couldn't have gone off with that little hound," Candace went on.

"Just the same, she has," I said.

"I don't believe it," he insisted.

"But I know it," I said. "And in a few minutes I'll find out where they are and stop their marriage."

"Marriage? How can they get married at this time of night? There are licenses, ministers, witnesses—"

"Runyon had pull enough to fix those things up," I said.

"But she wouldn't marry him! Why would she when she loves you? Unless you've quarreled? She might have been piqued—but Vonny's not that kind of a damn fool. You aren't trying to make it easy for me, are you? She hasn't been hurt in an accident? Although that would be almost easier to bear than a marriage to a thing like Runyon. Allen, for God's sake, stop her!"

"I'll surely do it," I promised him.

"Then ring me up; take me with you," he pleaded. "If she's angry with you, she might listen to me."

"I'll do that," I promised him.

I hung up and turned to Calhoun.

"You said her life," I said.

"Did I exaggerate much? Wouldn't she be better dead than married to Runyon?" he countered.

"You didn't think so when you backed him," I reminded him.

"What makes you think I didn't think that way?" he retorted. "Because I placed my own security ahead of the happiness of a girl I've never met doesn't mean that I didn't know how unfortunate a marriage to Runyon would be."

"Runyon was born to rathood, but you achieved a higher quality of it," I told him.

EVEN his eyes, so far as I could tell, did not reflect the insult that I threw at him.

"Let's get down to cases," he said. "A few hours ago you made a promise that you didn't intend to keep. Now you're going to make it again, and you're going to convince me that you intend to keep it."

"You mean to kill Runyon?" I asked.

"Exactly that," he said. "Otherwise Miss Yvonne Candace will be Mrs. Kenneth Runyon by morning.

"Runyon is in my way," he went on coolly. "As you rightly guessed, he knows too much. And the instruments which I would ordinarily use for the removal or suppression of someone who annoyed me too much cannot be used in this instance."

"You made all that clear," I said.

"I want to make it clearer. I want it understood between us absolutely. The necessity, as Runyon saw it, for your death will be removed when he marries Miss Candace. Furthermore, when he's in possession of a large fortune, his attitude toward me will change. He may not think it necessary to preserve discretion concerning matters that I do not wish to be generally known. It is not only the cornered rat that fights; it is the rat rendered reckless when fear has been removed."

"You must have thought of this before," I told him.

"I have," he admitted. "But, you see, there was nothing that could be done about it. I was compelled to give him what aid I could in the fear that he would talk if I didn't help him. This, despite the fact that I knew that as soon as my aid had helped him to the marriage he desired he would then turn upon me. But now I have another weapon, one that I am not afraid to use."

"The weapon being myself?" I asked.

"Exactly. I want your absolute promise, if I tell you where to find Runyon and Miss Candace in time to stop their marriage, that you will kill him."

I THOUGHT of Vonny—Vonny whom I loved—married to Kenneth Runyon. Through a red haze I saw Calhoun.

"I promise," I said to him.

"You remember your friend Sporelli?" he asked.

"You seem to know a lot about my affairs," I told him. I spoke aimlessly, hardly knowing what I said.

"No one has interested me more during the last couple of days," he said. "Well, you will find Miss Candace and Runyon in the Sporelli apartment. That's all, I think."

Mind you, not only were his features calm and composed, but his voice was without the slightest tremor. In another age he might have been a Talleyrand.

"You have a gun?" he asked.

Up until that moment I had completely forgotten the weapon which Mack Morgan had given me, but, recollection jogged by his question, I patted the pocket in which Morgan's revolver rested.

Calhoun made a wry face. "You're better prepared than your words led me to believe. And if you're going to be in time you'd better start now."

I wet my lips with my tongue.

"What's the answer when it's all over?" I asked.

"You mean my attitude?" he countered.

"Exactly," I said.

"I haven't seen you, don't even know you. I'll give a word to your butler. Call him in here."

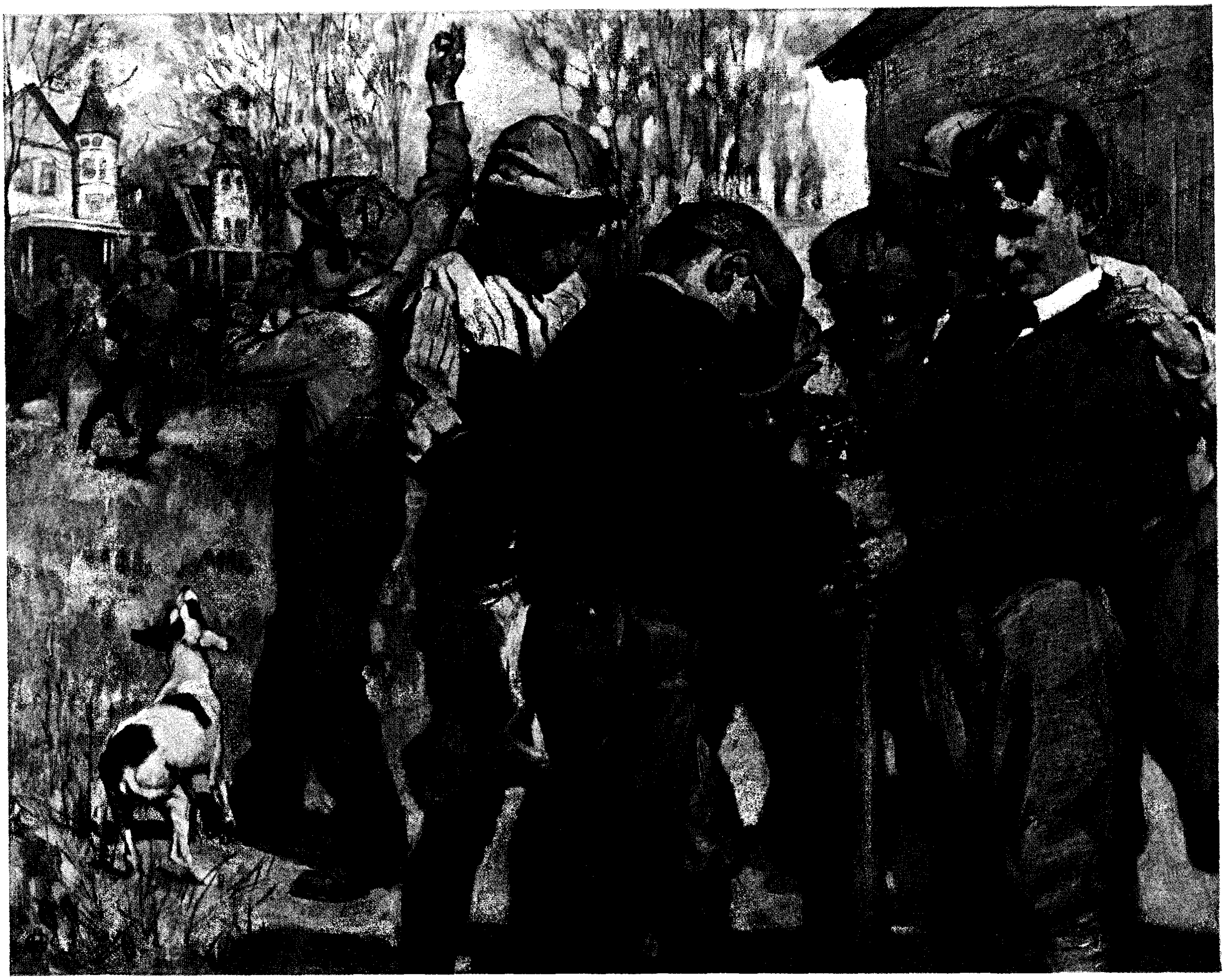
I found Harney in a tiny bedroom next to the kitchen. He was fully dressed, and the light was turned on.

"Mr. Calhoun wishes to speak to you," I said to him.

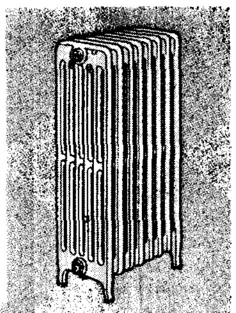
In Harney's eyes was a smoldering something that might have been rage and might as easily have been fear.

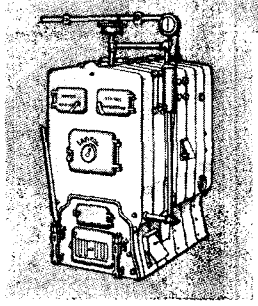
"Boss," he said, "I don't get your number at all. Being a pal of Mr. Morgan, I thought you might be some sort of a dick. But Mr. Calhoun is different. I'm scared of him, awful scared. But I've been in jail for the last time. Understand me?"

(*Continued on page 38*)



# Choosin'-up sides





SLOWLY at first, then rapidly and with more cunning, black-knuckled hands mount the bat. A shrill triumphant cry of "Full hand or nothin'" comes a fraction of a second before the opposition yell of "Chicken claws." Thus is decision made.

To similar chance is left the settlement of far too many human affairs, affairs that vitally affect the health, comfort, and purse of the family, affairs which once decided cannot readily be changed.

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CARTER INX PEN

# THE CARTER PEN

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

# Bill Cobb, Fairy Godmother

## *In which Cinderella goes to a new sort of party in a new sort of coach*

### *By* GARRET SMITH

BILL COBB was waiting that afternoon in the anteroom of Park, Rayburn Co., hardware jobbers. At the moment Bill's face wore a hopeful look. His glance was aimed through the open door opposite, yielding on Park, Rayburn Co.'s clattering corps of key-pounding houris, some thirty in all, putting the last touches to the day's work. He gave special notice to Dolores Regan, third desk from the door at the right. In fact, Bill's patient vigil looked to the moment of 5:30, when Dolores would, with two simultaneous gestures, reach for her vanity case and slap a black hood over the clamorous devil that vexed her days.

Bill had just pulled a big order out of the inner office and was through with his vocation for the day. Now he was ready for a turn at his avocation—showing the girls a good time. At this he was an adept. Bill's bachelor heart wasn't any one-room-and-kitchenette apartment. It was a big duplex with tenants from every city in his territory. And he still had a Room-to-Let sign hanging on his coat sleeve. Miss Regan had held a monopoly of the New York wining and dining concession for the last two years.

The moments dragged. Bill lit another cigarette and let his gaze wander. Every prospect pleased but one, and that, by contrast, caught his eye. A little gray mouse of a girl next beyond Miss Regan displayed to Bill's critical glance a face and figure standing out in that garden of meretricious beauty like a faded lily in a bed of sunflowers.

Her thin face owed its coloring solely to nature and malnutrition. Her unbobbed hair Bill set down as neat but not gaudy, and he opined her costume had sprung new from some north Jersey small-town department store two seasons back. She was pecking away at her machine with earnest listlessness, looking up wistfully now and then at some intimate banter between sister typists.

This vision was a jarring note in Bill's dream of an evening ahead with the gay, light-footed and thirsty Dolores. He turned away. But the mouse-girl had him hypnotized. Pity, a half sister of disgust, swept Bill.

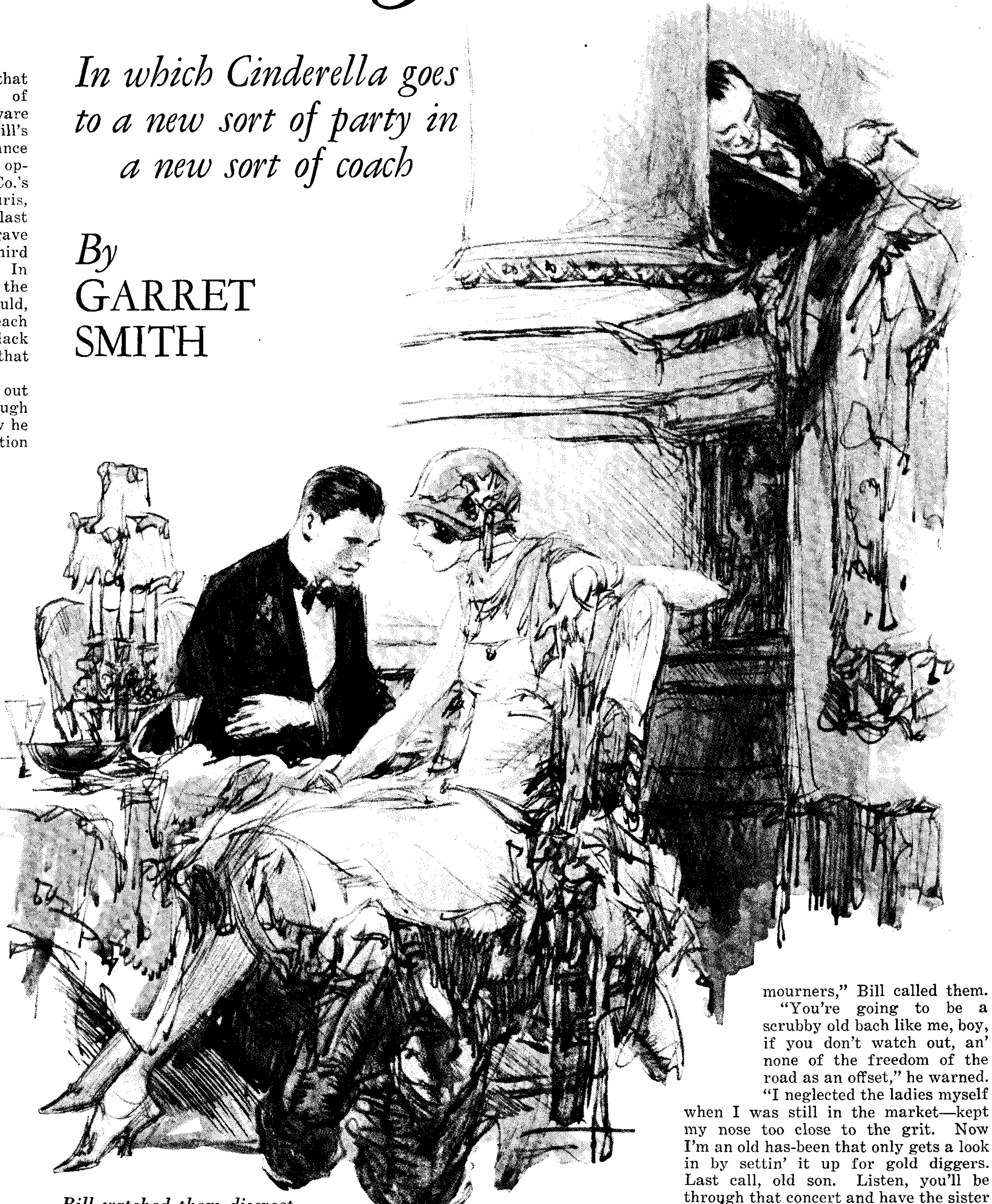
"Poor little left-over!" he thought. "Wonder how she drifted in here? I bet she never sat in on a jazz party in her life! Wonder if she'd know how to act!"

At that moment Orrin Park, son of the company, came by on the way home. He and Bill were on familiar terms. For that matter, Bill was on familiar terms with everybody he had met more than once.

"Hello, Cobb!" Park greeted. "Thought you'd gone. Haven't you robbed us enough today?"

"Just waitin' to do a little borrowin'. Goin' to borrow one of your staff for the evening. Any objections?"

"You old devil!" Young Park grinned back. "By rights I ought to see that you pay for all the letters she balls up tomorrow."



*Bill watched them discreetly from behind a pillar*

"Say, listen, Orry!"

Bill rose and slapped him on the back after the best Rotarian manner.

"How about shaking a foot a little tonight—you know, perfectly ow-fat and all that, you know: little dinner in Jazz Row, The Follies, and supper and dance at one of the night clubs? Let's make it a foursome."

Bill jerked his head toward the stenographic contingent.

Young Mr. Park smiled and shrugged.

"Thanks, old man. Nothing doing, I'm afraid. You see, the sister has annexed me for a concert tonight."

"Sure, I know. I got a sister livin' in town too, but she's away visitin' this week and willed me the use of her apartment while I'm here. Say, we might pull a he-poker party there tomorrow night."

"Thanks. But I'm tied up every night this week; sorry."

"Dear! Dear! Society stuff. La-di-da-di-da! Say; listen, Orry! Don't you ever cut loose and have a real time with a regular girl? No offense intended of course, but do you?"

YOUNG PARK again shrugged, and Bill Cobb fancied he detected this time a little wistfulness in his face.

Bill was sorry for young Park. He knew by rumor the set in which the young man moved when he moved at all socially, which was seldom. "Chief mourners," Bill called them.

"You're going to be a scrubby old bach like me, boy, if you don't watch out, an' none of the freedom of the road as an offset," he warned. "I neglected the ladies myself when I was still in the market—kept my nose too close to the grit. Now I'm an old has-been that only gets a look in by settin' it up for gold diggers. Last call, old son. Listen, you'll be through that concert and have the sister back home by ten. What do you say if I pick up two girls and you join us at a night club after the show?"

But Orrin Park shook his head emphatically.

"Nothing doing, Bill. I'm sorry. You see, it wouldn't do to take out any of the girls from the office—bad for discipline: infra dig, as the governor says."

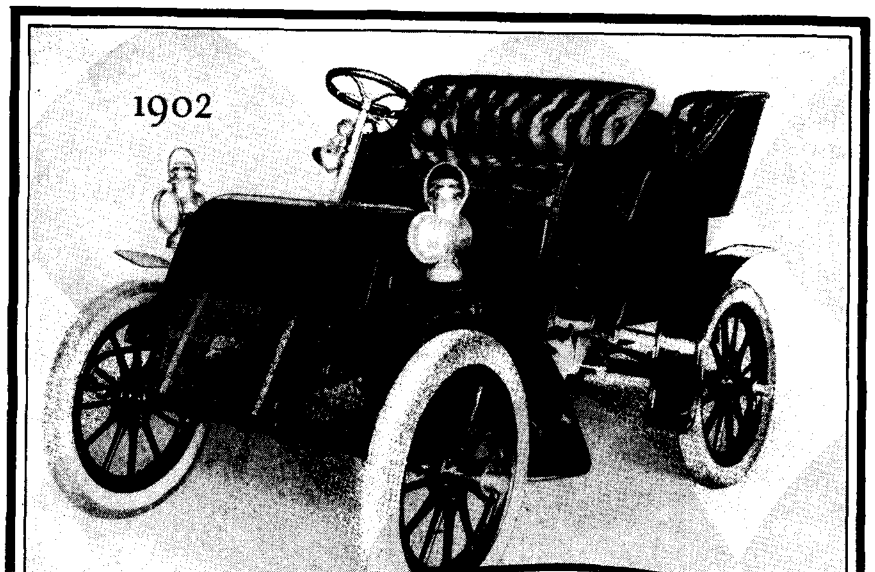
"You poor frozen fish!" Bill sighed. "All right. You can go to hell in an ice boat if you want to. By the way, who's the little odd one next to the red-head there?"

"I don't know her name. I think she's a supply. Isn't up to the mark of the rest, is she? Sort of an office Cinderella! You like 'em more obvious, eh, Bill?"

Young Park laughed and moved on.

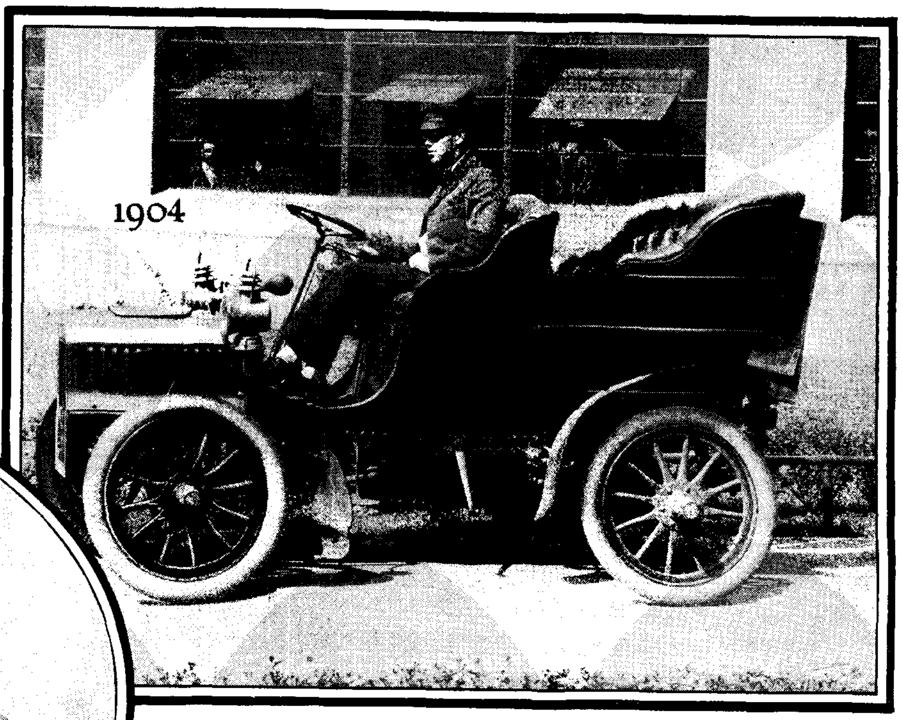
At this a tumult in the stenographers' room, like the

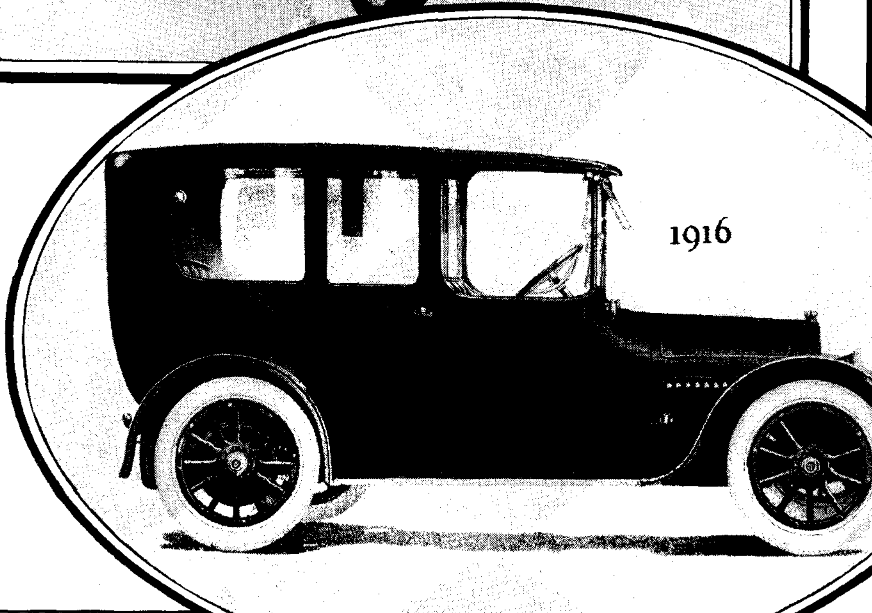
(*Continued on page 32*)



*Left.* One of the first Cadillacs. In those days the all-important question was whether an automobile would *go.*

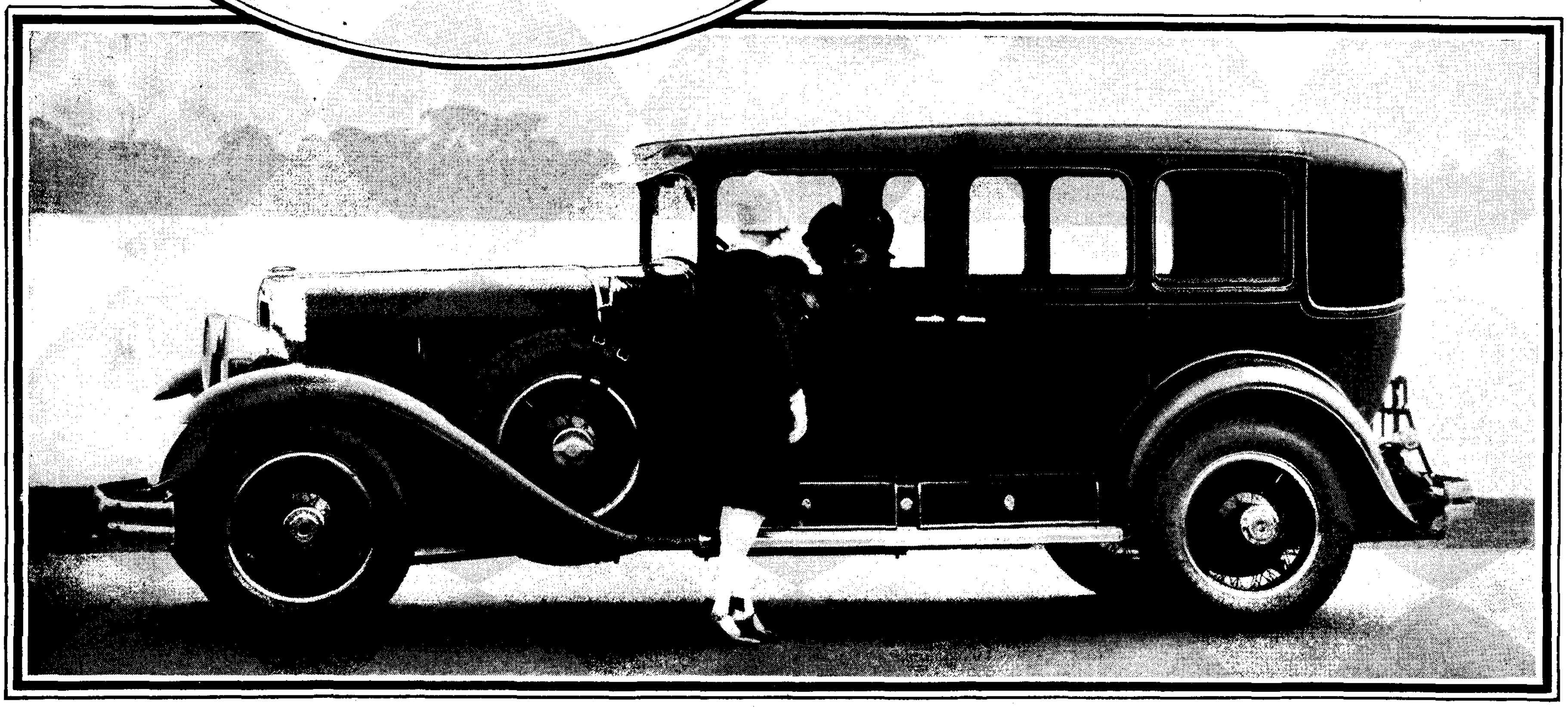
*Below.* Two years later the Cadillac body had developed into a "tonneau" with room for four passengers.





*Left.* The Cadillac of 1916—with one of the early closed bodies by Fisher.

*Below.* The Cadillac of 1928, with a closed body which represents all the skill and the resources of Fisher Body and General Motors.



# GENERAL

# CLOSED BODIES *and* THE OPEN MIND

IN 1908 the Fisher Body Corporation was organized. Its first large order was for fifteen closed bodies for Cadillac.

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# MOTORS

breaking of a squall on a mountain lake, indicated 5:30 P. M. to the second. Lipsticks and powder puffs flashed; then a stampede for the door.

The ruddy-topped Dolores was one of the first to shoot through the exit. She caught sight of Bill and swooped for him, warbling brightly:

"Why, Mr. Cobb, I didn't know you was here! What ye know about that! Howareye?"

"Fine's they make 'em, tested at the factory an' guaranteed to last a lifetime. Say, you're looking great! But why this 'Mr. Cobb' stuff? Is that the way to talk to little old Uncle Billy just because you haven't seen him for six months? Listen, how about dinner an' a show and supper and dancin' an pink lemonade an' sich for tonight?"

"I'm awfully sorry, but I gotta heavy date tonight! Whyn't ye call me up? I hate to give you a stand-up. You always give me a swell time! Say, listen. I gotta friend that's an awful swell kid. She ain't gotta date for tonight. I'll introduce you, 'fyou wanta!"

"All right. You're on," Bill agreed resignedly. "One's as good's another now yo've turned me down for a younger an' richer guy. Nothin' to live for. Is that your friend?"

He nodded toward the office Cinderella, who was just leaving her machine. Dolores mistook the direction of his gaze, not unnaturally.

"The one with the green sweater?"

"No, the one in the rig without any color, that sits next you."

The nose of Dolores tilted.

"Quit your kiddin'! Wait a minute; I'll go find the one I mean."

But Bill had a sudden notion.

"Wait a minute. Listen!" he called after her, and winked as she turned. "Introduce me to the one I just spoke about," he added in a whisper as the mouse-girl came toward him.

"Little Foster!" she snorted. "She'd drop dead! She never spoke to a man in her life!"

"Do as I tell you," Bill ordered in a heavy whisper, just as the mouse-girl approached, "and I'll give you the time of your life tomorrow night. I mean it. No kiddin'. I got a reason."

Dolores shrugged and gave up.

"Miss Foster, meet my friend, Mr. Cobb," she murmured stiffly.

Bill thought for a moment Dolores was going to make good with her prophecy of sudden death. Miss Foster faltered and gave a little frightened glance of inquiry, first at the introducer, then at the introduced. A blush turned her hollow, pale cheeks to pink.

"Poor baby! Thinks she's being kidded," he thought. He grew as uncomfortable as she. His fantastic impulse went suddenly sour. The stock banter that bubbled to his lips oozed into silence.

"Pleased to meet ye," was the best he managed.

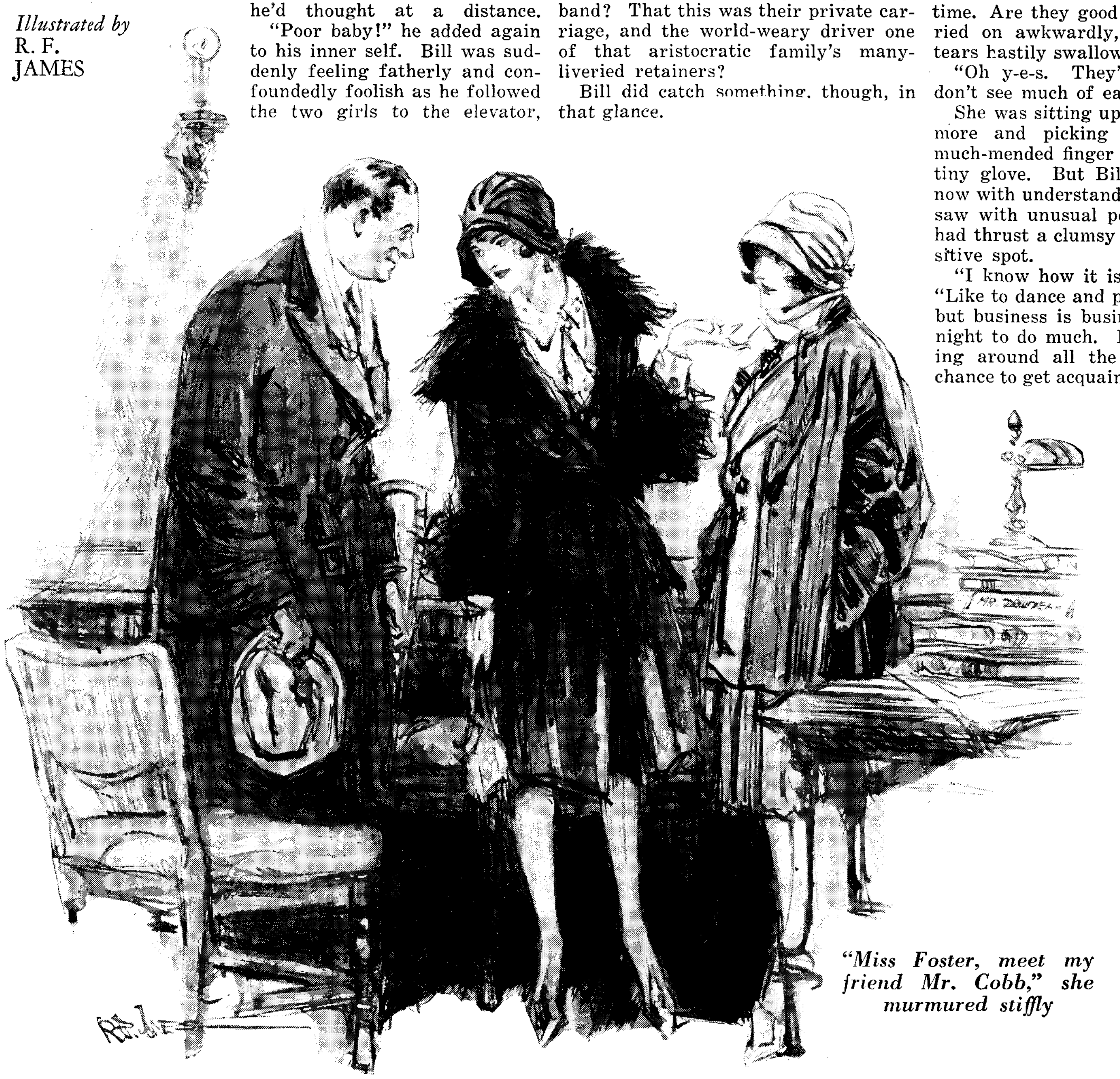
Miss Foster suddenly recovered surprising poise. She bowed with a suggestion of starchiness that added inches to her tiny figure.

"Mr. Cobb," she pronounced in a clear, low voice, in keeping with a pair of good brown eyes under delicate brows. Her hair, Bill noted, was auburn, and her pale, pinched features were regular.

"Might not be a bad looker with a little food and rouge," was his mental tribute. But for the rest he saw only that her costume was even worse than he'd thought at a distance.

"Poor baby!" he added again to his inner self. Bill was suddenly feeling fatherly and confoundedly foolish as he followed the two girls to the elevator, with nothing particular to say. Miss Dolores unexpectedly left them flat at the street exit on the arm of a waiting escort.

Illustrated by
R. F.
JAMES



*"Miss Foster, meet my friend Mr. Cobb," she murmured stiffly*

"Well, good night, Mr. Cobb," Miss Foster murmured. "I go up in the subway. I'm very glad to have met you."

SHE turned to leave him, but he deftly seized her elbow just as a cab stopped.

"I go clear up too," he told her, and before she could protest he had propelled her into the seat of the taxi.

"Now it's no trouble at all," he said genially as she yielded to the confidence-inspiring smile that had melted many a hard-boiled buyer. "I'm an old friend of Jim Park's. Any favor I can do for one of his people, glad to do. Besides, I hate ridin' alone. Alone too much."

"Of course it is much more comfortable, thank you," she surrendered, sitting stiffly in the extreme end of the seat. Bill settled as stiffly in his corner, fat hands on fat knees, painfully plotting conversation.

Miss Foster had surrendered to the unwonted ease of the taxi. She had settled back comfortably, a faint but seraphic smile on her tired face. And in her eyes again he surprised two sparkling little imps.

Bill Cobb wasn't up on mind reading. How could he know that for the moment this lady beside him had ceased to be June Foster? She was young Mrs. DeLancey Sturtevant, wealthy, social leader of middle Fifth Avenue, transposed literally from the society page of the Daily Pictorial. That he himself was no longer Bill Cobb, but young Mr. Sturtevant, the lady's husband? That this was their private carriage, and the world-weary driver one of that aristocratic family's many-liveried retainers?

Bill did catch something, though, in that glance.

"I believe, at that, the poor youngster would eat up a good time if she had the chance. Can't always tell about these quiet ones," he thought.

"Been with the Park people long?" came his tardy effort at conversation.

She sat up primly now like a little girl being catechized by her elders.

"Only a month," she told him.

"Oh, I see. Guessed you were a new one. I know all the old-timers around the place. Been selling brass pipe to 'em for ten years now. Biggest jobbers in my territory and best people to deal with. The Parks are fine fellows, old man and young Orrin too. Had much to do with young Orrin yet?"

Again he noted a faint sparkle in the eyes and a slight flush in the cheeks. A low giggle followed. Is it a contradiction of terms to describe a giggle as both silvery and ironical?

"Not much," was her shy reply, however.

But Bill was a little encouraged by the giggle.

"Like to dance?" he demanded abruptly.

"Oh, I love it!" her eyes sparkled, but her actual words were more guarded.

"I would like to but—but, I don't get much chance. You see, I'm a stranger in town, and besides I'm awful busy. Mother didn't believe in my going to dances when I was home."

"Oh, this isn't your home?"

"Well, it really is now. I always did live in Newfoundland, N. J. But my people are both dead, and I'm living with my two girl cousins here."

"THREE girls together, eh! That sounds like the making of a good time. Are they good sports?" Bill hurried on awkwardly, seeing a hint of tears hastily swallowed back.

"Oh y-e-s. They're all right. We don't see much of each other."

She was sitting up a little stiffly once more and picking nervously at the much-mended finger of an unbelievably tiny glove. But Bill's face was sober now with understanding sympathy. He saw with unusual perspicacity that he had thrust a clumsy thumb upon a sensitive spot.

"I know how it is," he stumbled on. "Like to dance and play around myself, but business is business. Too tired at night to do much. Besides, I'm knocking around all the time. Not much chance to get acquainted with the ladies. Matter of fact, I was kind of lonesome this evening. I thought maybe Dolores would kind of take pity on me and go out to dinner and dance a little. But she has another date. Dolores was a good sport, though—she offered to introduce me to a nice friend, so here we are. Now, how about feeling sorry for a lonesome old man and having dinner with him?

But instead of replying directly she remarked:

"Do you mean to say Dolores offered to introduce you to me? I wondered how it happened. You see, she generally hardly bothers even to speak to me."

There was a hint of tartness.

Bill suddenly felt the bottom sag under his feet. He hunted swiftly for an answer and stumbled on a fabrication that seemed serviceable.

"Why, you see"—he felt his way along—"I've got a niece I'm awfully fond of. She's away now with her mother. I noticed you sitting there, and you reminded me of her. So, as a matter of fact, when Dolores made her offer I asked her to introduce me to you."

The niece was bona fide, but Bill omitted the fact that she was just two years old.

The girl smiled, but shook her head.

"Thanks awfully," she said, "but I—have another engagement."

"Now, listen; if it's the little cousins, bring 'em along. Guess we can find a table for four. Four ain't a crowd with me."

"Oh, my cousins are invited out for the evening. They're most always invited out evenings." (*Continued on page 47*)

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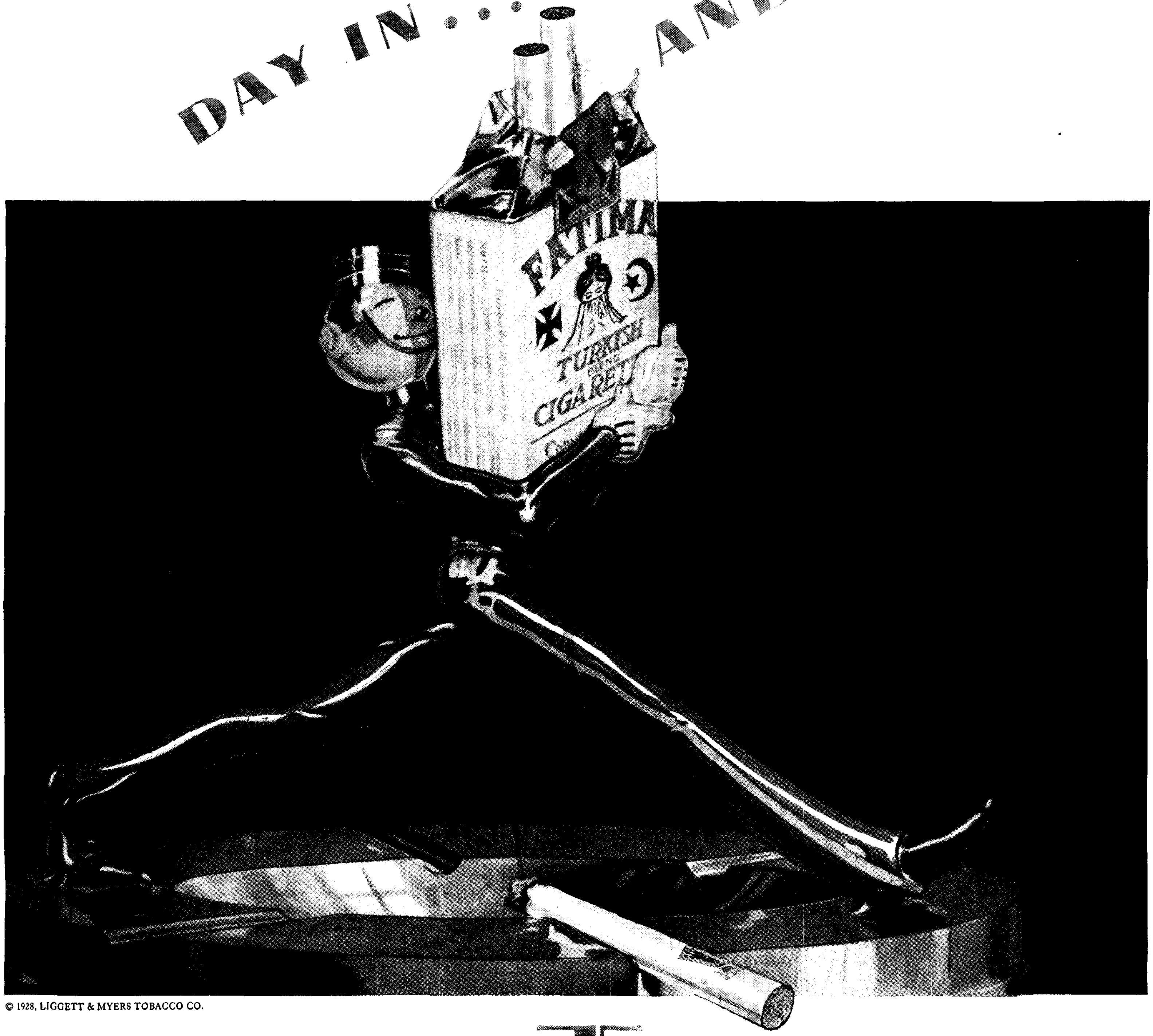
## DAY IN . . . AND DAY OUT . . .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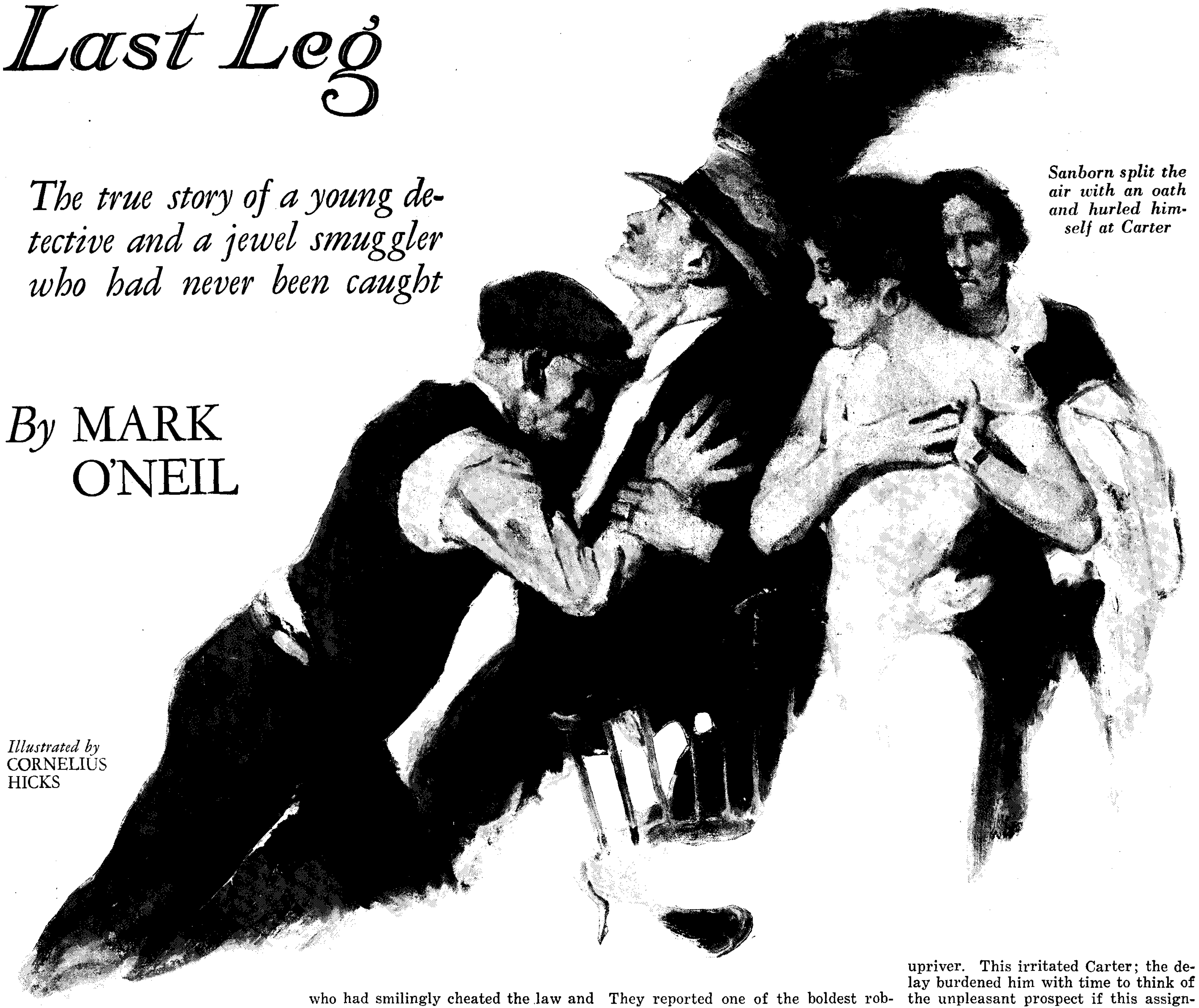
# *Last Leg*

## *The true story of a young detective and a jewel smuggler who had never been caught*

## By MARK O'NEIL

Illustrated by
CORNELIUS HICKS



*Sanborn split the air with an oath and hurled himself at Carter*

DONOVAN, chief of the New York customs investigation squad, scowled at the cable delivered through the British Consulate. Half a dozen subordinates, gathered about his desk in the tomb-like room, had each read it in turn. Finally Carter, the newest man on the squad—young, with a sprouting mustache and an unsophisticated air—had passed it back to the burly chief, who read it aloud:

*No trace Amsterdam Waynecliff Stones watch Sanborn Lusitania*

"Scotland Yard seems to think," said Donovan, "that when a crook steps off the gangplank the first thing he does is telephone the authorities."

"They're wrong on Sanborn," said an elderly officer who resembled Donovan with the exception of one blue chin. "Sanborn's been trying to live down his record ever since he got out of that Toledo scrape. I saw him aboard the Baltic five weeks ago. He was using a crutch—crippled with rheumatism, or something—and going to Germany for a cure."

Others around the desk corroborated this, adding details of their own personal contact with Eugene Sanborn, notorious jewel smuggler and fence, who had smilingly cheated the law and baffled its watchdogs for years. Carter cut through the conversation:

"I'll meet the ship and take Sanborn if he's got anything."

Donovan's sharp eyes detected half sneers on several faces. These vanished as the older men saw that he took Carter's suggestion seriously.

"You know Sanborn by sight?" he asked Carter.

Carter nodded.

"He's never used an alias, anyhow," said Donovan. His tone held a touch of rebuke for the older men as he instructed Carter:

"See what you can do. Get the Waynecliff data from the record department. It was a robbery in London in November. Better bring Sanborn here if he looks fishy. But use your judgment. He's smart."

ELATED at this chance to follow up a tip from Scotland Yard, Carter quickly departed, unaware of skeptical winks exchanged between some of the older men. From the record department he secured a slim envelope on the Waynecliff robbery, brief American newspaper clippings, with longer stories cut from English papers, all attached to mimeographed bulletins sent out by Scotland Yard.

He scanned these as a department car jogged uptown through a misty rain. They reported one of the boldest robberies ever accomplished in staid old London. Lady Waynecliff, wife of an English brewer recently elevated to the peerage, had gone into the London Mansion House for the lord mayor's ball. She had retired to divest herself of her cloak in one of a congeries of women's dressing-rooms, and as she entered was seized by a man, or men, and doused with chloroform. When she recovered to raise an alarm, she found her diamond necklace had been snapped off. Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of stones vanished, an excited old woman knowing no more about their loss than a grip at her throat.

As the car swerved west to the North River, Carter reflected that Scotland Yard might have been more communicative if it had found out enough about the robbery to suspect Eugene Sanborn of attempting to smuggle the stolen gems. Or perhaps it was just a blind guess provoked by Sanborn's reputation and the fact that he was known to be in Europe at or near the time of the robbery. "But they must know something," thought Carter. "Those Scotland Yard birds may be slow, but they're no day dreamers."

Arrived at the pier, he instructed the chauffeur to wait. Inside, baggage examiners notified him that the Lusitania was crawling through a drizzly mist upriver. This irritated Carter; the delay burdened him with time to think of the unpleasant prospect if this assignment, which he had openly bid for, proved futile. Eugene Sanborn had fooled more experienced inspectors. Perhaps, Carter reflected, that was why Donovan had sent a comparatively new man who might be sufficiently ambitious and show enough obstinate curiosity to catch Sanborn, if Sanborn was to be caught.

IT DISTURBED Carter to think that if Scotland Yard's suspicions were baseless and Sanborn was not implicated, the Custom House squad would believe Sanborn had fooled him. This possibility tormented him through a long wait during which he paced about the huge receiving barn. Throngs pressed against the visitors' gates, those favored with passes trickling by to take up positions under placards, marked with all the letters of the alphabet, that dropped from the high roof to form orderly lanes.

As the liner's nose was shoved into the narrow pier inlet, Carter stood by the main gangway opening, secretly flattered that minor functionaries, aware of his presence, looked knowingly at one another.

The big ship groaned as she was pushed to the dock. A gang of porters trundled barrows to the steerage gangway near the end of the shed.

Almost as (*Continued on page 42*)

# Free, White and Female

*Continued from page 23*

bill passed into the boy's hand. "Don't let anyone else in until you get the tip from me," said Pythias. "We crave privacy."

"You get it, mister, without any ten-spots," said Jimmy, holding out the bill. "If you're goin' to sock that guy, sock him one extra for me."

Pythias grinned. "Mortimer seems to have earned universal esteem," he said.

"Where is he?" asked Damon.

"He's sittin' in the inside room," said Jimmy.

The group walked down the long room with no eyes for the excellence of its appointments. Richard Lame's face was gray and haggard, his mouth twisted and set; of them all he was the only one who was neither placid like Mr. Bundy nor debonair as were the sons. He alone was of the twentieth century—they in manner and bearing and heart were nearer some sixteenth-century family gayly about some grim business.

MR. BUNDY walked ahead, and it was his hand that thrust open the connecting door. He paused an instant, surveying the room and then nodded with what might have been mistaken as placid affability to Mortimer Blade, who sat with back to the wall at a table a few feet to the left.

Mr. Blade looked up quickly, bit his lips, and frowned as he numbered the party who clustered the opening.

"Good evening," he said shortly.

"We hope," said Mr. Bundy, "you are unoccupied."

"And what of it?" Blade asked.

"We wish," said Mr. Bundy, "a few moments of your time."

Richard Lame, thrusting himself suddenly forward from between Damon and Pythias, demanded, "Where is she?"

Now, whatever may be said of Mortimer Blade, he was not without a certain physical courage. Also he was equipped with that sort of self-respect, a face-saving self-respect, which strengthened him to maintain a bold, not to say belligerent, front in face of the patent threat which impended.

"Ah, Richard," he said ironically. "Did you choose your company?"

"Where is she?" demanded Richard a second time.

Mr. Bundy touched the young man's shoulder. "You're interrupting," he said, and advanced to the edge of the table. The five young men advanced as well, towering over Blade silently.

"We have been looking for you," said Mr. Bundy.

"You've found me," Blade said shortly.

"Yes," said Mr. Bundy, and paused. "Yes, we've found you."

Tom and Molly came anxiously from the bar at the sound of voices, and Tom stepped forward. "What can I do for you gentlemen?" he asked.

"Nothing at the moment," said Mr. Bundy.

"We can't have any trouble here, sir."

"This," said Mr. Bundy, "is a family affair." He said this as if it explained all and covered any possible objection. At least it satisfied himself, for he turned to Blade.

"I don't know," he said, "why none of your family have been blackmailers before, but they haven't. Yours is the honor of being the first."

"Oh, get ahead with the rough stuff," Blade said.

Mr. Bundy shook his head. "It was telling Mr. Tajima about the revolver that did it," he said. "That wasn't astute. Naturally you wouldn't be in cahoots with Colburn's servant. He'd be blackmailing you too. So I investigated Mr. Tajima. I doubt if he even knows what all this talk means. Just words. Does Mr. Tajima know the real facts about Colburn?"

"What's this?" asked Richard harshly. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Why," said Mr. Bundy, in his gracious voice, "this man has been trying to blackmail us. He hired a Japanese gambling man to become a spurious butler. Twenty-five thousand dollars he wanted for hush money."

"Did he try it on Martha?" asked Lame.

"The Japanese called on her," said Mr. Bundy.

Damon and Pythias were quick and very strong. They held Richard by the arms until he perceived the futility of his efforts to reach his brother.

"Yes," said Mr. Bundy, "he terrorized Martha."

"If he did that," rasped Richard Lame, "if he played on Martha's fears to—to make her come to him—I'll kill him."

Blade showed his teeth in an unpleasant smile. "How brotherly!" he said.

"Your family," said Mr. Bundy, "has never been famous for concord. . . . Perhaps you recall the last time a Blade man became involved with a Bundy woman."

CAFE
WAGON LIT
C M SEXTON

*The old town crier put out a special extra edition the day the folks in Raincourt found out that cigar store coupons weren't American money!*

"This," said Blade, "is the twentieth century."

"We Bundys," said the old gentleman, "see no difference between centuries in such matters. Where is Martha?"

"That's your responsibility," said Blade rashly. "Go and find out."

There was a concerted movement inward, which Mr. Bundy halted with upraised hands. "There are two possibilities," he said. "Either you have blackmailed her into giving herself to you or you have frightened her into doing something in desperation. Martha is a proud girl. . . . In such a situation she might do anything—anything but the right thing, which was to come to her family. In either case you have placed us in your debt."

"Go on and pay," said Blade.

"You note," said Mr. Bundy, "we do not mention financial matters—not even that the paying of this blackmail would ruin us. That has become insignificant. Nothing matters to us but Martha. She is a Bundy, my daughter and the sister of my sons. We want her."

"Then," said Blade, "go find her."

"Is that," asked Mr. Bundy, "your last word?"

Blade shrugged his shoulders.

"I give you a last chance to clear yourself. What have you done with my daughter?"

"When you find her," Blade said through his teeth, "ask her. She'll enjoy telling you."

Once more Richard Lame's voice broke through, harsh, quivering with rage. "You—you dog!" he said.

Then, with startling suddenness, the light ceased to be. In the winking of an eye the graciously lighted room became a place of utter blackness.

For a moment all remained motionless; then someone caught his breath; a voice—possibly Theron's—called, "Hey!"

From a point not six feet from the table the narrow ray of an electric hand torch reached through the blackness, a menacing finger stretching through the air to touch and illuminate the whiteness of Mortimer Blade's breast. It rested there steadily for a perceptible interval. One might have counted five. . . . Then a swift, more powerful dart of reddish yellow light, a crash, an acrid odor—and blackness again!

Each man reached out instinctively to touch his neighbor. There was confusion of voices, a shuffling of invisible movement . . . and as suddenly as it had departed the light was on again. . . . They looked; the five young men and Mr. Bundy looked across the table. There was Mortimer Blade, slumped against the wall, pallid of face, with closed eyes, and high upon the left side of his white bosom a tiny hole with inwardly bent edges!

"Why—" began Mr. Bundy in a shaken voice. But he did not finish. A rustle, a sob at his left drew his gaze, and there, in an overlarge, overcolored boudoir gown, one hand clutching at her throat, swayed Martha Bundy. . . . And before her, almost at her feet, were two objects: an electric hand torch and a revolver.

SHE tottered forward a step. "Father! . . . Father!" she said in a voice that was little more than a breath.

"Martha! . . ." Mr. Bundy thrust aside his sons, but it was Richard Lame who caught her in his arms as she swayed as some fragile poppy stem might sway before a cruel gust. He lifted her, stood erect holding her close, standing as if at bay and challenging them with fierce eyes.

"Martha!" said her father again, but she did not answer; her lids were closed upon waxen cheeks.

Mr. Bundy lifted his shoulders as if adjusting a weight; he seemed to grow in stature and in the dignity of command.

"Damon—the front. Pythias, see that these people are quiet." He motioned toward Tom and Molly. Then, turning toward Blade, "Is he dead?"

Gelon and Theron were bending over the unconscious young man, stripping away shirt and undergarments to be at the wound. Theron lifted his ear from the breast. "Alive," he said shortly.

"The wound's high," said Gelon.

"I thought," said Theron over his shoulder, "We Bundys paid the piper."

"This," said Mr. Bundy, "is a cat of another color. Martha . . ."

"I shot him," said Richard Lame pitifully.

Mr. Bundy disregarded him and strode to Mortimer Blade to examine. "If it didn't pierce the lung—" he said. Then he turned abruptly upon Tom and Molly. "Can you keep shut mouths?" he asked.

"If we're let, sir. . . . The police. . . ." Tom said tremulously.

"Whisky," said Gelon.

"Whatever happened," said Mr. Bundy, "didn't happen here. Only men Bundys were there."

"Sure," said Damon. "We get you."

"He came in his closed car," said Mr. Bundy.

It was Gelon who caught the idea. "His hat and stick," he said. "I'll drive. . . . You, Theron, hoist him. Arm about each of our necks."

"Take a look at the street," directed Pythias.

"He's a drunk," said Gelon. "Passed out."

"That'll do the trick," said Theron.

RICHARD LAME stood, still holding Martha. "I shot him," he said pleadingly. "I tell you I shot him."

"Any of us might have," said Damon. "Don't crab the act."

Jimmy appeared. "The street's almost clear," he said, and then, "I'd 'a' done it myself."

Molly and Katie—and now Miss Patty—hovered about Martha. "Lay her down," said Molly, and then, unnecessarily, "she's fainted."

"Is he—dead?" asked Miss Patty in a queer voice.

"No. . . . Listen, all of you." It was Mr. Bundy speaking. "Nothing happened here. We're taking him away. If he died—he was shot somewhere else. . . . But, above all things, my daughter was not present."

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

Mr. Bundy stood frowning. "I go with Theron and Gelon. You other boys tend to Martha."

"Take her home?" asked Pythias.

"Don't take her out till she can walk," said Mr. Bundy. "Two folks being helped out of the same place is too much of a good thing. . . . Get along, boys."

Theron and Gelon carried Mortimer Blade to the foot of the stairs; then, arranging him in the posture of an intoxicated man who has lost his legs, they crossed the walk quickly and placed him in the back seat of the car.

The car moved away from the curb without causing comment. Gelon, at the wheel, whisked northward, crossed Queensboro Bridge, and presently, on country roads, pressed his foot upon the accelerator, and the car leaped forward.

"The worst thing about women," said Mr. Bundy with feeling, "is you never can tell which way they'll jump. . . . Now we got to pull this man through." He ended somewhat naïvely, "Killing a man's apt to rest heavy on a girl's mind."

"Maybe," said Theron, "she didn't do it."

"Then who did?"

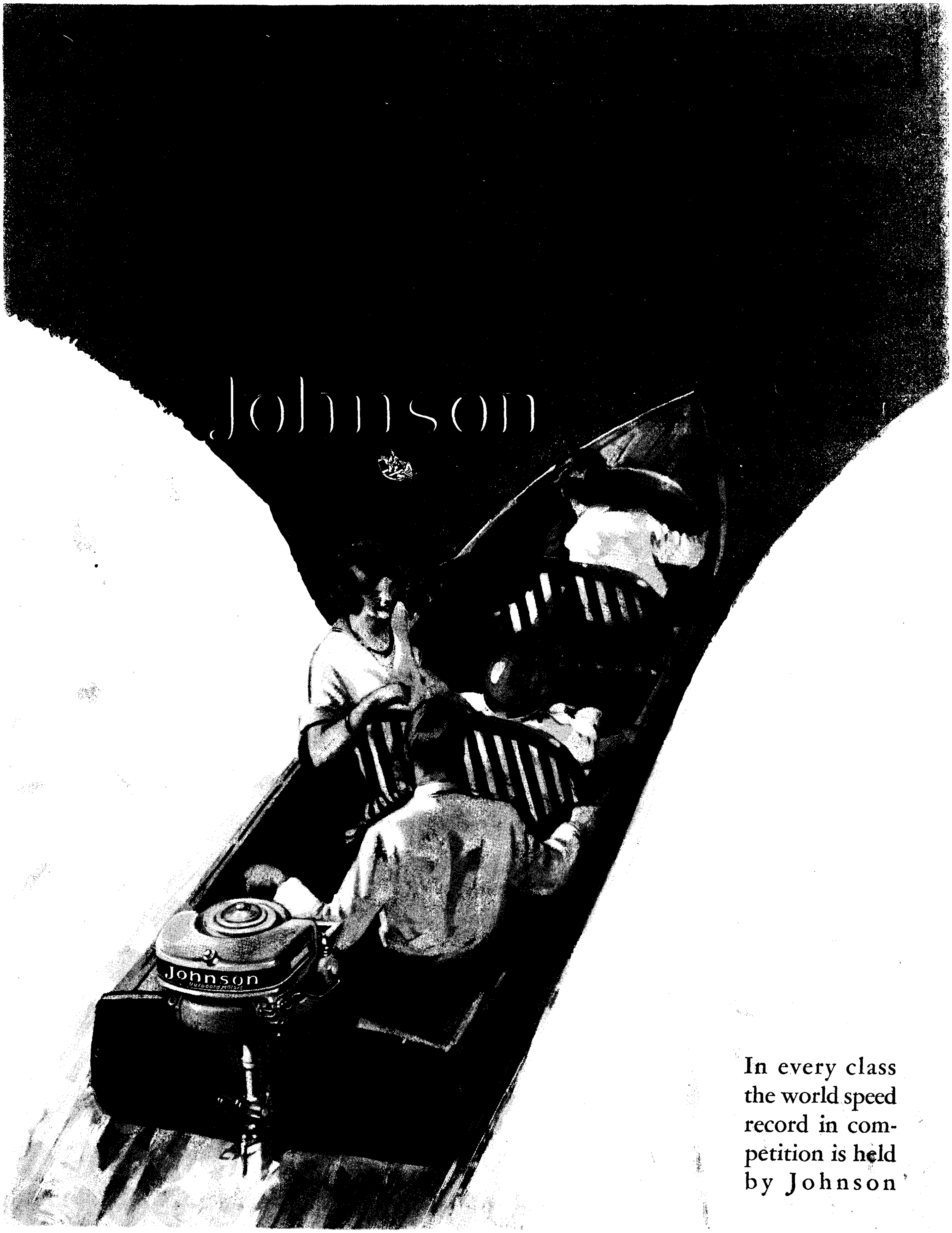
"Lame said he did."

"For a Blade," said Mr. Bundy, "that boy's quite a fellow."

"Maybe he did, all the same."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Bundy. "Nobody but a woman could shoot wide at that distance." He coughed and cleared his throat. "Anyhow," he said, "Martha's got spunk."

(*To be concluded next week*)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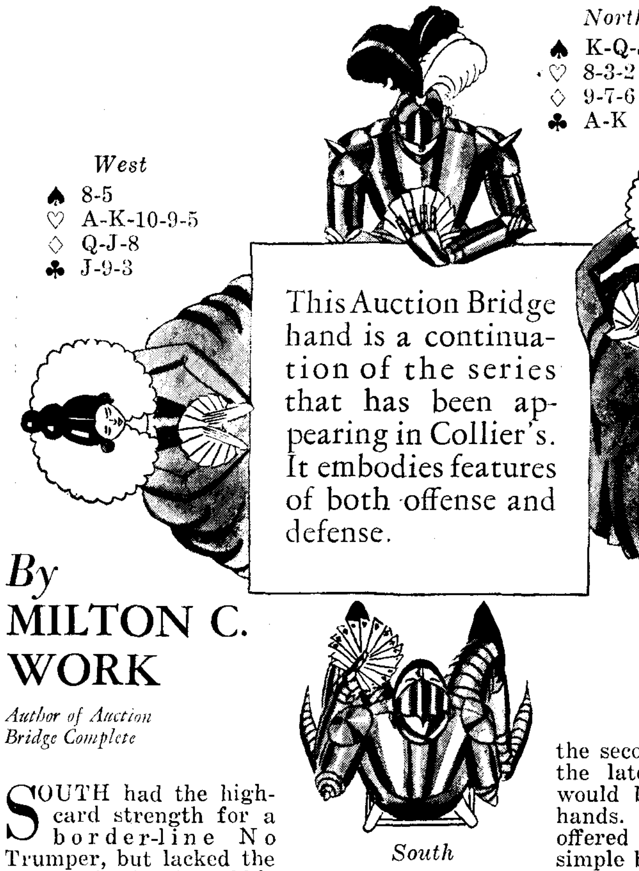


*North*
♠ K-Q-J-4-2
♡ 8-3-2
♢ 9-7-6
♣ A-K

*West*
♠ 8-5
♡ A-K-10-9-5
♢ Q-J-8
♣ J-9-3

*East*
♠ 10-9-7-6
♡ Q-7-4
♢ 10-4
♣ Q-10-6-2

*South*
♠ A-3
♡ J-6
♢ A-K-5-3-2
♣ 8-7-5-4

This Auction Bridge hand is a continuation of the series that has been appearing in Collier's. It embodies features of both offense and defense.

### By MILTON C. WORK

*Author of Auction Bridge Complete*

SOUTH had the high-card strength for a border-line No Trumper, but lacked the proper distribution of his high cards. He had two unstopped suits (generally a No Trump taboo), but his Diamonds were strong enough for a Diamond bid even without the side assistance, so he opened the auction with one Diamond.

West had the strength for an initial Heart bid, and, being in the "following" position she made a sound declaration of one Heart.

North had normal support (three small cards) for his partner's Diamonds and, if the Diamond had been a Major suit or if North and South had a score, his correct procedure would have been to support the Diamonds, but as it was he made a correct declaration of one Spade.

East had nothing but a passing hand; and South, with Ace and one of his partner's suit and the adverse suit unstopped, of course passed.

West might have stretched her Heart bid to two, as she had slightly greater strength than she had announced on the first round, but there seemed little benefit to be obtained from her doing so. Having shown her suit before East's turn arrived and East having declined to assist, West could see no game possibilities at Hearts for her side. The Heart bid having been put in, East knew what to lead, and therefore West's conservative declaration on the second round was a pass.

## The Play

AFTER East led the Queen of Hearts—the top of her partner's suit—to trick 1, West saw that part of Declarer's plan of campaign might be to ruff a Heart in Dummy. In order to prevent this, West overtook East's Queen with the King (no sacrifice), and led a trump through the Closed Hand. Of course Declarer could take the trick with Dummy's trump Ace and lead another Heart, but it was practically certain that West would win the trick and lead a second trump immediately. Declarer's problem therefore was how to make game without the aid of a Heart ruff in Dummy. He could see little danger, if any, of failing to win five Spades, two Clubs and two Diamonds, but he must lose one Diamond and if, in addition to that, he should lose three Hearts, his game would go glimmering. Dummy's Ace of Spades could not be used as an entry for the Diamonds (which might be established) because it would have to win the second round of Spades at the latest, and trumps then would be left in the adverse hands. The situation, however, offered the opportunity for a simple but pretty play.

Declarer won the first Spade trick in the Dummy so as to have the trump suit in shape to draw the adverse trumps when the time arrived to do so; then he led a small Diamond from Dummy. This play checkmated the adversaries. West of course won the Diamond and then was in an awkward position. If she continued the trumps, Declarer was doubtless in a position to exhaust East's trumps and then, by running the established Diamond suit, to obtain two discards. West already had won two tricks and could take one more Heart immediately, but that would be one trick short of saving game. She could not count on East's stopping the Diamonds, and she must assume that Declarer could exhaust East's trumps—although there was just a chance, West having but two, that East might have four headed by the Jack and that the Declarer was basing his campaign upon the hope that the East and West trumps were evenly divided.

West therefore cashed her good Heart before the Closed Hand could discard the two Hearts (that he almost certainly held) on Dummy's good Diamonds, and then led a Club, hoping that a Club might be made up thereby for East or that East might have a winning trump.

But of course North won the Club trick, the remaining tricks and the game.

The point of the hand lies in overcoming Dummy's inability to ruff and lack of an entry by the expedient of losing the first Diamond trick, so that the second and third rounds of the suit, which Dummy could win with the Ace and King, would establish it and at the same time leave Dummy in the lead to cash the remaining two long Diamonds.

⁂

***Next week's hand is given below. Play it before you read next week's description.***

*North*
S. 10-7
H. J-6-4
D. A-K-9-8-6-5
C. 9-3

*South*
S. A-Q-6-2
H. A-K-5
D. 7-4-3
C. A-K-Q

*East*
S. 9-5-3
H. Q-10-8
D. Q-J-10-2
C. 7-4-2

*West*
S. K-J-8-4
H. 9-7-3-2
D. None
C. J-10-8-6-5

---

# The Woman Hunters

*Continued from page 26*

"Come into the next room," I said to him.

Without further word he followed me. Calhoun looked at him coldly.

"I haven't been here tonight, understand? If you don't understand, you'll have time enough up the river to figure it all out."

"I don't want to be framed by anybody," said Harney. "I ain't seen you."

"Get back to your room," ordered Calhoun.

Without a word Harney left us. If I had needed an instance of the far-reaching power of Calhoun, here it was at hand.

"Very good as far as it goes, but how far will it go?" I asked.

"To the judge and jury if necessary," he replied. "There'll be witnesses to testify that it was self-defense. Anything else?"

"I can't think of anything more," I replied.

He rose, and for the first time I got a good look at him. I've said that he was thin almost to emaciation, but there was something more than mere gauntness of frame to account for that queer impression of physical disability about him. He was not as short as I had imagined, but it was his legs that gave him what height he had. The upper part of his body was too short, and his high, forward-leaning shoulders made me think of the conformation of a hunchback.

"I'll get out of here," he said.

The red haze through which I stared at him slowly dissipated. I saw him clearly now, and instead of a fearsome embodiment of evil, he became a grotesque old man, saved from senility only by the exercise of a terrific will. Then I wondered if this terrific will reflected his own inner strength or merely the weakness of those opposed to him. In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king, as the proverb has it, and I wondered if the credit we give to strong-willed persons is deserved by them. We are all so weak that what appears to be strength may merely be a lesser weakness.

As I looked at him I felt a surge of self-contempt that almost nauseated me. This man, who represented depths of life which I, despite my unconventional mode of existence, had never plumbed, dared dictate to me matters of life and death. I had given him a promise which I could not believe that I, Allen Gorham, had uttered. He had made me, by playing upon my fear, my love and my vanity, a thing as low as himself.

ALL that I had needed to do was reach out and take him by the throat and shake from him what information I needed.

And instead of doing this normal thing, I had permitted his abnormality to impress itself upon me and let him use me exactly as he would have used Runyon or any of the gangsters who did his bidding. I was pledged to commit murder at his behest.

It was all very well to say that Runyon was going to kill me if he could, or that I intended to protect a girl. But I had been all through that before, and, despite my sophistry, there could be no palliation for what I planned. And I planned it; if ever a man intended deliberate murder, I was that man.

And that is where Calhoun made his mistake. Calhoun was used to dealing with criminals: criminals in the back of whose minds always lurked the intention to deceive. The standard of the underworld is the double-cross, and Calhoun knew no other emblem.

I had half convinced him, earlier tonight, that I would do his will, urged thereto by self-interest. Then he had learned that I was of a somewhat different breed from Runyon. So now he did not believe my promise. The Calhouns, like practically all of us, are prone to the mistake that a bad man is bad and a good man is good, whereas there is no such thing as complete good or complete evil so far as humanity is concerned.

There was nothing in his manner, nothing in his expression, to give me warning. Except, perhaps, that he had been too abrupt in his handling of the situation. If I were the type to commit murder, then I would need all sorts of assurance and reassurance as to his attitude in the matter. Knowing that I would need these things, Calhoun did not proffer them. He merely made a statement that there would be witnesses to testify in my behalf—said that his influence would go to the judge and jury.

Now, men who kill, except in moments of passion, are not going to accept casual assurance. They want, quite naturally, to know every detail, the name and disposition of every witness, the line of approach and the line of retreat.

I DO not say that I analyzed Calhoun's failure to give me all the information and promises that I have just sketched. All I know is that something didn't ring true, exactly as something hadn't rung true with Anita tonight. I am quite certain that my conscious mind was not aware of this, but I do know that subconsciously I must have been suspicious.

Else how would I have been ready for his catlike move? Just as the perfectly trained boxer responds instinctively to the unexpected tactics of his opponent, so I responded, without any previous plan or foreknowledge, to Calhoun's move.

He passed by me on his way to the door. So quickly did his hand go to his pocket that I am not certain that I even saw it. I only know that I struck him and that as he fell his gun was in his hand. It was evidence after the fact rather than before it.

A tenth of a second later with my blow, and these reminiscences would never have been written. I saw it all now clearly enough. Where the lieutenant had failed the commander in chief would succeed. A butler with a criminal record as the only witness to his presence in my apartment, Calhoun had no fear of being named as my slayer.

And I knew that the Candace millions had nothing to do with this attempt. Anita Gorham was the sole cause. And, remembering how she had bewitched me, had torn my life to pieces, I could understand the unreasoning jealousy that had possessed Calhoun when he learned of her infidelity to him.

With what uncanny shrewdness he had planned it! First he had deliberately aroused my anger, in order that, rage quelled, I should be unsuspicious and therefore easily overcome. He had even called in my butler and threatened him.

But shrewdness and cunning are different from wisdom; wisdom would have informed Calhoun that his second and third acts must be as convincing as his first, whereas he had become slipshod at the finish.

I called to Harney, who came racing into the room. His gangster mind took in the situation instantly.

"The double cross, eh? What do we do with him?" he asked.

I bent over Calhoun. For a moment I feared, so frail he was, that I'd killed him, but he came to almost instantly. I pinned his wrists together with one hand and with the other stifled any possible scream.

"Get towels, napkins, anything," I ordered Harney.

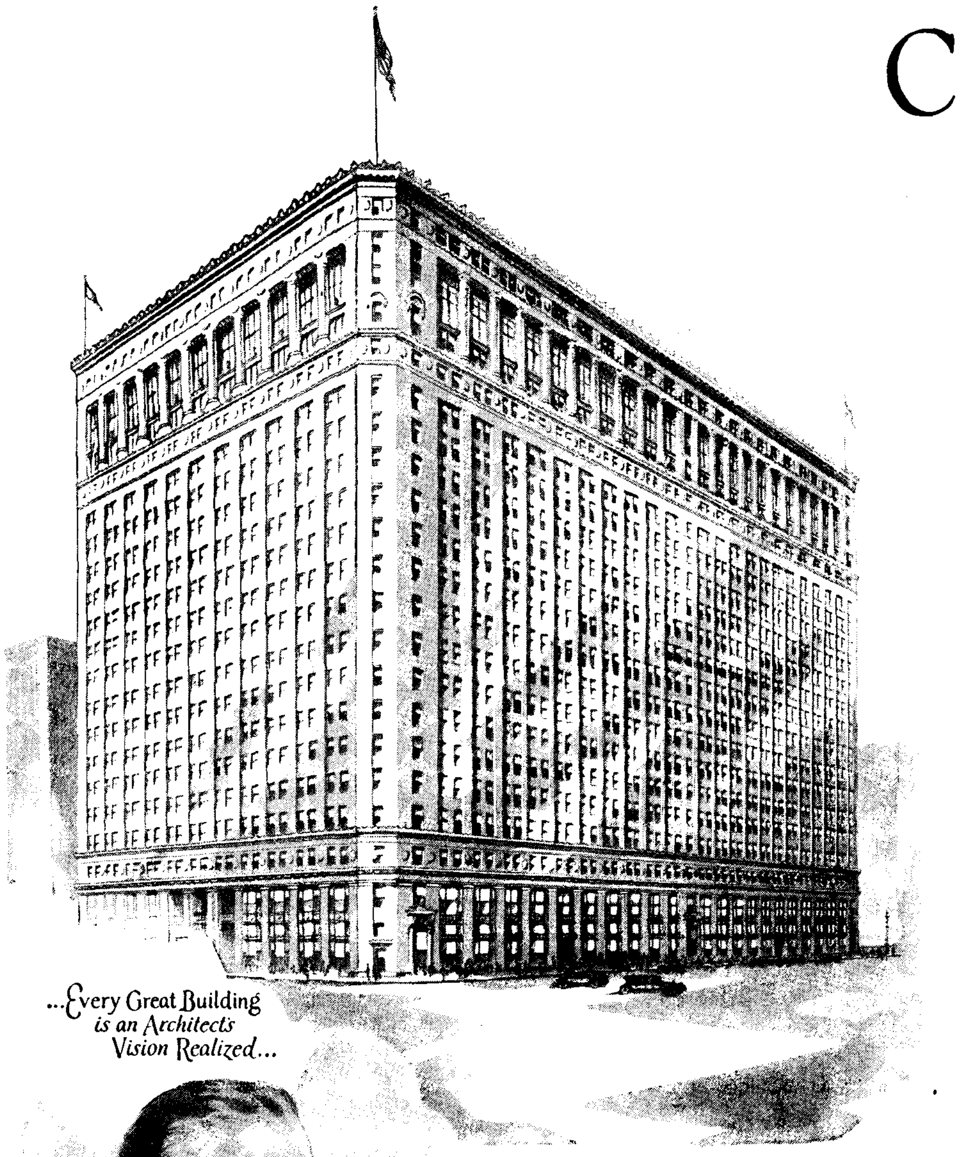
He did better than I advised, handing me the cord from my dressing gown. In a moment Calhoun's wrists were secured.

"You know what this means, Gorham?" he asked quietly, as I took my hand away from his mouth.

"I know what it would have meant if

(*Continued on page 40*)

# Chicago's Largest Office Building ... Russwin-ized



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(New section of Insurance Exchange
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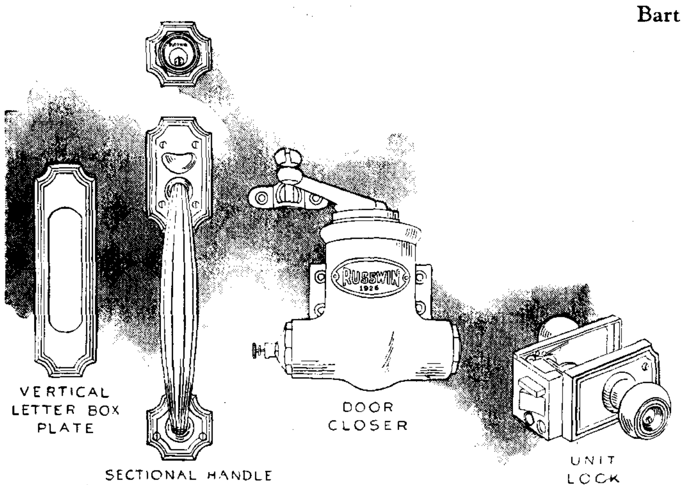

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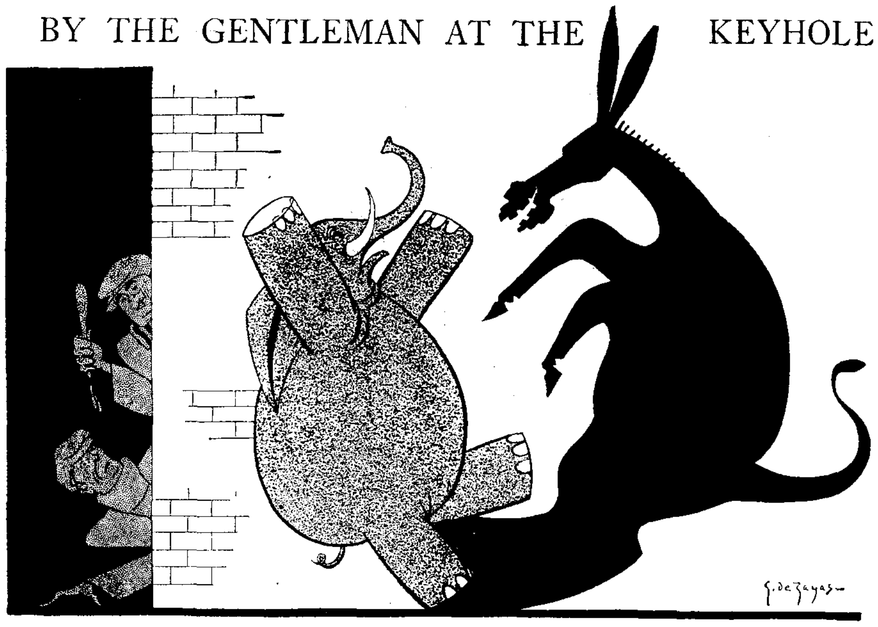


# The Perils of the City

THE Republican party is suffering from its two seven-million victories. I have alluded before to its danger of losing some of its agrarian element in the next election. No one can tell yet whether the corn-belt farmers are angry enough to punish the party which has failed repeatedly to give farm relief. The Democrats, with an Eastern urban candidate, will not hold out much inducement.

There is another convulsion in the party just as serious and perhaps even more dangerous. For the Democratic party, with Al Smith, will appeal strongly to the urban masses.

It is pretty generally conceded that if Governor Smith is nominated, the usually Republican cities of Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and Pittsburgh will likely go Democratic. Lesser cities will follow the example.

To put this situation most strikingly, take the list of the ten largest cities in the United States—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Pittsburgh. As national elections have gone recently, only two of these, New York and Boston, can be counted as normally Democratic. This year only two, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, can be counted upon as Republican.

Now, the Republicans may lose Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis and Pittsburgh without losing the states in which these cities are located. But a big overturn in Chicago and St. Louis and a disturbance in Philadelphia might make a Democratic victory in November possible.

This urban political restiveness springs from something more than the liking of the city people for a city candidate. The Republican city machines in the two of the first three cities in size in this country have been reaching out to control the states in which they are located.

## Two Bills and Scraps Aplenty

THE city machines in Philadelphia and Chicago have not any more in common with the big business elements that control the Republican party than have the corn-belt farmers with the same elements. The greatest bitterness prevails between the followers of Vare in Philadelphia and the manufacturers and bankers who dominate the Republican party of Pennsylvania. And Big Bill Thompson's crowd in Chicago hates the "respectable" element of Illinois as the north and south of Ireland hate each other.

The Republicans have a way of getting together at election time, so it won't do to base any predictions on this factionalism. Bill Vare may be bought off by the Mellon machine by promises to let him reach the Senate. And Big Bill Thompson may succeed in becoming master of Illinois, and so be vitally interested in the success of the Republican party next November. But a fight is on in both states of which no one can predict the outcome.

Big Bill Thompson is trying to do in Illinois what Bill Vare tried to do in Pennsylvania in 1926—reach out from his city stronghold to make himself master of his state. Illinois has a precious pair of perennial candidates, Len Small, several times governor, and Frank Smith, twice a candidate for the United States Senate, once elected, but fired out of Washington by the outraged virtue of the national Upper House.

Len Small was ordered by the courts of his state to pay back $1,000,000 diverted from the state treasury. Frank Smith, holding a quasi-judicial position, accepted a large campaign fund contributed from a source generally regarded as improper and spent it not wisely but too well in getting his second nomination to the Senate.

## The Sidewalks of Philadelphia

BOTH of them naturally need help to get another nomination, so they turned to Big Bill, who has a wad of votes in his control. A deal was made, and if Small and Smith are nominated Big Bill will be the boss of the state.

The Illinois voter's sense of smell is not acute, but dull as it is it catches the odor of this particular combination. It is unsafe to base any predictions upon the sense of political virtue in Illinois. Anything may happen. But whatever does happen, there will be lively factionalism in the next election.

Bill Vare tried to name the governor and to secure mastery of the state of Pennsylvania in 1926. The bankers and manufacturers raised two or three million dollars to keep Bill out of Harrisburg. They called him unfit even to be elected to the United States Senate. He was elected, but he never got his seat. And unless the Mellons and Grundys assure Bill that he will get that seat some time soon, one can't tell what his wet, working-people organization in Philadelphia will do, listening to the tune of the Sidewalks of New York next fall.

This, of course, is not a prediction that Al Smith will be elected if nominated. In spite of the situation as I have described it the odds are against the New York governor.

Even the biggest cities don't yet dominate politically the states in which they are situated. But there are incalculable factors in this election. On the other side, of course, is sectarian prejudice, perhaps more important than the one I have set forth, but more diffused and less easy to visualize.

---

# The Woman Hunters

*Continued from page 38*

I hadn't been quicker than you," I retorted.

"You'd better finish the job now," he advised, "because there's no place you can go, after this, so far that I won't be there right behind you."

"I'll not go far, Calhoun," I said. "In fact, this address is comfortable and well located. You'll always be able to find me here."

I turned to Harney.

"I'm going to leave him here with you. Of course, you'll do what you want after I've gone. Just the same, I'll tell you what I want you to do. If he makes a noise, gag him."

"You're coming back here?" asked Harney.

"If I'm alive, I'll be back," I promised him.

Harney stared at me. "You learned that I had a record tonight. You didn't push me out the door. And this guy here won't keep any word he gives to me. So, when you come back, you'll find him here and you'll find me too."

Somehow I believed Harney. Perhaps I believed him because I was compelled to trust him. Anyway, so far as I could see, it didn't matter much whether he released Calhoun or not. I might have telephoned Mack Morgan, but, strangely enough, I didn't know where Morgan lived. I only knew his office address. As I learned later, his home telephone number was in the directory, but I didn't look it up. He simply flitted through my mind as someone whose aid would have been invaluable at the moment. But I must take the chance that Harney would not betray me and that Sporelli and Runyon would not be warned in advance of my impending arrival. For I couldn't wait; for all I knew, the brief delay that had elapsed while I subdued Calhoun might have been filled with events tragic for Yvonne.

Oddly, I didn't doubt Calhoun's statement as to where I would find Runyon and the girl. Truth is ever inherently more convincing than falsehood. Unwise in the end though Calhoun had been, he had been careful enough to stick to the truth where falsehood didn't seem necessary to him.

Convinced that he would outwit me in the end, he had not lied when he said that Yvonne could be found at Sporelli's apartment. But even had I doubted his truthfulness in this particular, I realized that it would have been useless to attempt to wring the real truth from him.

I have said that he was no coward, and the glare in his eyes as he looked at me convinced me that medieval torturers would not have been able to force any confession or recantation from Calhoun. Men do not overcome the physical disadvantages that Calhoun had conquered without the aid of courage and will. Furthermore, not even for Vonny, I'm afraid, would I have been able cold-bloodedly to do the thing that would have been necessary to make him change his statement.

I WAITED no longer, but put on a hat and left my apartment. I supposed that a sleepy elevator boy was on duty even at this hour of the night, but the outcome of the evening was something that could not be foreseen, and the fewer the witnesses to my comings and goings the better it might be. So, on tiptoe, I ran down the stairs to the lobby. There, his head on the telephone switchboard, was the uniformed boy who apparently did double duty as telephone operator and elevator man at night. He didn't see me as I passed him, and a moment later I was in the street, looking east and west for a prowling taxi.

I saw none and started toward Fifth Avenue. From across the street came the muffled sound of cautiously hurrying feet. I stopped and turned. I might have known that Calhoun had not come alone. For that matter, where was his automobile?

I waited, hand in pocket, for Calhoun's adherent to reach me. And then, through the gloom of night, I discerned the features of Mack Morgan.

"Where're you going? Where's Calhoun?" He threw the questions at me.

"What on earth are you doing here?" I demanded.

His hard eyes twinkled. "Listen, pal, when you stepped in to box Calhoun you needed more than one second. I didn't want to tell you, because I never think it's good business to let your man enter the ring thinking too highly of the lad he's up against. But when we drove to Calhoun's house, one of the boys that occasionally works for me was right behind us. He followed us back to your place. He followed you when you and a lady went uptown, and he followed you back here again. A little after that a car stops at the corner of Sixth Avenue and a man gets out and walks down to your house. My friend recognized him and telephoned me that Calhoun had come to see you. So I danced into my clothes and raced down here. It looked like you weren't getting much sleep, so I thought I could do without any myself."

"Morgan, some day I'll try to even things with you," I told him.

"Where's Calhoun?"

I told him, and enlarged the telling with an explanation of my errand.

"Did the lady's visit to you have anything to do with Calhoun's coming?" he shrewdly asked.

I HAD avoided reference to Anita, and necessarily my explanation to Morgan had been garbled and incomplete.

"Let's not mind that," I replied.

"Fair enough," said Morgan, "and you think the Candace girl is really—"

"She's with Runyon, at Sporelli's apartment," I assured him. "Calhoun told the truth there. But this man Harney—maybe he'll be afraid of Calhoun—"

"We'll have to chance it, just like I took the chance that you'd get the better of Calhoun when I wanted to go up to your rooms and horn in. But I figured that if I was to help you, maybe it would be better if I didn't see Calhoun face to face, though Lord knows Runyon must have told him by now that you and I are just like that." He held up two fingers pressed together to illustrate his last words.

"No, you need me with you. Runyon and Sporelli together might be a tough pair. Are you going to kill Runyon?" he abruptly asked.

I laughed shortly. "Promises made under duress are not binding," I said. "At that, I think I'd have kept this promise if Calhoun hadn't double-crossed me."

"No, you wouldn't," said Morgan. "But what are you going to do?"

"Take the girl home," I tersely answered.

"And what if she doesn't want to come?"

"I'll make her," I said grimly.

A taxi passed, and Morgan hailed it. Four minutes later we alighted before Sporelli's apartment house. We entered, and Morgan showed a badge to the night watchman.

"It's abduction, kidnapping, whatever you want to call it," he told the man. "Let us in quietly, and there's nothing in the papers to advertise this building. Don't let us in, and I bring in harness bulls and newspaper men."

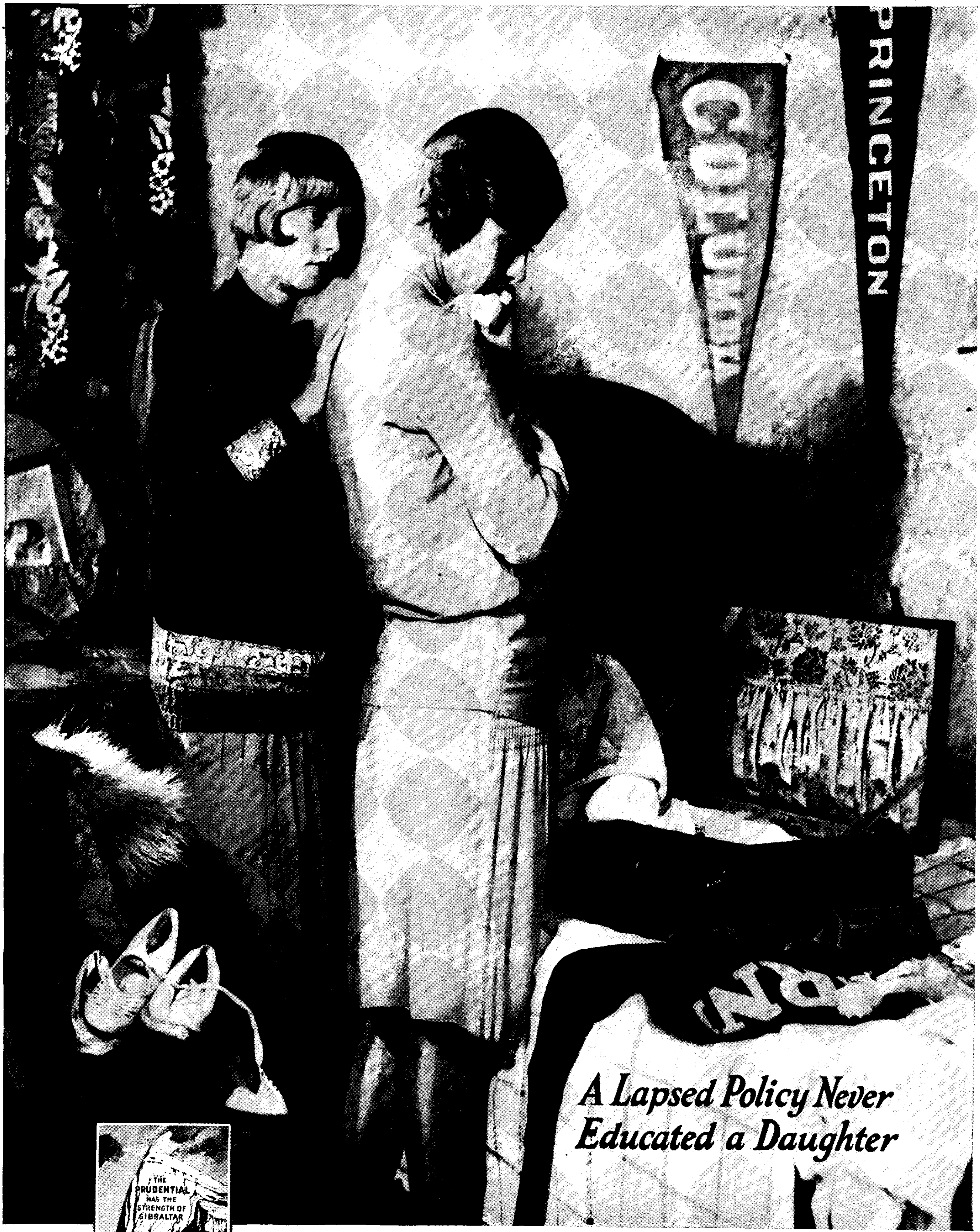
"You win in the first round," said the night watchman. "I've got a pass key. Come on."

We ascended in the elevator, opened the outer door of Sporelli's suite, and I stepped inside.

There was Runyon, but I hardly saw him. For there also, her cheeks tear-stained, was Yvonne. And the way she cried my name was proof enough that her father had told the truth about her regard for me.

Then before I could make reply Runyon confronted me.

(*To be continued next week*)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# Last Leg

*Continued from page 35*

soon as the main deck began to decant passengers, Carter spotted a heavy man laboring down the incline on a crutch. That was Eugene Sanborn. He was sure of the fat, florid face. Carter observed that he was supported on his left by a handsome woman of foreign appearance. That troubled him. He didn't know Sanborn was married. Then he smiled at his own innocence. Sanborn, by then abreast of Carter, grinned in response to the smile. His grin remained, although it perceptibly narrowed, as Carter followed him and the lady to the letter S.

The woman, guided by a steward, walked to the hut for an examiner. Sanborn made a quick check of four bags, a hat box and a steamer trunk, then in a grunting voice inquired of Carter:

"What's the idea of an official welcome?"

"Nasty weather," said Carter, and Sanborn saw something in the young man's steady gaze he didn't relish.

"You're new, aren't you?" he asked.

"Comparatively," Carter replied.

"Yes," snapped Sanborn, and he returned Carter's steady gaze with hard, yellowish eyes, "otherwise you'd know better than to bother me."

Carter waited for an examiner to give Sanborn's baggage the perusal required by law. He did not fail to detect glances of annoyance leveled at him by Sanborn's woman companion as she snapped exclamations of disgust at heavy hands dipping into her finery.

"Don't mark that baggage," Carter instructed the examiner. The lady squeaked a protest, but as Sanborn's clouded face turned toward him, Carter added: "I've got a car waiting. We'll take all this with us."

"What are you trying to do?" growled Sanborn. "Arrest us?"

"No," said Carter. "This is an official welcome."

"You're funny," the lame man retorted. "But before you're through with this you'll be demoted."

"We'll see," said Carter. His tone was confident, but doubts assailed him. Men had been demoted before for inconveniencing even notorious customs offenders who had political pull. But, looking grimly through the car window as it lurched into the dark ravine of lower Broadway, Carter's detective instinct told him that something was wrong. Donovan had authorized him to bring in Sanborn if he suspected anything fishy about the man. He did. The woman, for instance: Scotland Yard hadn't mentioned her. Carter watched her show of solicitude for Sanborn's comfort. At each jolt of the car she muttered what he guessed were soothing inquiries about Sanborn's disabled leg. Carter thought very hard and very fast, so that Sanborn's muttered objurgations were lost on him.

AS THEY entered Donovan's office at the Custom House, Donovan stood up like an aroused bear.

"Nice of you to show us this honor," said Sanborn sarcastically, the woman fluttering at his side. "What's next?"

The chief nodded at a matron who had entered on the party's heels. Sanborn's companion, under protest, found herself stolidly led into a side chamber. Trunk and bags were trundled in. Sanborn, pivoting his bulk on the crutch gripped beneath his left shoulder, tossed a bunch of keys to the floor, obliging Carter to pick them up. As Carter opened the baggage Sanborn hobbled to Donovan's desk, proffered the chief a cigar, which he refused, then flecked ashes from his own into a tray. Carter went through the bags deftly, quickly. He emptied the trunk, piling a woman's intimate things on the floor. He rapped sides and bottom of the trunk, listening intently as he did so. Without replacing the apparel, he stood up, facing Sanborn and his superior.

"Guess we'll have to search you now, Mr. Sanborn," he said.

Carter tried to keep his voice steady, but some faltering note brought an open sneer from Sanborn. Holding to his crutch, while vigorously protesting to Donovan, who stood glowering at the scene, Sanborn divested coat and vest.

Grimly in earnest, Carter helped him disrobe to his underwear. He did not make an impressive figure, clinging to the crutch, his bandaged leg lifted while he pivoted on the other for inspection.

"Let him dress," bade Donovan suddenly, as if disgusted. Carter, reddening at the implied rebuke, helped Sanborn back into his garments under a running fire of Sanborn's mockery.

"Well," he crowed, "now that this is over I think it's time to send for an attorney."

A sharp cry came from the side room.

"If that matron's rough, I'll kill her," said Sanborn through his teeth. He had limped to Donovan's desk and snatched up a telephone, and was barking a number at the operator when, sobbing loudly, his woman companion burst into the room. A matron was at her heels, carrying a dressing gown, which the lady's scanty attire demanded.

Sanborn wheeled, his crutch sliding to the floor. The woman rushed at Donovan, shrilly abusive. Sanborn dropped the telephone to the desk as Donovan blared helplessly at Carter:

"Great guns, what a mess!"

"Now, you fathead," roared Sanborn, "here's where you walk the plank."

Carter's gaze flashed with fire and ice. He took one step toward the woman gesticulating hysterically at his chief. He gripped her shoulders and turned her about.

"Go with the matron!" he commanded.

Sanborn split the air with an oath and hurled himself at Carter. His thick fingers were at the detective's throat, but Carter threw him off.

"Where's your crutch?" he asked.

THE coolness of the question staggered Sanborn. He stood panting, confused, while the sobbing woman became suddenly scared and silent and Donovan's heavy brows rose in surprise. Carter avoided Sanborn's swaying figure and plucked the crutch from the floor. With one swift crack he broke the sticks across his knees. A tiny pebble wrapped in cotton dropped to the floor. Quietly Carter proffered the broken crutch, hollow stem foremost, to Donovan. His chief rolled a small cataract of wrapped stones on the desk.

"Funny," he said as Carter peeled the pebble he had picked up and laid a glittering diamond beside its mates wrapped in cotton wool.

"Funny as a crutch," said Carter, smiling at Sanborn, "when a fake cripple forgets to use it getting in and *out* of a car."

## SHOP TALK

**2 $\frac{86}{100}$**

***Readers***

NOT long ago Collier's representatives (there are about 900 of them from coast to coast) spent a day calling on a few of our readers. They visited 9,321 homes and found that 26,702 persons in them read Collier's.

Of these, 13,970 were men and 12,732 were women, demonstrating, as you already know, that an interesting magazine is bound to be read by both.

A statistician will readily discover that the average is 2.86 readers in each home, if that means anything.

This situation undoubtedly gives rise to difficulties for which we cannot be held responsible. If one person keeps a copy too long, 1.86 others are champing at the bit. Or vice versa, if possible.

The obvious remedy would be to have 2.86 copies of Collier's in each home, but the obstacles in the way of this happy solution are equally apparent.

It seems that we can only recommend patience on all sides; or, if the crisis becomes acute, the purchase of an additional copy.—THE EDITOR.

# Innocents Aboard

*Continued from page 20*

"And he protects his father and mother." (Louder applause.)

Ruth paused.

"Gehrig," he proceeded, "is a darned nice fellow with a pleasant smile. And he protects his father and mother." (Applause.)

Somebody tugged Babe's coat, whispering: "You said that once."

"Lay off," barked Ruth, and the microphone caught it. "I'm making this speech. Lou Gehrig is a wonderful guy to room with. He doesn't snore, and he could sleep on a meat hook." (Applause.)

"And—he protects his mother and father."

Grasping one of several opportunities to become paternal, Ruth's manager talked finance one day: "You're doing well on this trip, Babe, why not sock a few thousand away in your trust fund?"

The Babe bit at a cigar and replied, "Shut up."

## Ten Years Ahead of Him

"IN a year or two you'll have $100,000 in that trust fund, Babe," he was told. "And that's a small estate. Lots of men who live in swell apartments on Riverside Drive and have cars and chauffeurs don't leave estates that large when they pass out."

"Don't give me a pain," drawled the Babe.

In the club car, later, the Babe's voice rang out like an organ note.

"A young guy like you," he declaimed, "should be saving his money."

"Yeh?" said Gehrig.

"Yeh," said Ruth. "You've got ten years ahead of you in the big league. Save your dough now. Start one of these trust funds and push away the jack you're making out of a racket like this. "Every dollar you sock away now will be one more laugh left when your home-run days are over."

And before five thousand people in Los Angeles he made a public speech on thrift, rattling off his own investments in bonds in a way that amazed a few bankers present. He also declared openly that if Gehrig wouldn't save money he'd have to take "a sock on the chin."

The Babe led Gehrig in avoiding all but the necessary lionizing, and ladies in waiting were completely out of luck. At Omaha a persistent female caught Ruth on the phone.

"This isn't Babe Ruth," he roared. "I'll get you his secretary."

Somebody answered and reported to Babe that the lady claimed personal friendship. Ruth answered once more. He appeared puzzled.

"This isn't Ruth," he roared again. "I'll get you his secretary."

Apparently the lady protested that the secretary had already been supplied.

"But this other one's his social secretary," Ruth came back, and he passed the telephone to Gehrig.

The lady probably has weird notions of what a social secretary to a baseball hero is and does.

"See, Lou," Ruth moralized on the incident. "You've got to be careful who you talk with and what you say. A guy sued me for damages in New York because he said I slapped him for crowding me as I came out of the baseball park. I don't even remember shaking hands with him.

"And another fellow threatened to sue me for damages because he was walking down a street when something flew out of the air and hit him on the head. Said I'd smacked a ball out of the park and beaned him. What hit him was an L rivet. You got to be careful about some of these birds."

But in a certain packing city this unwillingness to make contacts without witnesses almost caused a minor tragedy. A telephoned message was relayed like a double play, Walsh to Gehrig to Ruth—bawled over bedroom transoms.

"They've got a ham waiting for you, Babe," was the way Lou put it.

"I don't want to see any hams," shouted Ruth. "That always means a touch."

The caller persisted. So Ruth ducked. Later he learned that the ham was the gift of a packing company. Then he went out and got it. Ruth's name was studded in cloves on it. That ham went fast in snacks between meals.

The gross statistics of balls and bats autographed by Ruth and Gehrig would give the celebrated Mr. Tehee, whose name once adorned United States Treasury certificates, something to ponder. Even the Indians in their native fastnesses ventured to the limits of civilization for a glimpse of the ball maulers.

Ruth and Gehrig undertook to stoke and drive a passenger locomotive. Somebody pulled the wrong string and train riders sprawled in one another's laps. That journey brought them to where bronze figures waited at a dapper little station.

With a formal speech a grave Indian presented Ruth with a headdress of feathers and Gehrig with a smaller one. He christened the Bambino Chief Big Bat and Gehrig Chief Little Bat. Then they repaired to a neighboring country club, where the Indians desired to initiate Ruth into the ancient sport of archery.

If Gehrig can match Ruth home run for home run, he is helplessly outclassed by the Babe on the fairways. Once Ruth was giving his co-star a golf lesson.

"You've gotta flex your driving wrist," he lectured. "Take the swing easy, and let her rip."

"Rip?" said a precise English reporter. "Since when was 'rip' an intransitive verb?"

The Babe frowned as the gallery giggled. That night, while dictating thoughts to be packed into an article, the Babe was seized with an inspiration. He ordered dictionaries and sent one to each of his golf competitors with the word "rip" and its slang definition forcefully underlined.

In the interests of a peaceful partnership Lou Gehrig submitted gracefully to fathering by his senior star. Ruth vetoed Hollywood's invitations to both the stars to make big medicine with the movie great, but Lou played hooky, taxied to Hollywood, made a tremendous hit with the bathing beauties kissed by indoor suns, and posed for camera tests. That evening a movie director waxed enthusiastic:

"Gehrig," he bragged to the assembled company, including Ruth, "will be a wow in the movies. His dimples have more sex appeal than a vamp in kilts."

Ruth was silent, but next day he investigated movie possibilities in person.

"If a guy flops and the managers give him the razz," Ruth declared during one hour of soul-searching between him and Gehrig—"if everybody and everything goes back on a fellow, he can always be sure of his eats by getting a job as a waiter."

He demonstrated the practical value of this philosophy at a California house party of sixty-five.

## Ruth Has a Gentle Side Too

MISTAKEN for a factory hand in Milwaukee, he was ordered to tighten the knuckles of a feed pipe. Ruth did it.

"It was an education to travel around with the Big Bam," Gehrig reports. "Not a book education, I mean, but for a boy like me getting his first long-distance close-up of these United States it was an education in meeting people and seeing things.

"Ruth taught me how to act while on parade. Not everybody knows that he also taught me how to hit home runs. I used to smack the ball far and wide—to a fielder's mitt. The Babe showed me how to hook 'em at the end of the swing—the old golf trick of pulling the ball. Now, instead of outfield flies, my best hits are right-field lowers.

(*Continued on page 44*)

WALK-OVER SHOES

*Another smart Walk-Over, the Ardsleigh at $12—as advertised in Vanity Fair for March.*

*There are Custom, Standard, and Special Walk-Overs. Above is the Moreleigh (Special grade)—$8.50.*

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# Innocents Aboard

*Continued from page 43*

"We'd have been in jail more than once on that trip if Ruth didn't know how to be polite to traffic cops."

Among scores of items in this practical education for an up-and-coming young ball star was an evening in Chicago when Ruth had an engagement to appear at a dinner. He disappeared from the hotel late in the afternoon.

Gehrig found a street address scribbled on a pad. He rode out to the address—in the black belt on the mid-South Side. He located Ruth in a dingy bedroom of a Negro tenement telling a beaming little colored cripple just how the Yankees won the last world series.

No photographers were present, no press-agenting of that incident occurred. The Sultan of Swat is subject to impulses of that sort. A turbulent bounding and booming playboy, he has a gentler side to his character that is as genuine and whole-hearted as the earth-quaking swing he takes at every fast ball to the right inside.

Now, there are many cynical gentlemen who will tell you that Mr. W. O. McGeehan speaks with characteristic exactness when he refers to the baseball industry as the ivory trade. Also it is conceivable that what is known as "skull practice" in the major leagues can often be sheer waste of time. Ruth has long smarted under the imputations of light-worded sports writers that he is not as bright as he might be.

### They Have a Hold on Our Hearts

BUT when he and Gehrig landed at the New York Central after their record-breaking tour he spoke wisely:

"The first thing we do, Lou," said he, assaying their sunburnt complexions, "is go to the Yankee offices with this coat of tan and talk over contracts. The big-money boys listen to reason when players look fit."

When you see the armies of men, women and children that turn out to greet two ball players everywhere, you realize what a hold athletic heroes have on the hearts of the people. Christy Walsh has known Babe Ruth intimately for seven years—he has always been one of the Babe's true friends and unselfish advisers—and if there's any value in his saying it, he knows that no man before the public recognizes his responsibility as a popular idol more than Ruth. On a nerve-racking tour he went through from start to finish without making a mistake.

You can't work with Ruth as Walsh has done, year in, year out, day in and night out, without coming to love him. With his consent Walsh has tried to guard him against his own genial good nature. At a meeting of bankers in New York when he was settling his trust fund, it was pointed out to the Babe that with $70,000 invested he'd receive $3,600 a year.

"Yes," he objected, "but you'll have my seventy thousand." Which was his way of advising them all that he was a business man, aware of the fact that nobody was doing him any particular favor.

He has that abrupt way of making pointed answers. He filled out the usual form for Who's Who until it came to one question about his profession: "If they don't know, let them have their guess," he replied.

In the past two or three years those who know him best report that there has been marked change in Ruth. He's serious, and although he still has an inclination to spend freely the money he earns, ever since the "Call-a-Spade-a-Spade" dinner they gave him at the time he seemed to be in bad in 1924 he's avoided the race tracks.

Ruth will retire, when he does retire, with a substantial annuity for himself and a trust fund assured for his wife and daughter. As he puts it: "They'll never hold any benefits for the Babe." True, he's gone through a substantial fortune—but the Babe gives the eagle a second look before he spends a dollar nowadays.

Lou Gehrig enrolled as an insurance agent after the season and tried to grab the Babe as his first customer. The Babe fell for a large policy, but Lou had to wear out more shoe leather chasing him over golf courses than any insurance agent has worn out before or since.

### No Swelled Heads Here!

GEHRIG is Ruth's most ardent admirer, and he's learned much from Ruth's mistakes. He'll learn more before Ruth is through with his financing. The Babe saved exactly $70,000 in 1927—when he received a salary of $70,000 from the New York American League Club. He put away all the by-products and cut his living budget.

Lou Gehrig made more on a month's tour than the Yankees paid him for the entire season.

And when they bought new hats on Fifth Avenue the morning they came back Christy Walsh didn't observe any change in their band measurements.

Briefly, the box score of the fence busters reads: "One big hit, a successful run and no errors."

## *Answering Invitations*

THE simple rule for all invitations is: Reply in kind. That makes it tough when the bid comes over the phone, for your brain has to work fast if you want to slide out of accepting. The informal note: "Won't you and John come over for dinner?" should be answered informally. The very formal "Mrs. Blankenhorn requests" rates a high-hat: "Miss Zismer accepts with pleasure—" Or if she's been at one of those terrible Blankenhorn affairs before, Miss Zismer may "regret she is unable to accept."

❖ ❖ ❖

## *A Supper for the Drop-Ins*

NOW a chafing dish of something à la Newburg always clicks with the family of a Sunday night and fills in great when you're entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Drop-Ins. Eggs Newburg can be prepared the day before. At supper time start the chafing dish or electric grill, measure two cups cut-up hard-cooked eggs, two cups white sauce, heat thoroughly together, season well, add paprika and two tablespoons of sherry flavoring. Serve on hot toast with salad, coffee and a simple dessert.

**Other menus and recipes for Sunday night suppers? Send for our leaflet "Easy Guest-Suppers." Address Service Editor, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.**

# Nobody's Fool

*Continued from page 7*

"What?" old Henry roared. "Do you mean to tell me he left you without saying a word?" His pride was instantly hurt.

"He said good-by—and—the—usual nice things—nice people say to those who have—entertained them. But that's not what I'm crying about."

"The devil you say! Well, do you mind telling me what you *are* crying about?"

"It's the way you're treating him, Henry Ladley."

"I? Why, what a preposterous statement! Pray what have I done to the fellow?"

"He isn't a fellow—and you know it." Suddenly Jean's sorrow changed to belligerency. She sat up and faced the old schemer; she shook a threatening forefinger under his nose. "When Dean Keller came to say good-by I saw instantly that he was depressed and worried. In fact, it seemed to me he was secretly furious. So I asked him why he was going away so soon—you know his decision to go home tomorrow was very sudden. He replied that his reason for coming to Honolulu had been a business one—that he had failed dismally in his mission and that the result might prove very disastrous to him; hence he must go home immediately and formulate plans to escape the wolves."

"Did he say I was a wolf?"

"Oh, no. He didn't mention your name. But some time ago he told me, in a moment of confidence, that he hoped to renew his molasses contract with you and other substantial planters in Hawaii. I knew the future of his company depended upon a continuous supply of molasses. So I asked him if he had succeeded in renewing his contract, and he replied that he had not nor had he the slightest hope of renewing it save at a price that spelled ruin to his company."

"The idea!" Old Henry was scandalized. "Why, he acts like a spoiled child. Why should we planters sell him our molasses at a ruinous price? Just to please him? Not much! He'll buy at our price or he'll buy elsewhere."

"And if he is unable to buy elsewhere?"

"Why, in that event, my dear, I imagine he'll have to shut down his alcohol factory."

"In other words, he'll have to go out of business."

"WELL, other men and better men have had to do that. Good luck and bad luck go with the great game of business. Business is not founded on sentiment, Jean. It's where dog eats dog."

"I don't want Dean Keller eaten. You can prevent that, Father. You know you can."

"I am not my brother's keeper."

"You're your brother's leader. If you sell Dean Keller your molasses at a reasonable price, the other planters will do the same. They'll have to."

"I cannot discuss business with you, Jean." Old Henry's voice was very stern. "You know nothing of business. You would not understand what I was talking about."

"You might give me an intelligence test before crediting me with mental deficiency," his daughter flashed back at him. "Long before Dean Keller came here seeking a renewal of his contract you had begun the construction of additional molasses storage tanks. You planned to hold him up. Don't deny it. You know you did. You made him a price he could not accept, and you knew this when you made it. You're most unfair, Father. You and your friends have combined against him."

"Did he tell you this?"

"No. But he saw the new storage tanks at your factories, so he sent a man around through the islands to inspect the other factories. And they were all preparing for a siege, so from that he knew it was quite useless for him to remain here longer. He must seek his molasses supply elsewhere. What I want to know from you, Father Ladley, is this, can he get his molasses elsewhere?"

"I daresay—if he will agree to pay the price. Molasses has gone up."

"What do you purpose doing with your molasses now?"

"I'll store it until a new market develops."

"And if no new market develops?"

"Why, in that event, I imagine we fellows will have to build a factory on the mainland and go into the business of manufacturing alcohol in order to get rid of our stock of molasses."

"I see through your pretensions. You want to ruin Dean Keller so you can buy his plant at your own price. I know that's legal. I know it's business. I know it's done every day—a part of the dog-eat-dog principle of barter and trade. But I do not fancy my father as a dog-eat-dog person. I would much prefer him as a live-and-let-live person."

Old Henry hung his head and his wattles flamed crimson. "I have to play the game with my associates," he defended lamely.

"It's a cruel game you play. Father, I want you, for my sake, to refrain from waging war on Dean Keller."

"So that's how he plays the game of business, eh? Induces my own daughter to champion his weak cause. Just for that I'll break him if it's the last act of my life." She had furnished him with a valid excuse to be inexorable.

"He didn't do any such thing. He's too much of a gentleman, too fine a sport to do that. He didn't even complain to me about you. On the contrary, he seemed to understand the situation perfectly and to see nothing very extraordinary in it. As he remarked: 'In business one must protect oneself in the clinches and break-aways'—whatever that means. He was merely disappointed—and worried."

"This conversation isn't interesting to me," old Henry replied coldly. "It will cease."

"If you ruin Dean Keller, you will make it impossible for me to marry him. He will feel then that he has no right to ask me to be his wife."

"I DOUBT that. It would be a fine stroke of business for him to marry you. When I'm gone you'll be far from a pauper." He smiled at her diabolically. "So you expect to marry him if this deal doesn't ruin him, eh?"

"I think he'll ask me."

"And if we nasty bad planters ruin him?"

"He probably will not ask me. The man has some pride. He would refrain from recouping his fortune by marrying me."

"Are you in love with him, Jean?"

"Just enough to do the asking myself—if he doesn't! I know he loves me. Any woman who doesn't know when a man loves her enough to desire her in marriage is a fool—and I'm not a fool. I see no reason why a tradition—an ancient convention—that a woman must remain an old maid unless some man asks her to marry him should operate to make two people unhappy while at least one of them has the power of speech."

"Great Rolling Hoopsnakes! That's a fine sample of this here—er—new feminism. There spoke the rising generation. Why, in my day your mother would no more have thought—"

"Are you going to renew your contract with Dean Keller at a price where you can both make a reasonable profit?"

"I consider my own profits only. I cannot permit sentiment to sway my business activities."

"Then I'm answered."

"I suppose so."

Jean rose, went to her dressing table, bathed her eyes and powdered her nose. When she faced around on her father again she was smiling. Old Henry didn't like that smile. It was the sort of smile one sees on the faces of those who have recently emerged from mental chaos with a definite plan and the resolution to carry it through regardless of consequences. He leveled a monitory finger at her.

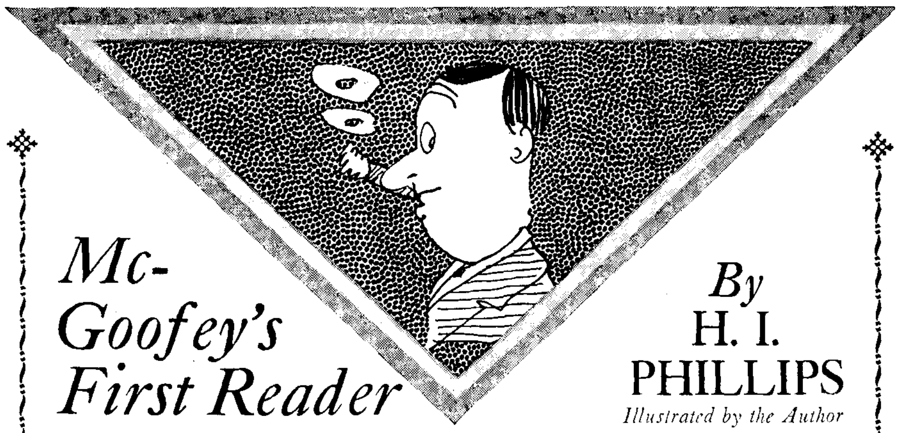
"I am the head of my house, and I'll not be trifled with, Jean. Marry young Keller if you wish, but don't think you can whip me that way. I'd just as lief wage war on an unwelcome son-in-law as upon anybody else. I tell you I will not have my legitimate business aspirations strangled by sentiment. That's like mixing two acids. The result may be a violent explosion."

"There are other commodities from which commercial alcohol can be extracted, and I'm going to help Dean Keller find them."

It was now old Henry's turn to smile. "A number of wise chemists and shrewd business men have searched for them—and found them. But their cost is prohibitive. Molasses is and always will be the derivative of 75 per cent of the world's supply of industrial alcohol."

"Papa's a pig," the girl declared

(*Continued on page 46*)



## *Mc-Goofey's First Reader*

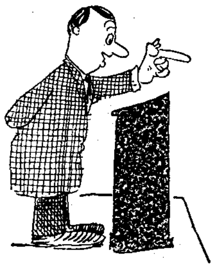
### By H. I. PHILLIPS

*Illustrated by the Author*

Who is this? *This is Addison.*

Addison who? *It doesn't make any difference.*

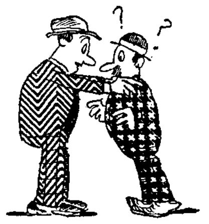
What is Addison's line? *Addison's line is big-heartedness. He wants to be called "Big-Hearted Addison."*



**Lesson 2** What is Addison doing here? *Addison is delivering a discourse on his favorite theme.*

What is his favorite theme? *The unimportance of money.*

*"Money is nothing," he is proclaiming. "Don't let it worry you. Show me a man who is unduly concerned over money, and I will show you a fool!" Addison just loves to go on like that.*

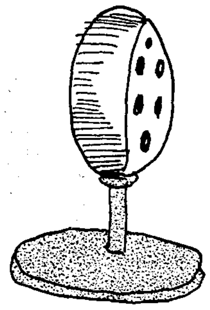


**Lesson 3** What have we here? *We have Addison arguing with a fellow citizen.*

What about? *About the materialistic age and the craving of youth for wealth and affluence. The curse of modern civilization, he is yawping, is the worship of Mammon.*

Is the fellow citizen interested? *No, but it's hard to get away from Addison once he gets your ear and begins erupting.*

Why doesn't the citizen take it on the run? *That's what we can't understand.*



**Lesson 4** What is this? *This is a microphone.*

Is Addison going to use the microphone? *Yes, he is going to make a ten-minute radio address on "Your Dollar and Mine." In it he will emphasize the importance of spending rather than hoarding. Money, he will shout, must be kept in circulation.*

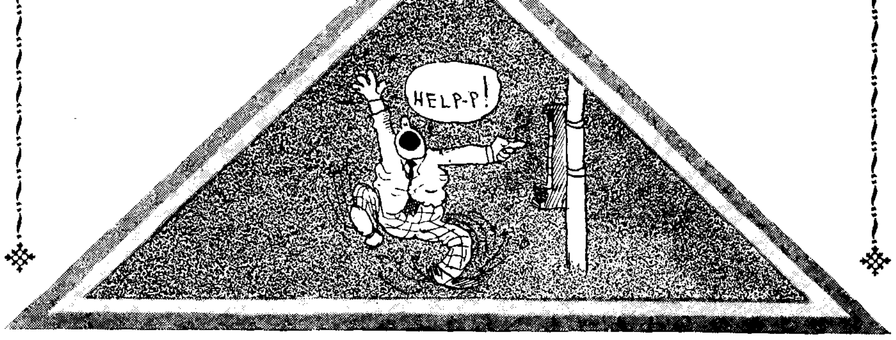
*"Don't be a tightwad," he will urge. "Give until it hurts! Above all, don't let money be your master. Don't let it dominate you. Don't let it upset you. If you lose $50 this week, smile and say, 'I will make $150 next week!'"*

**Lesson 5**

What's going on here? *Addison is having a severe attack of galloping hysteria, pernicious indignation, acute panicitis and extreme excitability. He is creating what you would call one terrible scene.*

What's happened? *He has just put a penny in a chewing-gum machine without getting any gum.*

What else happened? *He didn't* GET HIS PENNY BACK!



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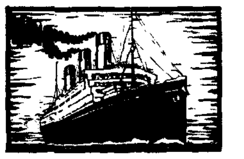

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# Nobody's Fool

*Continued from page 45*

to her reflection in the mirror, and flounced out of the room. The old man glared after her. "That fellow's swept her off her feet," he mused. "Well, *he'll* not return to Honolulu for quite a while. He'll be much too busy. And time will cure anything. It has often gotten me out of worse jackpots than this one."

IT TOOK Dean Keller just two months to realize that his enemies had him entirely surrounded, for when he sought to contract for molasses in other markets there was none to be had. Existing contracts provided for the entire output. Nowhere in the Northern Hemisphere could he purchase molasses at a price not wholly ruinous, and to turn toward Java, Madura or other foreign sources of supply was not to be considered.

He made a tour of all Pacific Coast plants for manufacturing commercial alcohol and found their owners in a state of despair similar to his own. So he returned to his office to await another visit from the agent of the molasses manufacturers with a proposition to buy his plant. Meanwhile he continued to operate on the supply of molasses he had on hand—a supply sufficient to last him one month longer.

He had no illusions as to his fate, and with characteristic stoicism he set himself to meet it. He decided this war had to go to a finish, and when the finish came Dean Keller was going to be carried out of the ring.

In the midst of his unhappy cogitations his secretary one day laid a cablegram on his desk. It was from Jean Ladley and read:

"Notice press reports California Raisin Growers' Association in bad way account heavy carryover last year's stock and bumper crop raisin grapes this year stop Market on raisins gone to pieces and growers stand to make heavy loss if not bankruptcy stop Can you make industrial alcohol from raisins stop If so here is your chance to close contract with raisin growers at low price and make Dad and his fellow pirates sick at stomach stop At any rate do investigate and report back stop I shall be delighted to ascertain result of tip."

Ten minutes after reading that cablegram Dean Keller had the president of the California Raisin Growers' Association on the long-distance phone and was trading for a carload of raisins. Just one carload—for experimentation.

His carload of raisins was delivered to him by fast freight next day. Within a week he knew that while the supply of raisins at that price lasted he could continue to operate his factory at a nice profit. Promptly he closed a contract for a three years' supply for his factory and built a new warehouse to store his raisins in.

For a number of years the California Raisin Growers' Association had been floundering in the market, endeavoring to stabilize price by coöperative marketing, only to find that the best endeavors of their management were frustrated by the lack of a foreign market and overproduction in a local market not yet educated to the beneficial effect of a more pronounced raisin diet.

As a result the association had got into financial difficulties and was forced to sell at a price hitherto unheard of in the raisin industry. With hundreds of thousands of tons of raisins stored in warehouses throughout the San Joaquin Valley and but a tithe of the stocks moving to the regular markets, Dean Keller saw his golden opportunity and, in the language of the classic, smothered it. With his bank backing him liberally he did a daring thing. He formed a merger of all the Pacific Coast alcohol factories, with himself as president, holding 51 per cent of the stock; by thus widening the raisin market he was enabled to contract for larger quantities and, consequently, at cheaper rates and more favorable terms.

"Safe for three years," he exulted. "Time enough. Within six months old Henry Ladley and his fellow smart Alecks will be drowning in their own molasses. Well, when next I trade with those humble and contrite hearts I will not spend good American money on a trip to Honolulu to close the contract. No, indeed. They'll come to me, and when they do I'll have a concrete platform in front of my desk where they can kneel and pray to be relieved of the incubus."

The day he completed his merger and closed his raisin contract he cabled Jean Ladley:

"Thanks stop It works stop Am leaving for Honolulu on Maui, sailing third instant to consummate some unfinished business stop Please meet me at the dock stop Love."

When Jean Ladley received that cablegram she called in dressmakers, and during the ensuing week was extraordinarily busy at an extraordinary number of things, and when Dean Keller arrived she met him at the dock with her car.

## Great Grief

The first part of a humorous and romantic novel

By
Charles
Brackett

*In next week's COLLIER'S*

DOWN the gangplank he came, his face wreathed in a beatific smile. He took her proffered hand and without a word of greeting led her off beyond the fringe of the crowd waiting to greet the new arrivals.

"Jean," he said solemnly, "the way we business men are forced to waste valuable time is a scandal. This steamer upon which I have arrived sails again for San Francisco in three days, and I am returning on her. I came to Honolulu to put over one single, solitary little deal that's going to require less than five seconds of my time, yet I have to waste seven days coming here, three days here and seven days returning. Isn't it a scandal, my dear?"

Jean Ladley looked up at him bravely. "State your business," she commanded. "I have a little deal of my own to put over, and like you I dislike a wanton waste of time."

"What a wonderful wife you'll make for a tired business man! Jean, I love you. I wanted to tell you that before I left Honolulu the last time, but in view of the benevolent intentions of your terrible parent it occurred to me it would be no compliment to you to ask you to marry a potential pauper. Thanks to your tip, I am not. Will you be my wife, Jean?"

"With pleasure," she answered. "My wedding dress is made, and the wedding invitations are all addressed and ready to mail. You see, I knew you were a busy man, and I thought I'd conserve your time—"

"You blessed darling," he interrupted—and kissed her, just as old Henry Ladley, who had never, except during illness, failed to greet a newly arrived steamer, came pressing through the crowd. "My dear Keller," he began unctuously, extending his hand, "I had no idea you were arriving. Welcome, my boy, welcome. And I was not aware," he added more soberly, "that you and my daughter—"

"We're going to be married the day after tomorrow and leave on this steamer for San Francisco the day following," Jean spoke up.

"Oh, so that's the reason for this visit, eh? I wondered if you hadn't come, Keller, to take up the matter of that molasses contract."

"No, indeed, you pirate! You and your friends can keep your molasses. I don't want it at any price."

He drew a 25-cent package of seedless raisins from his pocket and pressed it into old Henry's hand. "Here, take these and run along and eat them and be quiet," he urged.

"I fail to see," old Henry began angrily, "what raisins have to do with your marriage to my daughter. It is the custom among gentlemen to show the father of the bride the courtesy of—of—"

"TISH! Tush! You're going to be invited to the wedding. What more do you want, man? As for that package of raisins, it's, well, significant. Do you know the translation of the Latin phrase: In hoc signo vinces?"

"No."

"It means: By this sign thou shalt conquer. I'm making my industrial alcohol from raisins, and that's why I don't want your confounded accumulation of molasses. I've secured control of every alcohol plant on the Pacific Coast, and your well-laid plan has all gone agley. You're without a market!" Dean Keller raised his arm and swept it downward; he kept repeating this motion the while he chanted: "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten—and out."

"All right," Old Henry replied savagely, "I'm licked. But only temporarily. I know the raisin market went to glory this year, and because of that you have saved you skin. But how about next year? And the year thereafter? The California Raisin Growers' Association is under new management. They're going to reorganize, spend a million dollars in foreign advertising, popularize California raisins, create new markets and dispose of their stocks profitably hereafter. Then where will you be?"

"I'm safe for three years. After that—who knows? The ravens fed Elijah, didn't they? But the grocers of the world cannot absorb your accumulated molasses, and old age won't help it any!"

Old Henry turned to his daughter. "Well, Jean, you appear to have picked a live one for a husband. I hope you'll be happy with him. Are you quite certain you want to marry your father's—er—opponent?"

"I never permit sentiment to interfere with business, Father. Dean and I are certainly going to form a merger. Seems as if that habit runs in the Ladley blood."

Old Henry turned sadly away. "Make it a fine wedding," he tossed back over his shoulder. "I'll foot the bills—and present the new merger with a wedding gift that ought to be appreciated."

He was as good as his word. Under his plate the groom found a five-year contract for molasses at the old contract price and appended to it a note in old Henry's crabbed handwriting:

"Please enlarge your plants immediately. If you need any financing, call in your father-in-law. We've simply got to get rid of our infernal molasses, and I never did like raisins."

# Bill Cobb, Fairy Godmother

Continued from page 32

"They!" Bill snorted. "Aren't you invited too?"

A flush spread over her cheeks again. "You see, I go to night school five nights a week, and the other nights I'm too tired to play. I wasn't through high school when my people died. I'm finishing this year."

"You poor kid!" Bill exclaimed.

Silence for several blocks.

"Look here," he blurted finally; "you got to eat, anyhow, before you go to school. I've got to eat too. Say we eat together. We'll find a nice handy place maybe where we can dance a little. You do dance, don't you?"

"A little," she admitted. "I dance with the girls to the phonograph in the flat once in a while evenings when they're home. But I couldn't tonight. I'm not dressed right."

"You'd have time to drop up home and dress," he blundered on. "And that night school doesn't last all night. There'll be plenty of time for supper and dance afterward. I'll call around to the school for you."

"Oh, thanks! I'd love to," and there was no doubt of the sincerity of her tones. "But I haven't any—I haven't any time to dress."

AND Bill knew suddenly that she started to say she hadn't any other clothes. Of course she hadn't. A girl who had any better clothes wouldn't be wearing duds like these to work and to school. And she never went anywhere else. Several more blocks of silence. Then, following up the niece idea, he had another thought:

"Well, I'm sorry you haven't got more time. To tell the truth, I'm in a sort of a pickle and thought maybe you could do me a big favor."

Bill was letting go of truth altogether now, and had to stop and think out each bit.

"You see, it's this way: I had a sort of rush of heart to the head today and kind of spread myself getting that niece of mine a present. Bought her an evening dress, one of these filmy lacy dofunnies. Now, I don't know any more about women's duds than a rabbit. I just sort of described my niece to the saleswoman and asked her to pick out something appropriate. Well, she clapped something on one of her walkin' clothes dummies and I took it. Trouble was that model girl didn't look any more like my niece than a giraffe. But the minute I laid eyes on you I said to myself, 'Now, if I could see that rig on that girl I'd know whether it's right or not.'

"Now, tell ye what I'd like to do: My sister's apartment's right through here on the drive. It's only six o'clock now. Suppose I stop and throw that dress in a suit case, and drive you up to your place, and wait outside while you slip into it and come down and let me see how it looks on a real girl. What say? It wouldn't take long, and you'd be doing me a great favor."

She stared at him doubtfully for a moment before she spoke.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said finally. "It would take too long. Your niece wouldn't like it. I—oh, I'd like to—love to, but—what does the dress look like?"

Bill laughed.

"You'll see. That's all settled," he told her and gave a direction to the driver.

Up in his sister's apartment Bill took a simple semi-evening gown from the variegated supply. Into the suit case with it he put a fairly complete outfit for lady's evening wear, from slippers to ermine-trimmed wrap, not forgetting a vanity case.

Miss Foster lived in a cross street a little farther up. On the way to her flat she spoke only once and in a voice of suppressed excitement.

"What a crazy thing to do! Don't you dare tell your niece!"

"You bet I won't tell her. It's mighty fine of you to be willing to help me out!" Bill assured her.

Bill parked in the taxi in front of her modest apartment and smoked half a pack of cigarettes while he waited.

"In too much of a hurry to dress, was she?" he chuckled at the end of the first half hour. "Any woman who takes less than an hour to put on a party dress ain't normal!"

Miss Foster proved nearly normal, for it lacked only ten minutes of Bill's minimum time limit when a slender vision came down the apartment steps. If Bill hadn't recognized his sister's cloak, he wouldn't have known her.

He stumbled out of the cab and confronted her awe-struck. The fine hair was loose and wavy now, its silky glossiness shimmering under the street light. He couldn't tell whether excitement or the contents of his sister's vanity case had the more to do with the delicate coloring of cheeks and lips. But of the dancing eyes there could be no question.

"Oh, it's just too peachy for words!" she exclaimed, patting the cloak lovingly, and then starting to throw it back and display the gown.

Then Bill came to.

"No, no! Not out here, child. You'll catch your death o' cold!" he exclaimed, propelling her into the taxi before she could protest.

"But—where are we going?" she demanded as the taxi whirled away, following directions privately given the driver while the girl was dressing.

"Just around the corner for a bite to eat while I give you the once-over."

"But I haven't time! I'll be late for school!"

"Nonsense! You've got to eat! They can't kill you if you are late once!"

She started to object, then suddenly settled back with dubious resignation. But presently a faint smile erased the worried scowl, and then for several blocks it was young Mrs. DeLancey Sturtevant riding beside her gallant young husband. The former part of the illusion was easy to hold now, but she found it necessary to keep her eyes off Bill. She rode in rapt silence staring straight ahead into dreamland.

Long blissful minutes passed before she became conscious of a lapse of time.

"Why! Where are we going?" she demanded. "You said just around the corner. This is Seventy-second Street! Why, what time is it?"

"Now, looka here, little girl!" Bill reasoned in his most fatherly manner. "You just sit tight and listen to your Uncle Bill. Suppose you are late to class just once. As I said, they can't kill you. You can go to night school every other night in your life. But tonight's tonight. Life's short an' you're goin' to be dead so long you'll be surprised!"

THE girl settled back again and laughed a gay little gurgle of sudden abandon.

"Mr. Cobb," she told him, "you certainly do make it awfully easy for a girl to go crazy! I guess I am crazy! I'm imagining I'm Cinderella and you're the fairy godmother!"

She broke into another ripple of mirth at the grotesque conceit. Bill carried the bass of it.

"Some godmother, I'll tell the world!" he roared.

They stopped before a garish and glowing entrance in the Forties. It was a remote and decadent cousin of a Middle English cloister doing incongruous duty as a Gotham café.

Young Mrs. Sturtevant sank gracefully into a gilded chair. The Avon murmured dreamily outside the leaded window. She was a little uncertain whether the Avon murmured audibly through Stratford, but the electric ventilator assured her it did.

But, seen even in the rosy dimness of the table candle, the plump, elderly person who dropped into the chair opposite her was not her young husband. No, this was Sir William Sturtevant, a local country squire, of the English

(Continued on page 48)

Advice to wives

whose husbands don't save money

By a wife

MY HUSBAND and I used to be careless with money. Fred made a good salary but we spent practically every dollar of it.

Then something happened that opened our eyes. Fred was taken sick and confined to bed for five weeks. By the time he was able to go back to work we were penniless—worse than that, we had been obliged to borrow money to live.

After that I began to worry about money. What would happen to us if Fred were sick for *several months?* What would happen if he were incapacitated in some way and unable to go on with his work?

*How to end money worries*

One day a little book called "How to Get the Things You Want" fell into my hands. It was one of the most valuable, interesting and unusual books I ever read. The book made me think of Fred and the hopes I had for him. Here's what it said:

*You're interested in having the best possible time while you live—with the least worry and grind and discomfort.*

*You don't want to pay rent all your life—you hope to own your own home some day. And you don't get any thrill out of the idea of appearing at an office or a mill or a store at the same old hour every morning until you die.*

*You want to quit work sometime. And when you do quit, you want to feel that you're* justified *in quitting—that you've earned it.*

Then the book told how Fred and I and the children could be sure of a steady income even if Fred became totally disabled and unable to go to work again. It told how we could provide money to pay the children's way through college—money to leave our home free of debt. It told how we could provide an income to live on when Fred decided to retire from business. Best of all, it explained how we could do these things on the moderate salary Fred was making.

I showed the book to Fred. He was interested. We decided to follow the plan outlined. In a short time we had taken steps to provide for every single one of the things we wanted. Soon we found ourselves on the road toward a life free of money worries.

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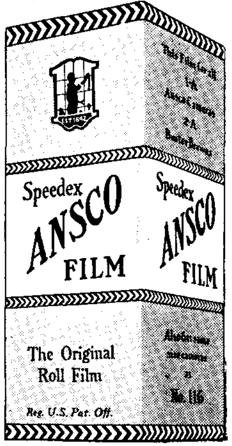

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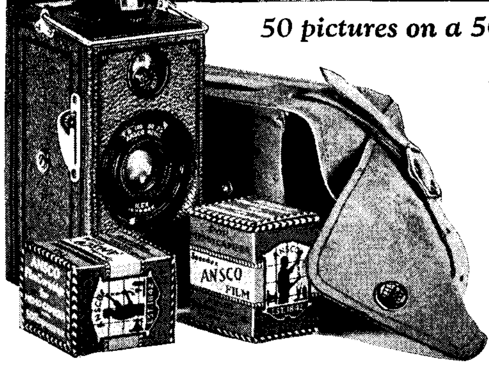

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# Bill Cobb, Fairy Godmother

*Continued from page 47*

branch of her husband's family. Her husband was motoring up from London and would join them later.

"Little slow yet. Get lively in a half an hour or so. You'll like it," Sir William assured her briskly.

"Hungry?" he added.

"Oh—not very," she told him politely.

But Bill had seen hungry eyes before.

"Pretty hungry myself," he declared with gusto. "I'm used to their bill o' fare. Unless you see something there you got a special hankerin' for, what say you let me order a guaranteed surefire dinner?"

"That would be lovely," she agreed. And it proved to be so. Bill decided he was getting his money's worth when he watched her eat.

"Bet she hasn't had a square meal before since Hector was a pup," he thought.

Little was said until June daintily consumed her last spoonful of biscuit tortoni and with a contented sigh leaned back and looked around her once more.

BUT during her preoccupation, certain not altogether subtle changes had taken place in the quaint medieval inn. The quiet English gentry and their ladies had faded out of the picture.

At the left of them had just been seated a couple more typical of the Stratford Inn's regular clientele—a ruddy baldhead opposite a peroxide bob. Not exactly December and May—rather Indian summer and a July drought.

Fragments of their conversation drifted to Bill's table, punctuated by the peroxide one's shrill cackle.

"Baby doll"—"Nothing too good"—"Oh, you kidder"—"Go to hell for you any day!"

It was familiar stuff to Bill, but suddenly jarred on his nerves as he caught the look in his table companion's face.

Bill hastily tried conversation. It limped badly. He found himself choosing words and subjects carefully, and the supply of both seemed low for Bill. Their table was becoming conspicuous for its quiet in the growing hum of conviviality.

At several other tables the tide of alcoholic frivolity was rising rapidly, accompanied by open petting openly arrived at. Bill's misgivings grew.

The music struck up again.

"Want to dance?" he asked by way of diversion.

"If you want to risk my bungling!" She was up, all sparkle again, though a little hesitant.

Bill's dancing was regular by Stratford Inn standards. You hold your partner in a good, secure clutch and stick to her closer than a brother. Then you amble.

But his technique failed him now. June Foster shrank back as his grip tightened, and Bill saw the point. He revised his system on the spot, holding her as though she were some piece of rare pottery. The shift utterly demoralized him. June, in her inexperience, was not helpful. Once around they fumbled, and Bill was whipped.

"Guess I'm out of practice," he grunted and towed her unceremoniously back to the table.

Then the cabaret came to the rescue, or at least Bill fatuously believed so.

"You'll like this," he told her as the spotlight went on.

For the first few minutes June watched entranced. Then, unfortunately, a song-and-dance artist came on and introduced a song notable only for its frankness. At first she looked round a little puzzled at the bursts of laughter about her. Bill instinctively kept his face straight and studied hers anxiously. A slow flush flooded her cheeks. She looked down at her demi-tasse, toying with the handle.

"I must be getting home," she said after a moment. "I shouldn't have stayed so late."

"All right," Bill agreed miserably, summoning the waiter. "Say," he added, leaning over her anxiously, and again trifling with the truth, "I'm sorry about this. Wasn't raw like this when I've been here before."

"That's all right," she assured him sweetly. "I've had a lovely time."

In the taxi they rode in uncomfortable silence for some blocks. But Bill was struggling with an idea. He'd set out to give this kid the time of her life. He'd made a mess of it so far. But somehow he was going to put it over yet.

"Turn left here," he suddenly ordered the driver, then met her glance of inquiry.

"I just wanted to drop in a minute at the Pompadour, if you don't mind. Friend of mine may be there, and I want to see him a second. Besides, I want you to look the place over. It's a night club where the swells go, not a bit like where we were—no roughnecks admitted."

June showed signs of reviving interest and permitted herself to be piloted through a discreet entrance into a luxurious foyer furnished in quiet taste.

"Friends of Mr. Orrin Park," he whispered to the doorman. "Expecting to meet him."

The statement was accompanied by a sizable bill. Inside he left June on a divan dreaming again. Seeking out the head waiter, he transferred another and even larger bit of currency. This place ordinarily admitted only gentlemen in evening clothes.

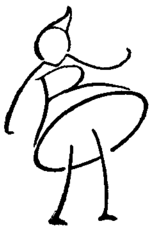
"Expecting Mr. Orrin Park to meet the young lady," he explained. "He'll be dressed right. I'm just sort of sitting on the side lines, not dancing or anything. Keep my overcoat on if that'll help. So just pick us a nice table next the dance floor like a good fellow."

THE head waiter decided to be a good fellow, and Bill went to a phone booth and called the Park home. Yes, Mr. Orrin had just come in and in a moment was on the wire listening to Bill's fairy story.

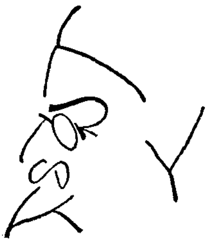
"Listen, Orrie, this is Bill Cobb. Say, we can do each other a great favor. I'm in a kind of mess. When I went up to the flat tonight, found a note saying the daughter of an old friend of my sister's was in town staying with some cousins of hers. Nothing to do but I must call around.

"Well, I felt kind of sorry for the kid. She's just out of school and a high-

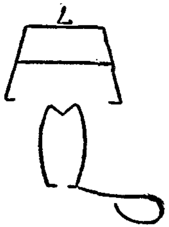
## NAMEOGRAPHS



*"March," by J. R. Chapman, 363 Loomis Ave., S. E., Atlanta, Ga.*



*"Trotsky," by W. H. Martin, Route G, Box 1, San Antonio, Tex.*



*"Lamp," by Lawrence Higgins, 4107 Belleplaine Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

toned young lady, a real lady, I mean. You know I'm kind of an old roughneck, ain't used to the dainty kind. I been givin' her a feed so far. She has her heart set on supper here at the Pompadour. Well, I ain't got any soup-and-fish clothes on, an' they won't let me perform on the floor. I kinda bribed my way into a table. I know you're all dressed for the part and wouldn't mind droppin' over for half an hour. She's a pippin, just your kind. You'll have the time of your life. So come running. And, listen, she's sensitive, so I won't tell her you're comin'. I'll hold a place at the table and say nothing. You drop in as though it just happened. See?"

Bill stopped for breath.

"You old coot!" Park exclaimed. "What kind of a game is this? All right, I'll come and give your table the once-over. But if you're putting anything over on me I'll leave you flat and break your old bald head tomorrow."

Bill returned to June, gloating.

"We'll just kind of drop into a table for a few moments and wait, if you don't mind. I think he'll be along."

June permitted herself to be led to Bill's table. Bill sat opposite her, nervously waiting and with little to say. It wasn't necessary. Young Mrs. Sturtevant was quite absorbed in a study of her surroundings.

Then suddenly her face went blank. She shrank back into herself. Bill looked around. Young Orrin Park was approaching their table.

"Why, if there isn't Orrie Park!" Bill exclaimed, motioning to him and turning to the girl. "Keep cool, little lady. He won't recognize you. You're visiting in New York with cousins, see? You're daughter of an old friend of my sister's, see?"

And Mr. Park arrived.

"Why, hello, Bill Cobb!" he exclaimed heartily, his eyes frankly on the girl. And Bill knew he had not only come but had seen and was conquered. There was nothing half-hearted about his acceptance of the invitation to join them.

THERE was no time for preliminary awkwardness. The music struck up, and Park asked June to dance. She hesitated only an instant. She knew somehow that she would make out all right this time. Indeed, Mrs. Sturtevant had a feeling that the evening was complete now that her aristocratic young husband had arrived at last from London.

Bill let slip a sigh of immense relief and strolled out into the foyer, watching them discreetly from behind a pillar until long after they returned to their table. When he joined them again they hardly noticed it. For the rest of the evening Bill absented himself largely between dances.

"Old friend of mine out in the lobby," he explained thinly.

It was one o'clock when he started back from one of these absences and met the girl hurrying toward him, deep anxiety on her face. Orrin Park was a full rod behind looking a little perplexed.

"I must go," she whispered to Bill. "My cousins may be home any minute. Mr. Park wants to take me home. He mustn't. Don't tell him where I live."

"Couldn't you trust me to see the young lady home, Bill?" he asked.

"Couldn't think of it," Bill boomed.

"At least you might let me call tomorrow evening," the disconsolate youth urged the girl.

"Sorry, but I can't," but there was wistfulness in her voice. "I'll be gone then," she added. "I should have been gone by twelve. You see, I'm Cinderella, and this is my fairy godmother. He's been good enough not to turn my coach back to a pumpkin till I get home, but I must hurry. You've helped him give me a lovely time. Good night."

And she was gone.

On the way home she was silent for the most part, and Bill respected her mood.

"Leave the duds in the suit case with the janitor in the morning, and I'll call for them," he told her at parting.

"You've been a darling old fairy godmother!" she told him. "I'll never forget it."

Bill chuckled happily as the taxi bore him back toward his sister's apartment.

"Killed two birds with one stone," he assured himself. "Gave the girl a good time like I planned and shook Orrie out of himself for once. Some fairy godmother!"

But one thing had escaped Bill's notice. He had failed to see the taxi that trailed them closely all the way from the Pompadour. This cab stopped just around the corner while Bill said good night.

No sooner had the girl disappeared in the vestibule of her building and Bill had turned his back, than young Mr. Park, who was peering around the corner, hurried up just in time to see the outer door slamming behind her. But he was not too late to see something drop from her hand to the step.

He hurried forward and picked up a tiny glove. Slipping the glove into his pocket, Park noted the number of the apartment house and returned reluctantly to his taxi.

The glove was conceivably a fit for the tiny hand he had held in the dance, but it was otherwise out of keeping with her dainty costume—a cheap, much-worn and much-mended little glove. Gloves were the one item Bill had forgotten in culling his sister's wardrobe. Park was puzzled. There must be some mistake. Still, you never could tell.

THE following afternoon Orrin Park left the office early and proceeded to the address at which he had seen June disappear. He had evolved a certain theory. Despite Cinderella's statement that she'd "be gone tomorrow" he rather expected she'd be coming home about dinner time.

Standing vigil inconspicuously, his fur collar turned up and his hat over his face, he watched till nearly six o'clock. Then his patience was rewarded. Two young women turned into the entrance. He studied them baffled. Both bore a certain resemblance to the girl who had bewitched him. But there is often a striking difference in appearance between a girl in a street outfit and the same girl in evening dress under the lamplight. Had either been alone, Park would have picked her as his girl. But here were two.

Sisters he judged rightly. But which sister did he want? Both were neatly dressed and both were completely equipped with presentable gloves. The two cousins of June Foster bore a strong family resemblance to her.

He was still debating when a shabby little figure slipped into the entrance. He was so absorbed with the problem that he failed to notice her, much less to discover that one ungloved hand was concealed under her coat.

"Well, Cinderella, she called herself," he mused, still deluded by the other two. "The prince has a glove instead of a glass slipper. Now for the test. I hope they don't both wear the same size glove."

Young Mr. Park stepped resolutely forward, boldly entered the hallway and pressed the button marked Foster.

A YEAR later, on his first evening back in the big town, Bill Cobb sat contentedly at a table for two in the Stratford Inn, ring-side seat. He had caught the fair Dolores without a date this time.

"There you are, Baby Doll," he told her. "Tell the handsome waiter what you want to eat. The sky's the limit. I got all of two bucks to spend on you tonight. Hop to it while Daddy reads the mail he nabbed up at the hotel. Too much in a hurry to get to you, Bright Eyes, to open it till now."

The first of the sheaf of envelopes he drew from his pocket was an invitation. He opened it curiously and read it.

"Well, what do you know about that!" he whooped. "Remember the little girl you introduced me to a year ago? June Foster? Here's an invitation to her wedding to the son of your chief."

"My Gawd! That left-over!" was all Dolores could say.

But Bill was chuckling over a line scrawled on the back of the card in Orrin Park's own hand.

"Listen, you wily old devil. This means business! June says she won't be married unless her fairy godmother is there!"

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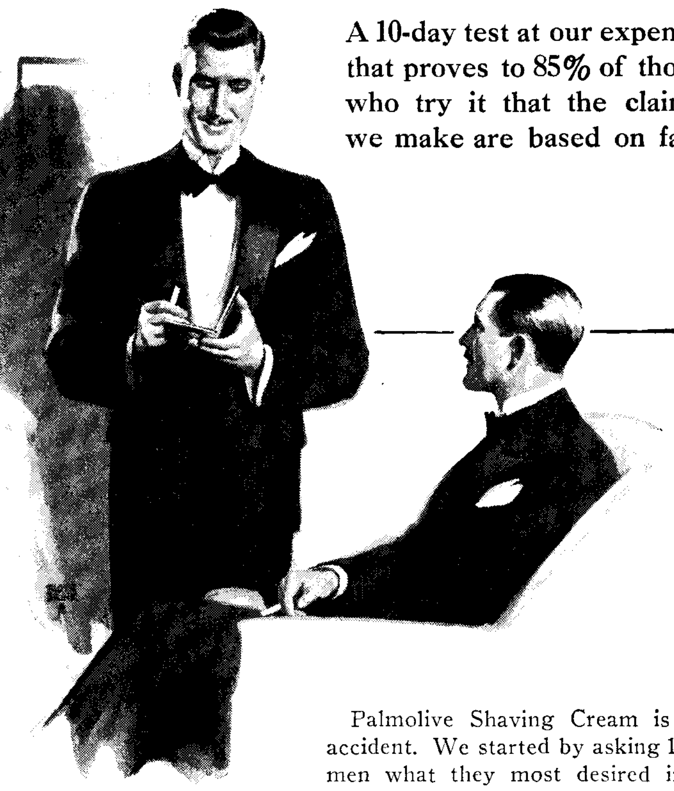

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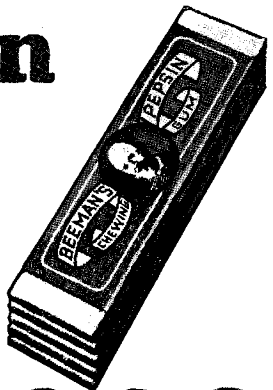

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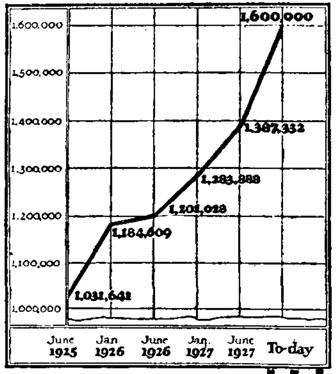

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# The Prairie Prince

*Continued from page 13*

the bow and arrow; they initiated him into the secrets of nature that only her wildest children can read. And he learned the Kickapoo tongue.

Stirring days shook Kansas. Nightly Billy heard his father talk indignantly to his mother and to friendly neighbors about the wickedness of extending human slavery into Kansas. Every day Billy saw rough men in red flannel shirts, with revolvers in their belts and bowie knives stuck in their boot tops. These men swarmed in and staked claims with whisky bottles wherever there were people who talked like his father and his father's friends. Billy heard it said that they were invaders from Missouri, where it was considered all right for some human beings to own other human beings the same as horses or dogs.

One day Billy and his father were passing Rively's trading post. A drunken gang of Missourians were there.

"Hey!" they cried to Isaac Cody. "Come here, you, and tell us how you stand!"

## An 11-Year-Old Man

BILLY felt his father's handclasp tighten. But there was no sign of flinching in the brave show Isaac made as he mounted a dry-goods box and told his honest views.

Billy, standing by, suddenly saw a knife flash in the hand of a man named Dunn. Billy cried out to his father. But Dunn was too quick. Isaac Cody, stabbed, toppled headlong into the arms of his young son.

Billy manfully helped his father home; and that night Isaac was spirited to Weston. Partially recovering, he returned home in several weeks.

But almost immediately the little cabin went into a state of siege. At night Mrs. Cody, distracted by the fight to keep life in her husband and food in the six children, would have to tolerate bullies who broke in to bedevil her. At such times Billy would take up his post at the head of the stairs, his rifle across his lap, ready to shoot anyone who attempted to go up to the second floor where his father lay.

Finally the family had to hide the sick man in a corn thicket near the cabin. Here began Billy's first work as a scout. He had to prowl around, constantly on watch against the ruffians who had now sworn to kill his father.

When Isaac could bear it he went to a haven at Grasshopper Falls. One dark night a heavily armed gang invaded the Cody cabin and struck terror into Mrs. Cody and her cowering daughters with the taunt that the father's refuge had been found and they were going to get him.

Billy, meantime, had been laid low by a fever. Shaking with chills in his little bed upstairs, he heard the curses and plans of the Missourians below. There was no strength in his sick young body that night, but there was fiber. He dragged himself out of bed, crept downstairs, saddled Prince, his pony, and dashed away in the darkness.

The bullies had a flying start, and there were no short cuts by which Billy could pass them without being seen. His one desperate chance was to ride *through* the gang.

Providence was with him. The gang, when he overtook it, was halted—watering horses at the crossing of Stranger Creek. Hearing the clatter of hoofs, the rascals looked up.

"It's Cody's kid! Stop him!"

But there was no stopping "Cody's kid." Swerving at full gallop, this way and that, to avoid the clutching hands, he went by like the prairie wind.

Then the guns of the murderers blazed.

The boy of nine coolly slipped down on the far side of his horse, as he had seen the Indians do, so that his body offered no target against the night sky—and rode on.

The bullies dashed in hot pursuit, but Billy outrode them. Isaac Cody was warned in time—by the heroic ride of his son, who had risen from a sick bed to gallop some thirty miles, ten miles farther than the famous ride of the celebrated general who later was to become his most powerful friend, Phil Sheridan.

Unfortunately his boy's feat could not save Isaac Cody from the eventual result of the stab. He died in 1857, shortly after a new baby had come to the cabin.

Here were dire straits. Many men of mature muscle had failed in the hard fight to wrest a living from the unbroken lands. But here were only young Billy Cody's eleven-year-old shoulders to hold the world from the afflicted family. Well, since he had inherited the mantle of a man, he would try to wear it.

He mounted his horse and rode into Leavenworth, where he presented himself at the office of Alexander Majors of the great overland freighting firm, Russell, Majors & Waddell. This firm in its heyday operated 6,258 wagons—requiring 75,000 oxen and 8,000 men—representing an investment of $2,000,000.

Standing straight as an arrow, Billy looked Mr. Majors in the eyes and said:

"Sir, I want some kind of a job that will enable you to pay my mother a little money."

Mr. Majors thoughtfully looked Billy up and down. He had heard of him. A lad who could rope escaped cavalry horses, shoot like an old plainsman, and make thirty-mile night rescue rides naturally had some measure of renown in that sparsely settled country. Majors turned to his partner Mr. Russell and said:

"We will take on this little boy and we will pay him a man's wages because he can ride just as well as any man."

A man's wages! Forty dollars a month in gold. Billy's back went a little straighter; his eyes became a little brighter. This would mean so much to his mother and his sisters.

When the next great freight bull-train wheeled out of Leavenworth in that May of 1857 a lean and likely boy rode proudly as one of the company. The train was bound for Salt Lake City with a herd of beef cattle for the United States troops who, under General Albert Sidney Johnson—who later was the great Confederate leader—were fighting Mormons.

Billy Cody was thrilled to his toes at being part of the gigantic cavalcade of a Russell, Majors & Waddell train. The usual overland freight wagon or schooner was a huge affair with a canvas top, drawn by ten or twenty teams of oxen, though some train bosses swore by mules. The schooners were known as "J. Murphy Wagons," and they were manufactured in St. Louis. Each wagon carried about 6,000 pounds of cargo.

## The Dread Covered-Wagon Trail

THE usual freight train consisted of 25 schooners. A beef-herd train had fewer wagons, but it had the enormous drove of beef cattle to conduct. A small heard of straggling cattle was driven after the train proper, to be used for food on the way. To "ride cavayard" meant to have charge of these stragglers: a trying responsibility. This was Billy's job on the train to which he was attached.

Billy's train was commanded by the McCarthy brothers, Frank and Bill, and better or braver bull wagon bosses never shouted the order to "Circle wagons, Injuns comin'!" Billy, having a quick ear for such things, learned that the teamsters were called "bullwhackers" and that the whole train was known as a "bull outfit."

A journey across the plains took a whole month, if luck, weather and the Indians were good. An eternity when they weren't. The bleakest seas have no more mysterious disappearances of ships and souls to record than the old-time covered-wagon trails of the West. Following trains might find telltale rings of burned wagons or strewings of bleached bones. As often as not no clues were found.

The caravans strove to reach certain selected and fixed camping sites each night. These camps were picked for their invulnerability against redskin marauders, for water supply and for other obvious advantages.

In the dust cloud that swirled in the wake of the caravan Billy darted here, there and everywhere to keep the strays moving and in line. He was grateful each night when it came time to roll up in his blanket under one of the great wagons, which were always circled for defense. He had no thought for the rattlesnakes that might slither into a fellow's face at any moment. He was happy while the camp fire burned low and the stars came out and strange noises sounded, near and afar, in the wall of blackness that pressed upon the parked caravans.

### Billy's First Redskin

THERE was the restlessness of the cattle and the picketed horses, the halloos of the night herders who watched against surprise attacks by the Indians or signs of fright and stampede in the herds.

"I smell redskins," sniffed a sage old hand ominously one night.

"The herders who watch at night would see them coming, wouldn't they?" asked Billy.

"Injuns don't stand watchin'! They don't come. They just *is.* A beef-herd train like this is easier pickin's than a regular bull outfit 'cause it ain't no shucks for them devil riders to stampede the cattle through a camp. If the cattle don't trample you to death, the redskins lift your thatch—that's what!"

Billy wasn't fazed. He was too lost in the excitement of the panorama of prairie life. Every day he saw buffaloes as thick as black snow drifting across undulations of the plains floor.

Kansas and the dusty miles of half Nebraska had rolled away behind the great wheels of the bull wagons when Plum Creek, a tributary of the South Platte, was reached—a likely spot for a dinner halt.

Billy, rounding up his strays close to the camp, suddenly heard shots.

He looked off toward the main drove and saw the three-day herders fall to the ground with their still smoking rifles. And then Billy Cody had his first sight of hostile Indians, their war feathers bobbing as they charged.

Whooping in the blood-curdling fashion of the Sioux, the warriors plunged in among the cattle, stampeding the entire herd; after which they swiftly spread out and began to canter, single file, in a wide circle around the wagons—whooping, firing, ever coiling closer.

The bull men had not idly waited to be slaughtered. Springing to arms with the first alarm, they had swiftly organized their defense—in which Billy Cody played a man's part, without fear or favor.

The weaving circle of redskins was met with a warm reception. It broke a bit, then drew off.

Because the whites were so outnumbered, and so handicapped by the loss of their horses, the McCarthys decided that a break must be made for the nearby ravine of Plum Creek. Fort Kearney was thirty-five miles away. They would try to reach it.

The Indians followed closely, striving to gain vantage points from which they could rake the creek bottom with fire. By covering themselves well behind the bank, however, and keeping very quiet, the imperiled bull men made good progress, reaching the junction of the slough with the South Platte and thence wading—sometimes swimming—down this stream. Nightfall found them well on the way to the fort, but still the Indians clung on their track.

Little by little Billy Cody fell behind. His sturdy legs turned to chunks of lead. His breath came hard. He lost touch with the men ahead.

It was pitch black in the gully bottom, and Billy felt very forlorn. He thought of his mother, his sisters, and the safe little home back in Kansas. He gulped and trembled a little. It was cold and so lonely.

Suddenly a slight noise caused him to glance upward. Etched against the moonlit sky he saw the feathered bonnet of a warrior.

Swiftly raising his Mississippi yager Billy drew a deliberate bead on the redskin's head. The next instant the report of his rifle rattled up and down the Platte. It was immediately followed by a war whoop from the top of the high bank—and six feet of dead Indian came tumbling into the water at Billy's ankles.

Billy stood his ground and searched out the bank above for signs of other Indians. He momentarily expected to see the whole force rush down upon him.

"Who fired that shot?" whispered Frank McCarthy hoarsely as the alarmed bullwhackers came running back.

"I did," said Billy.

"Yes, and little Billy has killed an Indian stone-dead," said one man, who stumbled over the corpse. He jerked the Indian up by the war lock, then flung him down again in disgust and then added, "Too dead to skin!" The etiquette of scalping called for the deed before the victim had breathed his last. Taking a "cold" scalp was considered a ladylike action.

At dawn McCarthy's weary company safely reached Fort Kearney. Eventually they were sent back to Leavenworth. The fame of his exploit had preceded Billy, who was interviewed by John Hutchinson, a reporter for a Leavenworth paper. Billy's name appeared in print as "the youngest Indian slayer of the plains."

This gave to Billy a certain standing with the overland men. He was accepted on equal terms by no less a personage than Lew Simpson, who, although second to none as a bull-outfit boss, was a desperate character. Simpson had never crossed the plains without taking the life of at least one man.

He cottoned to Billy Cody. There sure was a bright future in store for any eleven-year-old kid who could boast a notch in his gun. When Simpson's next train of hand-picked whackers went out, Billy rode cavayard for him.

Some of the tougher hands—inspired, possibly, by jealousy of a boy who could earn as fat a wage as any of them—were inclined to rag Billy a bit. They were at it one day when a wide-shouldered man sauntered up and drawled:

"Let this kid alone!"

"Aw, we're just havin' a little fun, Bill!" protested the men; nevertheless they melted away, for the newcomer was a man whose words were backed by the quickest trigger and the deadliest eye of his time.

Billy, though he was tall for his age, looked up—and up—to six feet two inches of fine manhood surmounted by a pleasant but never-smiling face, the whole topped by a sedately combed thatch. And never a fight, though he had many of them, took the slickness out of Wild Bill Hickok's hair.

Billy was agog when he learned the name of his befriender. The whole border knew that name. Wild Bill's gun butts were as notched as a saw edge.

### The Battle of Three-Mule Fort

SIMPSON'S train got safely across the prairies, but in the Rockies ran afoul of Mormons who were out to destroy supplies intended for the government troops. At first the Mormons were going to turn the bull men loose in that harsh country with neither arms nor provisions. Finally they allowed them sufficient of each to enable them to reach Fort Bridger.

Here Billy spent a terrible winter, facing starvation with the men in the deep snows. They were saved only by the timely arrival of a herd outfit, en route to the troops. Billy relished his first square meal in months. He was tough now and hard as nails. He could swear like a bull boss. His skin was as russet as the saddle which was to him as a throne to a king. He did not mind the hit-and-miss system by which Simpson worked his men back to Leavenworth.

In the latter half of the journey

( *Continued on page 52*)

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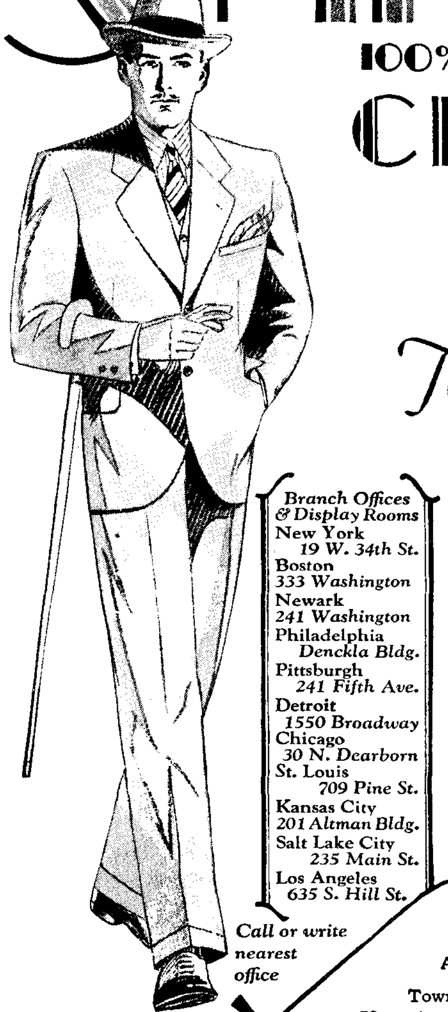

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# The Prairie Prince

*Continued from page 51*

Simpson had a cavalcade of "empties" which he split into two parts to gain speed. One morning Lew took Billy and a man named Wood on a flying visit to the first section of the train, fifteen miles ahead.

Mounted on government mules, they had covered seven miles of the gap when there came a crackle of rifle fire and the whiz of arrows.

"Ambushed!" growled Simpson, who instantly leaped from his mule and threw it. His companions followed his example. Without hestitation each one shot his mule and crouched behind it. They formed a three-spoke wheel on the sandy plain as, boots to boots, they blazed away at the circling redskins.

An arrow struck Wood in the shoulder. Simpson, wise in the crude surgery of the danger trails, worked the barb loose, drew the arrow clear, and applied a huge quid of well-chewed tobacco to the wound. The fight went on.

"Listen! I hear rifles," cried Billy suddenly as a low popping sound came from afar.

"The rear section is ketchin' up—that's the crack o' the bull whips!" chuckled Simpson. "Look, the Injuns is fooled too!"

The attackers had ceased their circling and drawn off in a knot.

"Hi, they're goin' to rush us!" warned Simpson.

Billy, the sorely wounded Wood, and Simpson loaded, then waited firmly. On the Indians came, whooping.

"Let 'em have it!" cried Simpson.

They did—pumping bullets with such right good will and aim that two of the redskins pitched face first into the dust. The rest made off.

This affray, in which Billy had again acquitted himself in manly fashion, became renowned on the frontier as the Battle of Three-Mule Fort.

Reaching Leavenworth, Billy drew his accumulated wages and turned them over to his mother. The family fortunes had mended somewhat. Billy's help was not now so desperately needed. Furthermore, his mother had been pained at the spectacle of Billy, drawing money from Russell, Majors & Waddell, signing with a cross.

"If only you would learn to write," she told Billy, "I'd be so happy!"

So Billy went to school for the longest time in his life—two and a half months.

He applied himself to penmanship so well that pretty soon irritated bull bosses began to find all over—upon tents, wagon covers and boxes; on wagon bodies, fences, and ox yokes; scrawled with the burnt end of a stick or carved with a bowie knife—the various names which Billy had been accustomed to hearing himself called by the bullwhackers: Willy Cody, Little Billy, Billy the Boy Driver, and so forth.

## Too Tough for School

HOWEVER, Billy's school conduct scarcely matched his diligence. The truth was that, thrown among tough men, he had grown into a two-fisted little roughneck—too tough for the company of children. Consequently one day when his dog licked the dog of a big nineteen-year-old youth named Steve Gobel he started a feud. Billy crossed Steve whenever he had a chance. He even went so far as to fall in love with Steve's sweetheart. A day came when the two boys had to fight it out.

Physical advantage weighed in Steve's favor. Billy seemed in a fair way of getting a bad beating. But he had learned to meet emergencies with wit. He drew his bowie knife and pricked Steve's leg—coolly choosing a spot where the thrust would not be deadly.

The teacher came on the run, and Billy fled. Gobel's father and a posse of indignant neighbors took up the chase. Billy meanwhile met a passing wagon belonging to his erstwhile employers. The bullwhacker, John Willis, knew him and welcomed him to the seat. When the posse overtook the wagon, the man of the plains told the pursuers to go chase themselves—and chase themselves they did, so far as administering punishment to Billy Cody was concerned. He thumbed his nose at them from the back of the wagon as they rode off.

This escapade, however, ended Billy's schooling. Thereafter the only school roof he knew was the blue sky. He went back to work with the hard-swearing bullwhackers and continued to practice penmanship upon the firm's property regardless of warnings.

Work was not always steady in the overland. In off seasons Billy turned to the other things which were close to his heart—hunting and trapping—matching his skill against the feathered and furred creatures of the wild.

## Looking Death in the Eye

"LET'S go trapping up the Republican," he proposed one day to a friend, Dave Harrington.

"'Tain't safe," said Dave. "The Injuns is scalping around up there."

"I reckon we can be careful," said Billy.

The Republican River, a silvery bobbin stitching Kansas and Nebraska, was rich pelt country, but wild. Daily the lads saw the smoke of signal fires in the distance and by night their glow. They carefully avoided these lurking places of red death.

Trappers' luck eluded them, but at length they reached a likely place and camped. They made a dugout, roofing it with logs and brush against the bitter weather. Suddenly black misfortune loomed. Billy, chasing a bear, slipped and broke his leg.

Here were hard lines for a boy: far from help, hemmed in by human and animal foes.

Lying helpless on a rude bunk in the dugout, gritting his teeth against the pain, Billy conferred with Dave. It was decided that Dave should make his way back to the nearest settlement and return with a team as fast as possible. They reckoned that this would take Dave not more than twenty days.

Dave placed firewood and a meager supply of food handy. The lads shook hands—silently, afraid to speak for the fear in their minds that this would be the last time they would see each other on earth. Then Billy lay back on his bed of pain and listened to the retreating footsteps of his friend.

Day followed day in dreary succession. Billy could tell by the sounds outside that it had begun to snow. He dragged himself around the dugout to attend to his few necessary wants, but for the most part dozed on his bed in fever that increased as his undoctored leg grew worse and loneliness gnawed at him. Each day he cut a notch in a stick to mark the passage of time. Each night the wolves came and howled over his dugout and pawed at the roof.

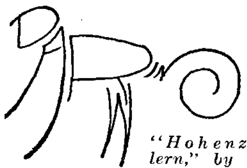
Fifteen . . . seventeen . . . nineteen . . . twenty! This was the limit they had reckoned. All day long Billy listened. Night put an end to his hopes.

Five more notches were cut in his stick; then he no longer cared. His food was gone. He could no longer build a fire. One night, delirious, shaking with the bitter cold, he passed into a troubled sleep.

He awoke suddenly with a presentiment of danger. The fitful light of pine torches illuminated the dugout, and wind and snow were blowing through the open door. Bending over Billy, with upraised tomahawk, was the ugly face of a Sioux warrior, hideously daubed with war paint.

(*To be continued next week*)

# NAMEOGRAPHS



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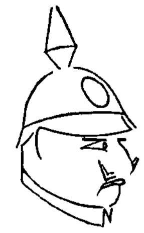

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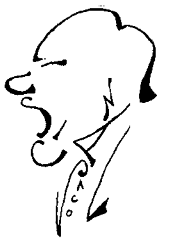

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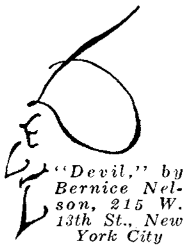

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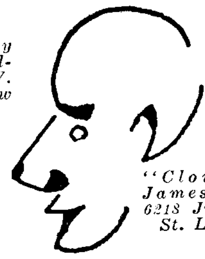

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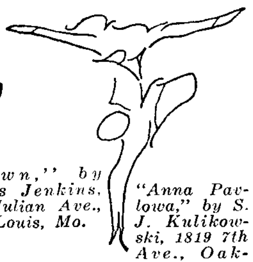

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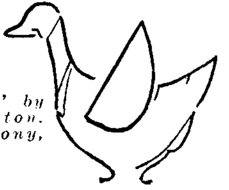

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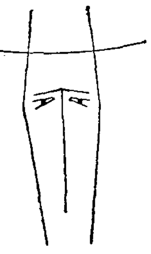
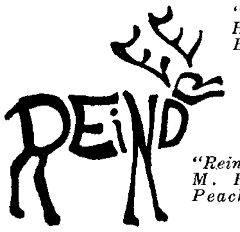


*"Hart," by B. H. Marmon, Box 837, Roanoke, Va.*



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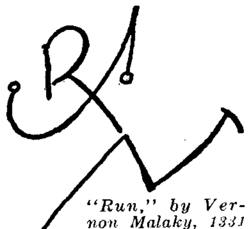

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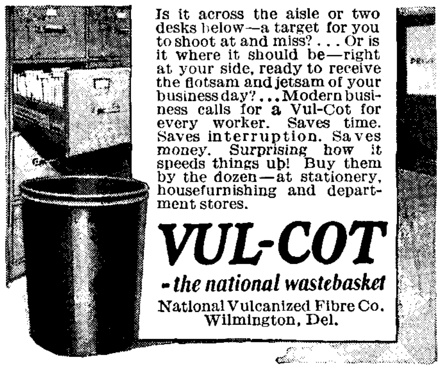

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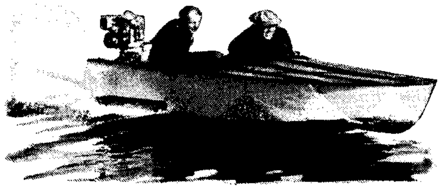

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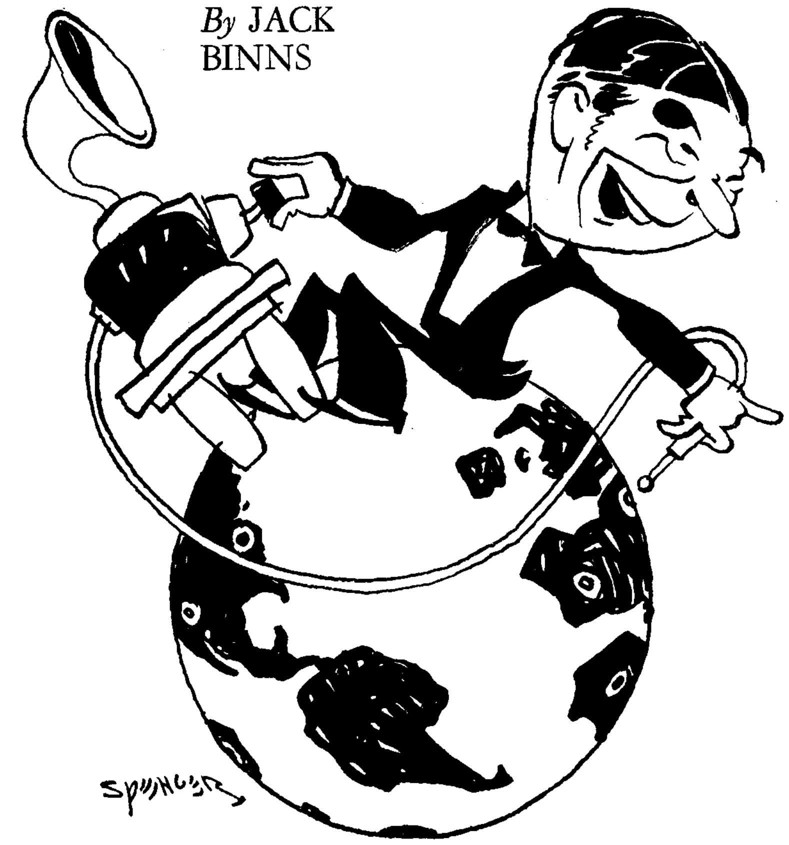

# Broadcasting *the* Ude

MANY unique instruments have been played before the microphone, but one of the oddest came to the listeners of WRNY when the Sherif Mahomed Mohiuddin played the ude as guest artist in the first of the new "Music Map of the World" programs. This new series bids fair to maintain the high standard which the previous Edison Hours from the same station have achieved.

The Music Map series will extend over twenty-one weeks. Each program features the national music of some country, and, as is fitting to the scope of the series, the guest artist in each case is a native of the land whose music is being presented. The first of the twenty-one musical nights portrayed the compositions of the Near East, and brought forth the ude, a lutelike instrument developed by the Arabs from the weird ancestor their forbears wrested from the conquered Persians thirteen centuries ago. In the hands of Prince Mohiuddin it caused the most entrancing notes to issue from the attuned loud speakers.

The gifted Arabian is a composer of ability in the native style. Two of his compositions, Rhapsodie Orientale and Ferahfeza Samaei, were played on the instrument that at times sounds like a harp and at others like a guitar.

## Fashion Note

THE radio service of the Department of Agriculture broadcast a lecture through sixty stations advising farmers how to raise rabbits.

This lecture evidently was prepared to help meet the anticipated demand for Summer Ermines.

## Let's Debunk the Bunk

IS CHAIN broadcasting gradually eliminating the independent station? That is the logical question which confronts us if we pay any attention to the vitriolic attacks of such broadcasters as W. K. Henderson of KWKH in Louisiana or Norman Baker of KTNT in Iowa.

In my judgment the answer is no. Let's look at this thing dispassionately and we can arrive at a sane conclusion. The same economic laws are at work in radio as in any other commodity. If any small independent station closes down voluntarily, it will be because its owner is no longer able to shoulder the burden of operating costs. There will be incidental factors such as lack of sponsors in his community, local competition, or ineptness in management. The effect of chain broadcasting will be only indirect and then solely by way of program comparison.

The larger independent stations cannot be driven off the air by operation of the chain so long as they are efficiently operated and farseeing in their arrangement of programs. Being large, they have sufficient opportunity to develop enough locally sponsored programs to put their station on a self-supporting or even profitable basis. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that all of the stations on a chain, outside of the key station, are independently owned and operated.

Some time ago, when I was attending a radio trade convention, this question of chain stations came up for discussion. George Furness, whose well-modulated voice announces the Eveready Hour each week, got up and pointed out that there was a constant conflict of interests between the individual stations on a chain and the key station. This conflict is very obvious when we consider that the chain programs are really "window dressings" by which the independent station sells its time for locally sponsored programs. It invariably results in a balance being reached whereby the local unit of the chain maintains its identity but combines in the chain to make the very best in radio available to as large a number of listeners as is economically possible.

Next time you hear that "they're taking the air away from you: let 'em deny it, doggone it," think whether you prefer to listen to such talk or to an hour's entertainment by finished artists bringing you the world's best music.

## A Smacking Contest

IN FRANCE they have developed radio kissing competitions and the country seems to have gone dippy over them. Now they are looking for the champion kissers who can register the loudest osculatory oscillation in French loud speakers. If professionals are not barred by the rules, this looks like a grand opportunity for the celluloid lovers of Hollywood.

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# The Woman of Magdala

*Continued from page 11*

his weariness, ordered a slave to conduct him to the baths.

"Rise, beloved," gently commanded the Procurator, stooping to lift the pathetic figure that half knelt before him, the dust of her worn robes powdering the white marble. "All is forgiven by your return. Ere dusk we shall be far from this heat and noise, hurrying to the waters of Meron."

"Nay, my lord," said Mary, putting him from her with a gesture that implored. "If I have come back, it is not to walk the old ways, sweet as they were to me."

"What is this?" Pilate's voice sharpened to its wonted imperiousness. "Is it that you have ceased to love me?"

"As long as I live, I shall love you."

"Why these tears?" he asked, more mystified than angry. "You love me, and we are together."

"I am breaking my heart that our souls may be saved."

"I DO not understand," explained the Procurator, gripping her soft shoulders in his iron hands. "Your words have meanings that elude me, Mary. What is this talk of souls? Why have you returned if not to take up our love where it was so cruelly broken off?"

"To beg a life."

"Ah!" His tone rang with savage suspicion. "Now we are coming to that which has been hidden. What life?"

"The life of Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. Him that Caiaphas and the priests seek to have crucified."

"*The carpenter!*" There was a fury of jealousy in the bitter cry, and the Procurator's clutching fingers slipped to the slim, white throat. "It was he that you followed. It is with him that you have been. Accursed woman! Lying bawd! While I hunted for you as one lost, suffering the agonies of the damned, you and your—"

"Say it not!" Mary's hand pressed hard against the angry lips. "He is the Son of God, sent for the salvation of the world, and I am not worthy to unlose the latchet of His shoes."

"I see it now. At last the thing comes clear. It was the carpenter that you met on that visit to your parents? It was the carpenter that worked the change in you. Is it not so?"

"A change indeed!" A great glory lighted the pale face and weary eyes. "Insolent in my gay raiment, I laughed at His rabble from my doorway, clinking my bracelets in derision of His poverty. I followed Him to the market place, where He spoke to the people, listening idly at first, prepared to jeer, but suddenly His words were piercing my heart like terrible swords. When I gained strength to flee at last, it was in such terror as I have never known—a terror of the thing that was myself.

"Wait, Pontius. If you have ever loved me, I beg you listen. When I returned to you, dear lord, it was not in reluctance, but with a passion of eagerness. I wanted to be as I was, and hurried to your arms that they might shut out my memories. But I could not forget. At last I could endure it no longer, and, slipping away from Jerusalem, I rested not until I found Him. It was in Nain, and I washed His feet with my tears, and wiped them with the hair of my head. They would have driven me away, the Pharisees crying out against me as a sinner, but of His great mercy He permitted my repentance and made me whole that I might see the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Now is this indeed a madness greater than mine own," brooded Pilate, his eyes dark with wonder and despair. "You were the heart's dearest of the Procurator of Judea. And yet you follow a tattered Essene as he pads from town to town, begging food of peasants, herding with lepers, and bedding down at night in verminous sheepfolds."

"You yourself found no fault in Him, nor did Herod Antipas," pleaded Mary in an agony of supplication.

"It is this accursed Jerusalem," muttered the Procurator. "Come," he cried, seizing Mary's hand. "We must go and at once. Only when far away from this accursed city will we be as we were."

"No, no." Mary clasped the Procurator's knees, and pressed her lips against his robe. "His life, Pilate! His life!"

As if her words set fire to the black jealousies and suspicions that lay piled against his heart, the Procurator flamed into sudden and terrifying rage. Knotting his hands in her hair until it seemed that the slender neck must snap, he scourged her with obscene epithets, his hoarse voice more beast than human:

"Liar! Cheat! Am I a swineherd to be turned out of doors when morning comes? Have I been so simple that you think to trick me with your silly tales that would not deceive a child? Harlot!" Snatching a sword from the wall, he swung it high above the bowed and silent figure. "The truth! Have done with your lies, or by the gods—"

"You know that I have not lied." Mary's head raised until she looked full into Pilate's convulsed face. "My devotion wraps you like a garment, my heart is in your hands, now and always. It is my soul that bows before the Son of God, sent to take away the sins of the world."

As the Procurator glared into the upturned eyes, and saw through a softness of love down to the steel of a faith, the sword fell from his relaxed fingers, and he threw himself against the wall with a groan that tore his throat.

"Out of the love that gave us so great happiness," pleaded Mary, "out of the love I bear you, my dear lord, I implore you to put your mighty hand between the Redeemer and the hate of the priests."

"It is Caiaphas that has judged him, not I," muttered Pilate.

"Have you forgotten the days I spent in the palace?" she reproached him gently. "Do I not know that yours is the power to pass sentence of death in Judea? Yours alone, my lord. Nor is it that you need to act as a judge. Now is the Passover at hand, and ancient custom calls for the release of a prisoner to bless the feast with mercy. Choose the Saviour of mankind, I pray you."

"The crowds clamor for Barabbas."

"Paid for it by the priests, as you well know."

"And if I do give this carpenter his life?" The light of calculation was now in Pilate's eyes, and a new hope rang in his voice. "There are grave consequences to be considered. Word has just been brought to me that my patron, the great Sejanus, is dead by order of the Emperor. Lucius Vitellius, governor of Syria, is my enemy, and will stop at nothing to bring about my ruin. Do you not see that any new offense to the Sanhedrin will add fresh weight to the disasters that now bid fair to crush me?"

"God will provide," urged Mary eagerly. "His justice is never-failing."

"WHY should your Jehovah protect or favor me?" Pilate shook his head. "I have never sacrificed to Him. Moreover, out of a long experience with gods, I have learned that it is best to make one's own provision. But it is not with danger I am concerned. I mention the sure consequences of my act merely to drag away your mind from its obsessions, centering it upon my own affairs for a space. If I stir the fury of these Jews by pardoning the carpenter, thus putting another and more powerful weapon in the hands of Vitellius, how am I to be requited? That is what I want to know, Mary. It is humiliating for me to bargain like some base tradesman in the market place, but what else is there? I love you. In all this world there is nothing else that matters. Without you, honors, wealth and glory are meaningless things: holding you to my side, ruin and even death are robbed of menace."

"I do not understand," whispered Mary. "What is it you propose?"

"It is simple. If I release this carpenter, giving him escort beyond the city walls, restoring him to the safety of the desert, will you stay with me, cleave to me? Hear them!" he cried, seeing her hesitation. From the crowd, milling like cattle in the courtyard below, came a cry that was a chant:

"Barabbas! Barabbas! Release unto us Barabbas!"

"Is decision so hard?" he pleaded. "You love me. I see it in your eyes. The thrill of it is in your touch. It is our fate to love each other. Send your carpenter back to his Galilee, and forget this parochial babble about sin with which he has muddled your brain. What I lose in this vile Judea, my sword will win a hundredfold in some happier land. Come! When my head again knows the velvet of your breast, these unhappy days will seem no more than black dreams that the dawn dispels."

His words were caresses, and all the tenderness of the world was in his arms. Her face burning under Pilate's kisses, a resistless languor softening her eyes and parting her lips, Mary clung to him in an abandonment of happiness, but even as the Procurator rejoiced in her surrender her slim body stiffened and withdrew.

"No," she said. Only a whisper but louder in Pilate's ears than any shout of doom.

"You will not?" he asked. "Are you telling me that you will not?"

"I may not," Mary answered. "Oh, my dear, sweet lord, believe me when I say that it is not from any lack of love. Night and day my heart cries out for you, and there is no drop of blood in my body that does not race at your touch. If I turn away from so great joy, the bliss of your embrace, it is my soul that cries the command. I have seen the veil of heaven lift and heard God's voice, and by the gentle mercy of Him who hath been sent to take away the sins of the world truth has been shown me."

"I WILL not be confused." The Procurator shook his head as if trying to clear the mists that fogged his mind. "All this talk of gods and souls is without meaning to me, and can have no other purpose than my distraction. Either you love me or you do not love me, and if you love me you will put your hands in mine and follow."

"No, no," protested Mary, but Pilate shut her mouth with a rough hand, his eyes hard and cold with stubborn resolve.

"I have put honor, life and fortune at your feet," he continued. "I have whined and begged until my pride has perished of its shame. My friend Marcellus Ennius has just gone from this room with contempt for me in his heart, and there is not a soldier of my legions that would not despise me for my abasement. Now I have done. Either I have found some hidden vestige of self-respect or else I have reached the point where sheer exhaustion makes me eager to bring the struggle to an end."

"Barabbas! Barabbas! Release unto us Barabbas!" Like the beat of some huge drum, the menacing chant filled the chamber.

"For the last time," said Pilate. Blood flecked his chin, dripping from a bitten lip, but the iron of indomitable determination was in his voice. "The carpenter shall be given his life, and we will put this loathsome Jerusalem behind us forever if you so desire, building our happiness anew in another land. Your choice, Mary. *Your choice!*"

There was no need for her to answer, even had the convulsed lips been able to form the words. The Procurator read the decision in her eyes.

"Then, by the gods, they shall have Barabbas," he cried. Thrusting her away so violently that she fell, he strode from the room, and as Mary raised herself from the marble she could hear him calling the guards to attend him to the judgment seat.

# Gooda-by, John

*Continued from page 9*

modern conveying machinery was installed; now the common labor takes only 35 per cent of the pay roll.

A good many of us who in our day's work never have to handle a heavier engineering problem than lifting a fountain pen or a cigar lighter have never realized what a tremendous problem is this single business of moving heavy materials around a factory. Roy D. Chapin says, that the ability of one concern to compete with another lies in this efficient handling of material. Consider the man in the iron and steel business. In an iron foundry it is nothing to have to lift 5,000 pounds of iron and 600 pounds of coke into a cupola and do this many times a day.

## The Invisible Stoker

IN ONE mill where the management believed it had developed modern machine methods 44 men were used in lifting 100 tons a day, while in the yards this same quantity was boosted around by the muscle power of 30 immigrant laborers. Now, however, 8 men handle the machines which lift that 100 tons inside, and outside a single engineer and a helper and a crane and magnet move it about the yard. The saving inside the factory is $100 a day. Outside it is nearly as much.

All sorts of devices are employed: moving platforms, overhead monorail conveyers, electric tractors, elevating trucks, crane tractors, wheeled tractors, hand elevating machines all combined with ramps, stillages, skids and platforms to make the movement of heavy objects simple and to perform them without the interposition of human hands.

In the single item of handling coal, a peculiarly drudging and unpleasant form of labor, the most extraordinary changes have been effected. A large number of men are used to shovel the coal from the freight car into the bins. Then it must be hauled to the furnace-rooms. There lines of stokers stand before the furnaces incessantly feeding coal into the white-hot jaws of the monsters. This process can be observed today in hundreds of large plants. But not in the most modern plants. When the coal car arrives at a modern factory it is unloaded into conveyers which take it at once, almost without a hand touching it, to an upper story, whence by gravity it is shot automatically into the furnaces. In some cases it is pulverized into dust. Go into such a furnace-room. There is not a man in sight. There is no opening of furnace doors, thus letting out valuable heat; no dirt or dust to be cleaned. The furnaces are so efficient that the amount of ashes is reduced to the minimum and these too are handled by conveyers, run outside when necessary and dumped at once into a waiting auto-truck.

Of course all this does away with the stoker and hence with the heavy expense of that form of labor. But this is only the smallest part of the saving.

In the old plant of the Bryant Paper Company at Kalamazoo there were 24 boilers of various types and sizes, in four different houses; 37 men were used to stoke them. After the war this company scrapped these old boilers. It put in 4 large multiple retort stokers instead of 24. It hired 9 men instead of 37 and saved $28,000 on its labor bill and $20,000 on its coal bill. At another mill I was shown some years ago what they thought was a modern device for unloading their coal—a monorail grab bucket. This used 3 men working 10 hours each to unload coal. Now they have scrapped that and instead have a system which requires the services of 1 man working 2½ hours.

In some places even all this machinery is dispensed with. When the coal arrives a gigantic crane reaches down, like a huge hand seizes the freight car, lifts it into the air, turns it over like a dish being emptied, dumps the coal into the bins and then sets the car back on the track. Electric plants are large users of coal.

The editor of a leading power magazine says American factories can save 25 per cent of their coal bills by the use of modern methods. The coal bill of our factories is around a billion dollars a year. If the editor is right, it means our factories can save $250,000,000 a year on this item alone. I do not doubt that he is right. I know there are many electric plants which consume 6 pounds of coal to produce 1 kilowatt hour of electric energy, while more modern ones use only 1 pound of coal for the same result.

Now, the factory is swept by truck or perhaps a dust-suction machine keeps it free of dust and waste. Electric trucks are used to haul material around the factory, and now these are made so that when the truck conveys the material to its proper place the work of a lever hoists the load 6, 8 or more feet in the air, so that it can be pushed without effort to its place on the shelf. Still other trucks are equipped with scales so that the operations of weighing and hauling are performed at the same time. All these things save the energy of the common burden-bearing laborer.

Perhaps no branch of work attracted more common labor in the old days than road building and highway work of all sorts. Only last summer I saw men working on a road the way it was done twenty years ago. Several gangs were chopping down trees, a large number were hauling dirt and rock in wheelbarrows, and still others were breaking up a small section of an old road with picks and crowbars.

Recently I watched men build a new road over the street near my home. A gigantic crane went along and pulled the trees up by the roots as if they were so many weeds and laid them upon long trucks which hauled them away without delay. A few men went along breaking up the strip of old road which ran down the center of the highway, using powerful compressed-air drills which went through the concrete as if it were soft tar. Then a digging machine moved along, cutting a trench 40 inches wide and 10 feet deep with astonishing swiftness. That same day, right in its wake moved a small traveling crane on a tractor, lowering heavy pipe into the trench. The next day came a swiftly moving little motor that darted in and out and around with amazing swiftness and mobility, with a large blade on a beam in front of it, pushing earth back into that trench.

In the old days these operations would have required the work of scores of men working for days. Yet there was not present on this job more than a dozen men, and most of them were skilled workers.

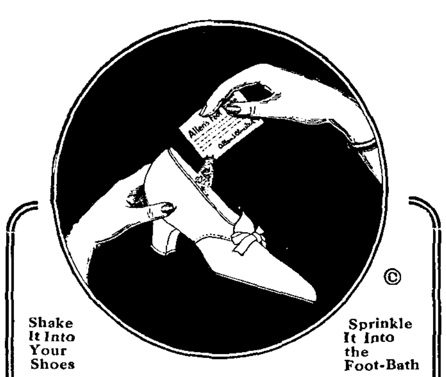
## 400,000 Dropped in One Year

NOW, if all this is true, may we not well ask if we are not creating another problem worse than the first—the problem of unemployment? Last year we produced more than we did the year before, yet at the end of the year we had 400,000 fewer people at work in the factories. I heard a labor orator refer to 1927 as the Year of the Big Pink-Slip Plague. Scores of thousands of common laborers went home to their wives last year with the information that not only had they been let out but that their jobs had been abolished. One Italian workman, with a sense of humor, asked by his friends why he had lost his job, replied:

"The boss, he say, 'Hello, beega machine. Gooda-by, John.'"

And so we have had a lot of people talking about our great prosperity and a lot of others disputing it and pointing to our growing army of unemployed. There can be no question about our prosperity. What the critics of it overlook is the very strange phenomenon that the unemployment is created by the

(*Continued on page 56*)



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playing a sweet-toned Buescher. 10 evenings—one hour each—will astonish and please you. 6 days' trial. Easy payments. Mention any other instrument in which you are interested. [450]

**Buescher Band Instrument Co.**
2516 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

**DO YOU** WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees,—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

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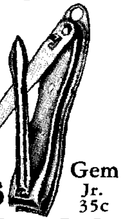
***"Don't Invite Him"***

Somehow he couldn't look well-groomed. His clean finger nails of the morning were a total loss by noon. But not after he began to use Gem, the handy pocket manicure that keeps nails neat *all day.* Quickly cleans, trims, files, anywhere. At your druggist or cutlery dealer.

**The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St.**
**Ansonia, Conn.**



**Gem NAIL Clippers**

Gem Jr. 35c

**BOYS + EFFORT = PRIZES**

With just a little effort you can be made happy by earning dandy prizes as well as your own spending money. Just deliver The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and Collier's, The National Weekly, to regular customers. We will tell you how to get your customers and furnish you with all necessary material.

Get started on the happy road to money and prizes by writing today to—

**Jim Thayer,** **Dept. C-14**
**The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.**

**Are you being fooled by the . . .**
***New Blade Fallacy?***

It isn't hard to believe that, because a blade is new it ought to give one a good shave. Lots of good men are fooled by that thought and thereby miss getting really fine shaves.

If a new blade is ready for shaving when it comes out of the wrapper, it is just pure luck. A blade may have had a bully fine edge when it left the factory, but highly tempered steel is like a temperamental child—it needs a good stropping frequently.

**This is interesting**

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

DULL HOUSE
HOME FOR AGED BLADES

**Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped**

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10c for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1794 Locust Street, Saint Louis

**Twinplex Stropper**

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

CASH REWARDS
*for Spare Hours*

*Mary I. Holding of Illinois is one of the many who have tasted spare-time Crowell profits.*

Suppose you could add $25.00, $40.00 or even $15.00 a month regularly to your present income—could you spend it pleasantly and profitably with the summer vacation coming on? There is an easy way for you to get this EXTRA MONEY just like other

CROWELL MERRY MONEY-MAKERS.

All over the country Crowell Merry Money-Makers are scattered—happy and prosperous subscription representatives of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion and The Mentor. Some have found the work so pleasant and profitable that they devote their full time to it; others have no difficulty in averaging $1.50 an hour or more for each spare hour they put in.

*George P. Welsh of Ohio earned over $150 in ninety days.*

Anybody Can Do It!

No matter where you live or what your regular occupation is you can take advantage of this wonderful opportunity to earn EXTRA MONEY *right in your own community!* Work whenever you have a little spare time. Deduct big commissions and receive monthly bonuses as well. No experience is necessary. No cash outlay by you required. Teachers, housewives, business men, students, stenographers—all can share in these big spare-time profits.

*Miss Eleanora Brown of Montana knows how really liberal magazine profits are.*

*W. L. Shaw of Nebraska does his best work in the Spring and Summer.*

Special Spring Profit Offer Insures Summer Happiness For You.

Those who join the Merry Money Makers NOW are just in time to participate in the Special Spring Profit Plan for Crowell subscription representatives. Under this plan you can quickly provide yourself with cash to Travel, visit your favorite vacation spot, spend a week at the sea-shore or in the mountains this summer.

FREE OUTFIT AND FULL PARTICULARS SENT AS SOON AS YOU RETURN THIS COUPON—It's worth a Stamp to Get this Wonderful Offer.

MERRY MONEY MAKERS, Desk C
The Crowell Publishing Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your EXTRA CASH offer without obligation.
Name ....................................
Address ..........................
Post Office...................
State ..........

# Gooda-by, John

*Continued from page 55*

prosperity. A lot of factories are prosperous because they have found cheaper forms of power than the arms and backs of common laborers. Of course this does not account for all the unemployment, for we have a coal strike and we had the shutdown of the Ford plant and resulting pause in the whole automobile industry.

And of course every man who was let out of a reorganized factory was not expelled into utter unemployment. Personally I believe the reports about unemployment are a good deal exaggerated. Unfortunately there are no official figures available. The reports we see in the papers about unemployment relate entirely to the factories.

### Over Two Million New Jobs

THERE are fewer men in the factories, it is true, but there are more men driving trucks, piloting taxicabs, navigating elevators, taking tickets at movie theatres, etc. We make more automobiles and do it with fewer men, but it takes more men to run them, repair them, operate garages and gasoline stations and deliver gasoline, etc. New jobs are being created by the thousand every week. We are going to continue to use a fewer men to make the things we now make and use, but we are going to continue to invent and to make and use a lot of things we do not have now. Go back twenty-five years or so, when we had few automobiles, no airplanes, no movies, no radios, no electric washing machines and irons and ice boxes and the many things which are now part of our everyday life. If we were manufacturing merely the needs and luxuries of that day by the methods of today, two thirds of our population would be permanently out of work.

Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, has made an estimate of the number of jobs, now filled, which did not exist in 1923. Here is his tabulation:

| | |
|---|---|
| Building | 1,000,000 |
| Motor operation | 500,000 |
| Road work | 100,000 |
| Chain stores | 100,000 |
| Public service | 100,000 |
| Hotels, apartments, etc. | 100,000 |
| Telephone | 50,000 |
| Office buildings | 50,000 |
| Electric light and power | 50,000 |
| Sports, motion pictures, etc. | 50,000 |
| Oil production | 50,000 |
| | 2,150,000 |

But, after all this has been said, we must still face this peculiar unemployment problem. Already the governor of New York has recognized it and called a conference to deal with it. Various large cities are aware of its presence. In the past unemployment was the fruit of depression. We could look for the passing of the problem with the passing of the depression as business moved through its accustomed cycle back to prosperity. But now our unemployment is the product not of depression but of prosperity. And I think it fairly certain that we may look both for a growth in our prosperity and a rise in the tide of unemployment.

And this brings society face to face with a problem with which it must deal—which it cannot escape. When a large factory installs a great hoisting crane and cuts production costs 60 per cent the workers who are left and society at large are the beneficiaries. But what of the 60 men thrown out of work? Slowly a good many will be reabsorbed by newer industries and newly created jobs in the machinery of distribution. But the process of redistributing these men will be slow, much slower than the process of displacement, and it will not be complete. These men are thrown out of work not as the result of some unlucky chance but as a result of an organized and approved system of progress.

We are taking the picks and shovels out of their hands and throwing them on the scrap heap. The men are being left without implements of labor in their hands. Under the old order which is now passing these men were a necessity, and society more or less created them for its use. Now that it is finding no further use for them, is it justified in casting them aside? Industry or society, under some one of its organized forms, must set up a machine to redistribute the workers as quickly as possible, to ameliorate their condition during the process and make provisions for the weakest who are left wholly—and permanently—unemployed.

One thing is gaining impetus from this condition, and that is the movement toward the five-day week. Henry Ford has adopted it, and all over the country in varying industries the shorter week is coming into vogue. And this in turn produces alarm in the breasts of a good many pious persons. They tremble for the sins of leisure which will be committed by the unoccupied laborer. I read recently a defense prepared by a Boston clergyman in 1827 of the practices of working operatives in the factories for eleven and twelve hours a day. It was an excellent custom, he said, as it left them less time for drunkenness and riotous living. But the modern American workman knows how to use his leisure more intelligently.

Reflect upon it, and you will realize that practically all the money a man spends is expended on his leisure. He lays out little or none of his wages upon his working hours. It is spent upon his leisure: for his home, his dressing up, his meals, his books and magazines, his radio, his automobile, his phonograph, his movie shows. The more leisure he has the more he has need of means of using it. Consider the huge sums expended upon the pursuit of leisure in this country: billions of dollars on automobiles, moving pictures, theatres, sports, music, phonographs, pianos, radios, books, magazines, newspapers, travel, dresses and beauty. Your common laborer, piecing out his income with odd jobs, has neither the time nor the money to spend for anything but life's bare necessities. He is indefensible economically and culturally.

The time is coming, says a prominent American manufacturer, when an employer will be ashamed to see a man digging a ditch. There are a good many people who never lift anything on their backs heavier than a golf bag who like to sing hymns about the dignity of manual labor and the nobility of the horny-handed sons of toil. And here's a story illustrating the common laborer's professional pride: Two street sweepers were discussing the passing of a fellow craftsman:

"Poor Dan!" sighed one. "He was a good sweeper."

"He was that," chimed in the other a bit critically, "but I always thought he was a little weak around the lamp-posts."

### Do It With Power

I KNEW a labor leader once who told many times a similar tale about the Irish hod carrier: A fellow hodman had gone back to Ireland.

"Well," said one man as he toyed with his hod, "Pat knew how to hoist a hod."

"Oh, he was strong enough," commented the other, "but he would go up a ladder as if he was carrying a brick building. No grace at all. Now look at Mike over there. There's the lad can take a heapin' hod up a ladder as if he was steppin' to music."

The labor leader who used to tell this story always vouched for its truth. And yet a few years ago I ran across it in an old short story in an extinct magazine. And that, I think, is where a good many tales about the professional pride of our pick wielders and shovel drivers originate—in fiction. I am not speaking now of skilled craftsmen, but of the men who do the hard, grinding, grueling, dirty work of the world. It's got to be done, of course. But why not let the electric light and power company or the little gasoline engine do our dirty work for us and save our men for better use?

# Take Me Out to the Ball Game

*Continued from page 14*

first, Adams at second, Wright at short, and Traynor at third; first-class pitching, with Kremer, Meadows, Hill and others; good catching, with Smith and Gooch.

This club has both speed and power; and it has good defensive strength. In Donie Bush it also has a hustling leader who has more than his share of trouble to face over the Cuyler incident last year. It has had two years of internal trouble—and if another boil doesn't develop in its system this season, Pittsburgh should have at least an edge.

## The Old League Looks Up

THERE isn't much to choose among New York, St. Louis and Chicago. St. Louis had more than its share of rasping fortune last season in the early loss of Thevenow at short. But St. Louis, world series champion of 1926, has a bale of potential strength left if its veteran pitchers keep going.

Old Man Alexander, one of the marvels of all time, can't pitch his way through eternity. He has shown no sign of slipping to date, however, and there will be little rival cheering this season when he walks into the box.

Bob O'Farrell made a fine showing last season against rough odds, and one Frank Frisch (former Giant) was no small part of the show.

Cincinnati will be a big improvement. Watch Lucas this summer. A murderous spring start upset the Reds in 1927, but they have a much better shot at 1928. The same thing applies to Brooklyn and Boston.

Brooklyn's pitching, with Vance and Petty in the box, has enough to carry quite a distance. And Hornsby will be a big factor in a Boston upheaval, for although they keep shoving him around he never stops playing great baseball for a minute.

The National League, with seven clubs capable of turning in a day of trouble at any given spot, is much better balanced now than the American.

This race between its teams shows all the signs of being a dizzy voyage into another autumn. Team strength is well distributed and there is no such preponderance of power as Miller Huggins' New York Yankees show in the younger league.

October is a long way off, and a few broken legs or twisted ankles or sore arms can turn April guesses inside out. But it still remains for some outside rival to show why the pennant winners of last fall are not good enough to repeat. The balance of proof is upon the parties of the second and third parts as the mob forms again at the turnstiles and the hoarse huzzas begin to welcome the new box scores.

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The Lightnin' Bug

in Aluminum!

The year of grace, 1928, will see *Aluminum* strongly featured in fine speed boat hulls.

And having been the leader in metal boat building for thirty-three years, it is but natural that Mullins should announce the first aluminum boat in quantity production.

But wait, the world forgets. Fifteen years ago Mullins built aluminum hulls. Not many, of course. They were too expensive then. Since those days, new, heat-treated alloys of ten times the strength have been developed by the Aluminum Company of America.

As a result, the Mullins Lightnin' Bug will be the high-spot of 1928 in production boats.

In appearance—a glistening silver ship—just like a race trophy come to life!

In construction—stout and true and fine, with amazing strength to serve you through the years.

In speed—a revelation, *beyond question the fastest boat that's safe.*

And as for price—you'll wonder how it can be done!

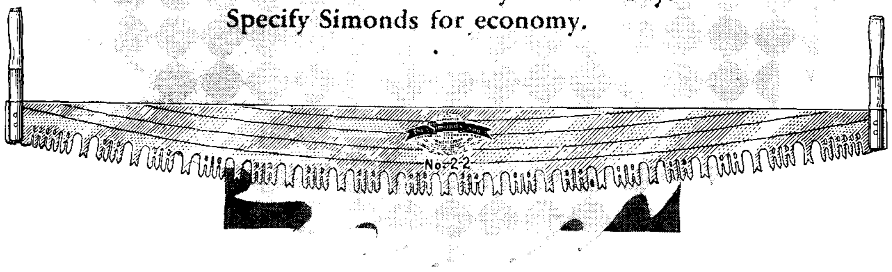
*In addition to the Lightnin' Bug, all four models of the 16 foot Sea Hawk will be presented in Aluminum in 1928 as well as in Armco Iron.*

MULLINS
MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
263 Depot St., Salem, Ohio

SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

THE STANDARD SAW OF AMERICAN LUMBERMEN

THE experience of big woods saw-users has been pooled with the experience of Simonds craftsmen and steel-makers. The result is the Simonds Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saw, which keeps its sharpness longer, cuts faster, and endures abuse better than any other cross-cut saw you can buy. Specify Simonds for economy.



SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
*"The Saw Makers"* Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
William L. Chenery, *Editor*
Charles Colebaugh, *Managing Editor*

# Your Child's Mind

AN OLD law requires New York schoolmasters to teach the effects of "alcoholic drinks and other narcotics" upon the human system.

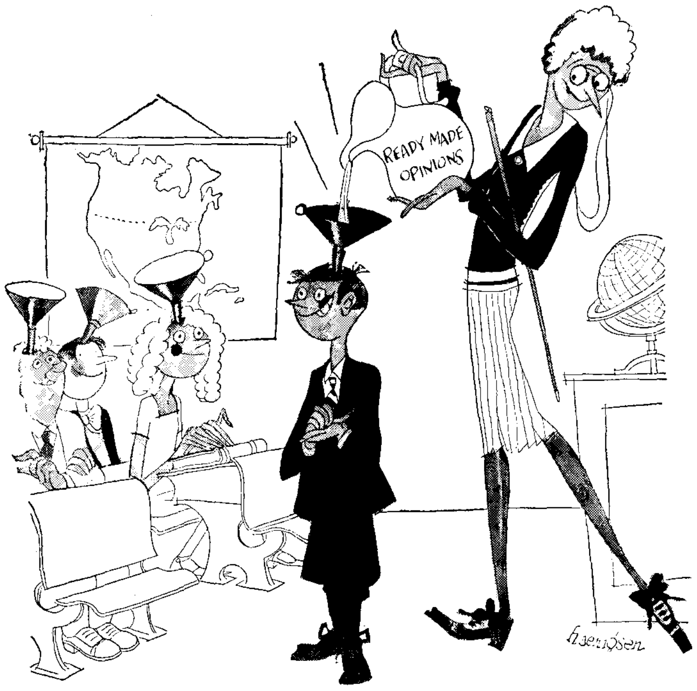
The statute which is similar to the laws of many other states has lately been revived.

The legislatures which enacted those laws were seeking to influence the minds of children on the hotly contested issue of prohibition. If children could be caught young enough, their minds might be definitely turned against the use of alcohol. Such at least was the familiar theory.

This device of controlling education so that the voter's ideas are fixed long before he arrives at the years of discretion is one of the oldest of human customs.

We approve it when our children are taught what we believe. We disapprove when schools seek to instill doctrines with which we are not in sympathy.

The Soviet government has compelled the teaching of communism to Russian children. The bolshevists think that thus Russia may be made safe for their peculiar beliefs.



*Don't handicap your child before he starts by substituting propaganda for truth, by seeking to implant ready-made opinions in his mind*

Most of us are outraged at the wrong inflicted upon Russian childhood by communist propagandists. But do we differ from them except in the nature of the doctrines imparted?

In the South history is taught with the purpose of proving that the seceding states were right in the war of secession. Northern schools uphold the Union point of view. Both North and South teach a partisan history of the Revolutionary War. Now various racial groups are struggling to have history rewritten so that their ancestors may be accorded a larger recognition in the making of America.

All this may be effective propaganda but it is not education.

The old textbooks designed to give instruction concerning the effects of alcohol and narcotics were filled with nonsense and untruth. Even now science is not sure of what alcohol does to the human body. Both science and common sense know that excessive drinking is an unmitigated evil.

We have also learned that excessive eating maims and kills people.

It is doubtless just as important and just as difficult to learn the effects of food upon the body as it is the consequences of drink. What the laws seek, however, is not so much the imparting of truth about physiology as it is the instilling of propaganda on one particular issue.

That wise old American Ralph Waldo Emerson gave advice eighty years ago which is still applicable when he said:

"Don't let them eat their seed corn; don't let them anticipate, antedate, and be young men before they have finished their boyhood. Let them have the fields and the woods, and learn their secret and the base- and foot-ball, and wrestling, and brickbats, and suck all the strength and courage that lies for them in their games."

Your child will model his habits as to drink on what he sees at home and among his friends. He will take his opinions about politics from the philosophy he finds approved in his community.

Keep the schools free for education. It is difficult at best to give a child the information and the habits of thought which will enable him to grapple with the complex problems of the world.

Don't handicap him before he starts by substituting propaganda for truth, by seeking to implant ready-made opinions in his mind.

Insist rather that the schools equip him with the habits of thought and of industry which will enable him to face and to solve the problems with which he must deal.

You cannot foretell what these will be but you can be measurably certain that they will be different from anything with which you have had to live.

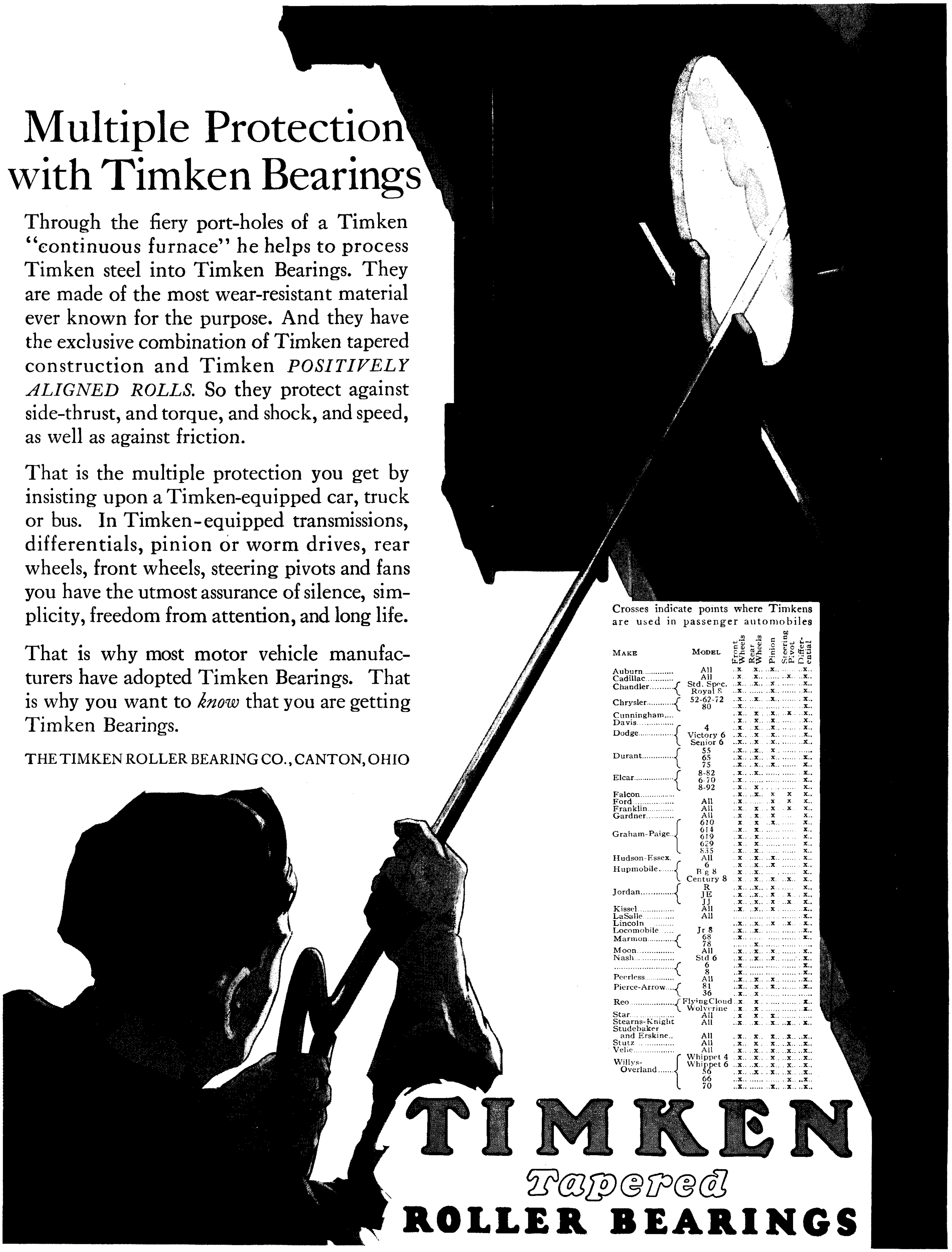
# Road Grief

WITH the fifty-fifty road money being given to the states by the federal government this country is at last developing a national system of market highways that will some day approximate the traffic demands as now conservatively anticipated.

A hundred years ago the federal government spent millions laying logs side by side through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, building the Cumberland Road to take emigrants west. But it built only a surface and had to go right back over the job as it rotted and build a foundation, a poor foundation at that.

This engineering sin and economic blunder has been passed from father to son. The tin bridge era rose from the demands for safety at fords during high water, and still persists to some extent. Only fifteen years ago a young engineer showed the state of Kansas that it was wasting $1,000,000 a year on flimsy iron and steel bridges.

The country is even today probably wasting more money on patched, ill-founded, secondary roads than any other way. It has wasted enough to pay for the best road system in the world, and now that it is settling to its job, maybe it will build the roads to last.



# Multiple Protection with Timken Bearings

Through the fiery port-holes of a Timken "continuous furnace" he helps to process Timken steel into Timken Bearings. They are made of the most wear-resistant material ever known for the purpose. And they have the exclusive combination of Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS.* So they protect against side-thrust, and torque, and shock, and speed, as well as against friction.

That is the multiple protection you get by insisting upon a Timken-equipped car, truck or bus. In Timken-equipped transmissions, differentials, pinion or worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans you have the utmost assurance of silence, simplicity, freedom from attention, and long life.

That is why most motor vehicle manufacturers have adopted Timken Bearings. That is why you want to *know* that you are getting Timken Bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

Crosses indicate points where Timkens are used in passenger automobiles

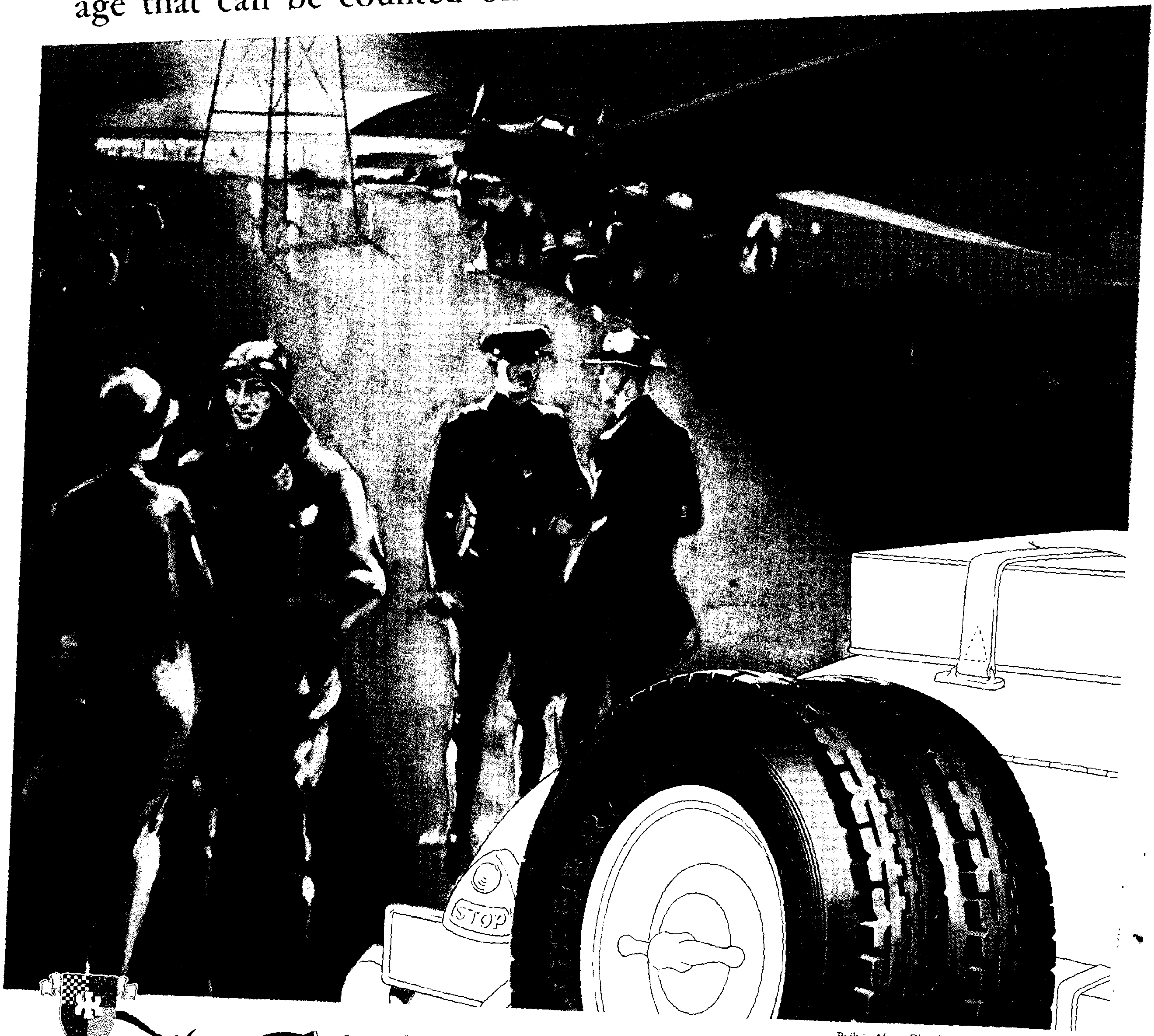
| MAKE | MODEL | Front Wheels | Rear Wheels | Pinion | Steering Pivot | Differential |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Auburn | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Cadillac | All | x | x | | x | x |
| Chandler | Std. Spec. | x | x | x | | x |
| | Royal 8 | x | | x | | x |
| Chrysler | 52-62-72 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 80 | x | | | | x |
| Cunningham | | x | x | x | x | x |
| Davis | | x | x | x | | x |
| Dodge | 4 | x | x | x | | x |
| | Victory 6 | x | x | x | | x |
| | Senior 6 | x | x | x | | x |
| Durant | 55 | x | x | x | | |
| | 65 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 75 | x | x | x | | x |
| Elcar | 8-82 | x | x | | | x |
| | 6-70 | x | | | | x |
| | 8-92 | x | x | | | x |
| Falcon | | x | x | x | x | x |
| Ford | All | x | | x | x | x |
| Franklin | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Gardner | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Graham-Paige | 610 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 614 | x | x | | | x |
| | 619 | x | x | | | x |
| | 629 | x | x | | | x |
| | 835 | x | x | | | x |
| Hudson-Essex | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Hupmobile | 6 | x | x | x | | x |
| | Big 8 | x | x | | | x |
| | Century 8 | x | x | x | x | x |
| Jordan | R | x | x | x | | x |
| | JE | x | x | x | x | x |
| | JJ | x | x | x | x | x |
| Kissel | All | x | x | x | | x |
| LaSalle | All | | | | | x |
| Lincoln | | x | x | x | x | x |
| Locomobile | Jr 8 | x | x | | | x |
| Marmon | 68 | x | | | | x |
| | 78 | | x | | | |
| Moon | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Nash | Std 6 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 6 | x | | | | x |
| | 8 | x | | | | x |
| Peerless | All | x | x | x | | x |
| Pierce-Arrow | 81 | x | x | x | | x |
| | 36 | x | x | | | |
| Reo | FlyingCloud | x | x | | | x |
| | Wolverine | x | x | | | x |
| Star | All | x | x | x | | |
| Stearns-Knight | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Studebaker and Erskine | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Stutz | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Velie | All | x | x | x | x | x |
| Willys-Overland | Whippet 4 | x | x | x | x | x |
| | Whippet 6 | x | x | x | x | x |
| | 56 | x | x | x | x | x |
| | 66 | x | | | x | x |
| | 70 | x | | x | x | x |

**TIMKEN**

*Tapered*

**ROLLER BEARINGS**

THE beacon light of top quality has been the unfailing guide responsible for General's outstanding preference among car owners. General's part in the great progress that has been made in conquering distance is reflected in the exceptionally long mileage that can be counted on even in the second year of service.



Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Mark
of Leading
Tire Stores
Everywhere

**The GENERAL TIRE**

*—goes a long way to make friends*